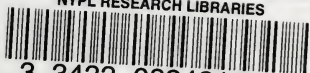


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THE

L I F E

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH,

WITH

SELECTIONS FROM HIS WRITINGS.

BY  
WASHINGTON IRVING.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



NEW-YORK:

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T H E

CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

CONTINUED.

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FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO \*\*\*\*, MERCHANT AT AMSTERDAM.

The Chinese Philosopher's Son made a Slave in Persia.

THE letter which came by the way of Smyrna, and which you sent me unopened, was from my son. As I have permitted you to take copies of all those I send to China, you might have made no ceremony in opening those directed to me. Either in joy or sorrow, my friend should participate in my feelings. "It would give pleasure to see a good man pleased at my success; it would give almost equal pleasure to see him sympathize at my disappointment."

Every account I receive from the East seems to come loaded with some new affliction. My wife and daughter were taken from me, and yet I sustained the loss with intrepidity; my son is made a slave among the barbarians, which was the only blow that could have reached my heart; yes, I will indulge the transports of nature for a little, in order to show I can overcome them in the end. "True magnanimity consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall."

When our mighty emperor had published his displeasure at my departure, and seized upon all that was mine, my son was privately secreted from his resentment. Under the protection and guardianship of Fum Hoam, the best and wisest of all the inhab-

itants of China, he was for some time instructed in the learning of the missionaries and the wisdom of the East ; but, hearing of my adventures, and incited by filial piety, he was resolved to follow my fortunes and share my distress.

He passed the confines of China in disguise ; hired himself as a camel-driver to a caravan that was crossing the deserts of Thibet, and was within one day's journey of the river Laur, which divides that country from India, when a body of wandering Tartars, falling unexpectedly upon the caravan, plundered it, and made those who escaped their first fury slaves. By those he was led into the extensive and desolate regions that border on the shores of the Aral Lake.

Here he lived by hunting, and was obliged to supply every day a certain proportion of the spoil to regale his savage masters ; his learning, his virtues, and even his beauty, were qualifications that no way served to recommend him ; they knew no merit but that of providing large quantities of milk and raw flesh ; and were sensible of no happiness but that of rioting on the undressed meal.

Some merchants from Mesched, however, coming to trade with the Tartars for slaves, he was sold among the number, and led into the kingdom of Persia, where he is now detained. He is there obliged to watch the looks of a voluptuous and cruel master ; a man fond of pleasure, yet incapable of refinement, whom many years' service in war has taught pride, but not bravery.

That treasure which I still keep within my bosom, my child, my all that was left to me, is now a slave.\* Good heavens ! why was this ? why have I been introduced into this mortal apartment, to be a spectator of my own misfortunes, and the misfortunes of my fellow-creatures ! wherever I turn, what a laby-

\* This whole apostrophe seems most literally translated from Ambulaahamed, the Arabian poet.

rinth of doubt, error, and disappointment appears ! why was I brought into being ? for what purposes made ? from whence have I come ? whither strayed ? or to what regions am I hastening ? Reason cannot resolve. It lends a ray to show the horrors of my prison, but not a light to guide me to escape them. Ye boasted revelations of the earth, how little do you aid the inquiry !

How am I surprised at the inconsistency of the magi ; their two principles of good and evil affright me. The Indian, who bathes his visage in urine, and calls it piety, strikes me with astonishment. The Christian, who believes in three gods, is highly absurd. The Jews, who pretend the Deity is pleased with the effusion of blood, are not less displeasing. I am equally surprised that rational beings can come from the extremities of the earth in order to kiss a stone or scatter pebbles. How contrary to reason are those ! and yet all pretend to teach me to be happy.

Surely all men are blind and ignorant of truth. Mankind wanders, unknowing his way, from morning till the evening. Where shall we turn after happiness ; or is it wisest to desist from the pursuit ? Like reptiles in a corner of some stupendous palace, we peep from our holes, look about us, wonder at all we see, but are ignorant of the great Architect's design. Oh for a revelation of himself, for a plan of his universal system ! Oh for the reasons of our creation ; or why we were created to be thus unhappy ! If we are to experience no other felicity but what this life affords, then are we miserable indeed. If we are born only to look about us, repine, and die, then has Heaven been guilty of injustice. If this life terminates my existence, I despise the blessings of Providence and the wisdom of the giver. If this life be my all, let the following epitaph be written on the tomb of Altangi : " By my father's crimes I received this. By my own crimes I bequeath it to posterity."

## FROM THE SAME.

The Venders of Quack Medicines and Nostrums ridiculed.

WHATEVER may be the merits of the English in other sciences, they seem peculiarly excellent in the art of healing. There is scarcely a disorder incident to humanity against which they are not possessed with a most infallible antidote. The professors of other arts confess the inevitable intricacy of things; talk with doubt, and decide with hesitation; but doubting is entirely unknown in medicine; the advertising professors here delight in cases of difficulty; be the disorder ever so desperate or radical, you will find numbers in every street who, by levelling a pill at the part affected, promise a certain cure without loss of time, knowledge of a bedfellow, or hinderance of business.

When I consider the assiduity of this profession, their benevolence amazes me. They not only in general give their medicines for half value, but use the most persuasive remonstrances to induce the sick to come and be cured. Sure there must be something strangely obstinate in an English patient who refuses so much health upon such easy terms: does he take a pride in being bloated with a dropsy? does he find pleasure in the alternations of an intermittent fever? or feel as much satisfaction in nursing up his gout as he found pleasure in acquiring it? He must, or otherwise he would never reject such repeated assurances of instant relief. What can be more convincing than the manner in which the sick are invited to be well? The doctor first begs the most earnest attention of the public to what he is going to propose; he solemnly affirms that the pill was never found to want success; he produces a list of those who have been rescued from the grave by taking it. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there are



many here who now and then think proper to be sick : only sick, did I say ? There are some who think proper even to die ! Yes, by the head of Confucius, they die, though they might have purchased the health-restoring specific for half a crown at every corner.

I am amazed, my dear Fum Hoam, that these doctors, who know what an obstinate set of people they have to deal with, have never thought of attempting to revive the dead. When the living are found to reject their prescriptions, they ought, in conscience, to apply to the dead, from whom they can expect no such mortifying repulses ; they would find in the dead the most complying patients imaginable ; and what gratitude might they not expect from the patient's son, now no longer an heir, and his wife, now no longer a widow.

Think not, my friend, that there is anything chimerical in such an attempt ; they already perform cures equally strange : what can be more truly astonishing than to see old age restored to youth, and vigour to the most feeble constitutions ? yet this is performed here every day : a simple electuary effects these wonders, even without the bungling ceremonies of having the patient boiled up in a kettle, or ground down in a mill.

Few physicians here go through the ordinary courses of education, but receive all their knowledge of medicine by immediate inspiration from Heaven. Some are thus inspired even in the womb ; and, what is very remarkable, understand their profession as well at three years old as at threescore. Others have spent a great part of their lives unconscious of any latent excellence, until a bankruptcy, or a residence in jail, has called their miraculous powers into exertion. And others still there are, indebted to their superlative ignorance alone for success. The more ignorant the practitioner, the less capable is he thought of deceiving.

The people here judge as they do in the East, where it is thought absolutely requisite that a man should be an idiot before he pretend to be either a conjuror or a doctor.

When a physician by inspiration is sent for, he never perplexes the patient by previous examination; he asks very few questions, and those only for form's sake. He knows every disorder by intuition. He administers the pill or drop for every distemper; nor is he more inquisitive than the farrier when he drenches a horse. If the patient lives, then has he one more to add to his surviving list; if he dies, then it may be justly said of the patient's disorder, "That, as it was not cured, the disorder was incurable."

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FROM THE SAME.

The Character of the Man in Black, with some Instances of his Inconsistent Conduct.

THOUGH fond of many acquaintances, I desire an intimacy only with a few. The man in black, whom I have often mentioned, is one whose friendship I could wish to acquire, because he possesses my esteem. His manners, it is true, are tinged with some strange inconsistencies; and he may be justly termed a humorist in a nation of humorists. Though he is generous even to profusion, he affects to be thought a prodigy of parsimony and prudence; though his conversation be replete with the most sordid and selfish maxims, his heart is dilated with the most unbounded love. I have known him profess himself a man-hater, while his cheek was glowing with compassion; and while his looks were softened into pity, I have heard him use the language of unbounded ill-nature. Some affect humanity and tenderness; others boast of having such

dispositions from nature ; but he is the only man I ever knew who seemed ashamed of his natural benevolence. He takes as much pains to hide his feelings as any hypocrite would to conceal his indifference ; but on every unguarded moment the mask drops off, and reveals him to the most superficial observer.

In one of our late excursions into the country, happening to discourse upon the provision that was made for the poor in England, he seemed amazed how any of his countrymen could be so foolishly weak as to relieve occasional objects of charity, when the laws had made such ample provision for their support. "In every parish-house," said he, "the poor are supplied with food, clothes, fire, and a bed to lie on ; they want no more, I desire no more myself ; yet still they seem discontented. I am surprised at the inactivity of our magistrates in not taking up such vagrants, who are only a weight upon the industrious ; I am surprised that the people are so fond to relieve them, when they must be at the same time sensible that it in some measure encourages idleness, extravagance, and imposture. Were I to advise any man for whom I had the least regard, I would caution him by all means not to be imposed upon by their false pretences ; let me assure you, sir, they are impostors every one of them, and rather merit a prison than relief."

He was proceeding in this strain, earnestly to dissuade me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty ; when an old man, who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery, implored our compassion. He assured us that he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession to support a dying wife and five hungry children. Being prepossessed against such falsehoods, his story had not the least influence upon me ; but it was quite otherwise with the man in black ; I could see it visibly operate upon his countenance, and effect-

ually interrupt his harangue. I could easily perceive that his heart burned to relieve the five starving children; but he seemed ashamed to discover his weakness to me. While he thus hesitated between compassion and pride, I pretended to look another way, and he seized this opportunity of giving the poor petitioner a piece of silver, bidding him, at the same time, in order that I should hear, go work for his bread, and not tease passengers with such impertinent falsehoods for the future.

As he had fancied himself quite unperceived, he continued, as we proceeded, to rail against beggars with as much animosity as before; he threw in some episodes on his own amazing prudence and economy, with his profound skill in discovering impostors; he explained the manner in which he would deal with beggars were he a magistrate; hinted at enlarging some of the prisons for their reception; and told two stories of ladies that were robbed by beggar-men. He was beginning a third to the same purpose, when a sailor with a wooden leg once more crossed our walks, desiring our pity and blessing our limbs. I was for going on without taking any notice; but my friend, looking wishfully upon the poor petitioner, bid me stop, and he would show me with how much ease he could at any time detect an impostor.

He now, therefore, assumed a look of importance; and, in an angry tone, began to examine the sailor, demanding in what engagement he was thus disabled and rendered unfit for service. The sailor replied, in a tone as angrily as he, that he had been an officer on board a private ship of war, and that he had lost his leg abroad in defence of those who did nothing at home. At this reply all my friend's importance vanished in a moment; he had not a single question more to ask; he now only studied what method he should take to relieve him unobserved. He had, however, no easy part to act, as he was

obliged to preserve the appearance of ill-nature before me, and yet relieve himself by relieving the sailor. Casting, therefore, a furious look upon some bundles of chips which the fellow carried in a string at his back, my friend demanded how he sold his matches ; but, not waiting for a reply, desired, in a surly tone, to have a shilling's worth. The sailor seemed at first surprised at his demand ; but soon recollecting himself, and presenting his whole bundle, " Here, master," said he, " take all my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain."

It is impossible to describe with what an air of triumph my friend marched off with his new purchase ; he assured me that he was firmly of opinion that those fellows must have stolen their goods who could thus afford to sell them for half value : he informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied ; he expatiated largely upon the savings that would result from lighting candles with a match instead of thrusting them into the fire. He averred that he would as soon have parted with a tooth as his money to these vagabonds, unless for some valuable consideration. I cannot tell how long this panegyric upon frugality and matches might have continued, had not his attention been called off by another object more distressful than either of the former. A woman in rags, with one child in her arms and another on her back, was attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying. A wretch, who in the deepest distress still aimed at good-humour, was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding ; his vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted ; upon this occasion his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even in my presence he immediately applied his hands to his pockets in order to relieve her ; but guess his confusion when he found he had given away all the money he car-

ried about him to former objects. The misery painted in the woman's visage was not half so strongly expressed as the agony in his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose; till, at length, recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good-nature, as he had no money, he put into her hands his shilling's worth of matches.

---

TO THE SAME.

The History of the Man in Black.

As there appeared something reluctantly good in the character of my companion, I must own it surprised me, what could be his motives for thus concealing virtues which others take such pains to display. I was unable to repress my desire of knowing the history of a man who thus seemed to act under continual restraint, and whose benevolence was rather the effect of appetite than reason.

It was not, however, till after repeated solicitations he thought proper to gratify my curiosity. "If you are fond," says he, "of hearing hair-breadth 'scapes, my history must certainly please; for I have been for twenty years upon the very verge of starving without ever being starved.

"My father, the younger son of a good family, was possessed of a small living in the church. His education was above his fortune, and his generosity greater than his education. Poor as he was, he had his flatterers still poorer than himself; for every dinner he gave them, they returned him an equivalent in praise; and this was all he wanted. The same ambition that actuates a monarch at the head of an army, influenced my father at the head of his table; he told the story of the ivy-tree, and that was laughed at; he repeated the jest of the two scholars and one pair of breeches, and the company laughed



at that ; but the story of Taffy in the sedan-chair was sure to set the table in a roar. Thus his pleasure increased in proportion to the pleasure he gave ; he loved all the world, and he fancied all the world loved him.

“As his fortune was but small, he lived up to the extent of it ; he had no intentions of leaving his children money, for that was dross ; he was resolved they should have learning ; for learning, he used to observe, was better than silver or gold. For this purpose he undertook to instruct us himself, and took as much pains to form our morals as to improve our understanding. We were told that universal benevolence was what first cemented society ; we were taught to consider all the wants of mankind as our own ; to regard the human face divine with affection and esteem ; he wound us up to be mere machines of pity, and rendered us incapable of withstanding the slightest impulse, made either by real or fictitious distress ; in a word, we were perfectly instructed in the art of giving away thousands, before we were taught the more necessary qualifications of getting a farthing.

“I cannot avoid imagining that, thus refined by his lessons out of all my suspicion, and divested of even all the little cunning which nature had given me, I resembled, upon my first entrance into the busy and insidious world, one of those gladiators who were exposed without armour in the amphitheatre at Rome. My father, however, who had only seen the world on one side, seemed to triumph in my superior discernment, though my whole stock of wisdom consisted in being able to talk like himself upon subjects that once were useful, because they were then topics of the busy world ; but that now were utterly useless, because connected with the busy world no longer.

“The first opportunity he had of finding his expectations disappointed, was at the very middling



figure I made in the University : he had flattered himself that he should soon see me rising into the foremost rank in literary reputation ; but was mortified to find me utterly unnoticed and unknown. His disappointment might have been partly ascribed to his having overrated my talents, and partly to my dislike of mathematical reasonings, at a time when my imagination and memory, yet unsatisfied, were more eager after new objects than desirous of reasoning upon those I knew. This did not, however, please my tutors, who observed, indeed, that I was a little dull, but, at the same time, allowed that I seemed to be very good-natured, and had no harm in me.

“After I had resided at college seven years, my father died, and he left me—his blessing. Thus shoved from shore without ill-nature to protect, or cunning to guide, or proper stores to subsist me in so dangerous a voyage, I was obliged to embark in the wide world at twenty-one. But, in order to settle in life, my friends advised (for they always advise when they begin to despise us), they advised me, I say, to go into orders.

“To be obliged to wear a long wig when I liked a short one, or a black coat when I generally dressed in brown, I thought was such a restraint upon my liberty that I absolutely rejected the proposal. A priest in England is not the same mortified creature with a bonze in China ; with us, not he that fasts best, but he that eats best, is reckoned the best liver ; yet I rejected a life of luxury, indolence, and ease, from no consideration but that boyish one of dress. So that my friends were now perfectly satisfied I was undone, and yet they thought it a pity for one who had not the least harm in him, and was so very good-natured.

“Poverty naturally begets dependance, and I was admitted as a flatterer to a great man. At first I was surprised that the situation of flatterer at a great man’s table could be thought disagreeable ;

there was no great trouble in listening attentively when his lordship spoke, and laughing when he looked around for applause. This even good manners might have obliged me to perform. I found, however, too soon, that his lordship was a greater dunce than myself; and from that very moment my power of flattery was at an end. I now rather aimed at setting him right than at receiving his absurdities with submission: to flatter those we do not know is an easy task; but to flatter our intimate acquaintances, all whose foibles are strongly in our eye, is drudgery insupportable. Every time I now opened my lips in praise, my falsehood went to my conscience; his lordship soon perceived me very unfit for service; I was therefore discharged; my patron at the same time being graciously pleased to observe, that he believed I was tolerably good-natured, and had not the least harm in me.

“Disappointed in ambition, I had recourse to love. A young lady who lived with her aunt, and was possessed of a very pretty fortune in her own disposal, had given me, as I fancied, some reasons to expect success. The symptoms by which I was guided were striking; she always laughed with me at her awkward acquaintance, and at her aunt among the number; she always observed that a man of sense would make a better husband than a fool, and I as constantly applied the observation in my own favour. She continually talked in my company of friendship, and the beauties of the mind, and spoke of Mr. Shrimp’s (my rival) high-heeled shoes with detestation. These were circumstances which I thought strongly in my favour; so, after resolving, and re-resolving, I had courage enough to tell her my mind. Miss heard my proposal with serenity, seeming at the same time to study the figures of her fan. Out at last it came. There was but one small objection to complete our happiness, which was no more than—that she was married three months be-

fore to Mr. Shrimp, with high-heeled shoes! By way of consolation, however, she observed, that though I was disappointed in her, my addresses to her aunt would probably kindle her into sensibility; as the old lady always allowed me to be very good-natured, and not to have the least share of harm in me.

“Yet still I had friends, numerous friends, and to them I was resolved to apply. Oh friendship! thou fond soother of the human breast! to thee we fly in every calamity; to thee the wretched seek for succour; on thee the care-tired son of misery fondly relies; from thy kind assistance the unfortunate always hopes for relief, and may be ever sure of disappointment! My first application was to a city scrivener, who had frequently offered to lend me money when he knew I did not want it. I informed him that now was the time to put his friendship to the test; that I wanted to borrow a couple of hundreds for a certain occasion, and was resolved to take it up from him. ‘And pray, sir,’ cried my friend, ‘do you want all this money?’ ‘Indeed, I never wanted it more,’ returned I. ‘I am sorry for that,’ cries the scrivener, ‘with all my heart; for they who want money when they come to borrow, will always want money when they should come to pay.’

“From him I flew with indignation to one of the best friends I had in the world, and made the same request. ‘Indeed, Mr. Drybone,’ cries my friend, ‘I always thought it would come to this. You know, sir, I would not advise you but for your own good; but your conduct has hitherto been ridiculous in the highest degree, and some of your acquaintance always thought you a very silly fellow. Let me see, you want two hundred pounds; do you want only two hundred, sir, exactly?’ ‘To confess a truth,’ returned I, ‘I shall want three hundred; but then I have another friend from whom I can borrow the

rest.' 'Why, then,' replied my friend, 'if you would take my advice, and you know I should not presume to advise you but for your own good, I would recommend it to you to borrow the whole sum from that other friend, and then one note will serve for all, you know.'

"Poverty now began to come fast upon me; yet, instead of growing more provident or cautious as I grew poor, I became every day more indolent and simple. A friend was arrested for fifty pounds; I was unable to extricate him, except by becoming his bail. When at liberty, he fled from his creditors, and left me to take his place. In prison I expected greater satisfactions than I had enjoyed at large. I hoped to converse with men in this new world simple and believing like myself; but I found them as cunning and cautious as those in the world I had left behind. They spunged up my money while it lasted, borrowed my coals and never paid them, and cheated me when I played at cribbage. All this was done because they believed me to be very good-natured, and knew that I had no harm in me.

"Upon my first entrance into this mansion, which is to some the abode of despair, I felt no sensations different from those I experienced abroad. I was now on one side of the door, and those who were unconfined were on the other; this was all the difference between us. At first, indeed, I felt some uneasiness in considering how I should be able to provide this week for the wants of the week ensuing; but, after some time, if I found myself sure of eating one day, I never troubled my head how I was to be supplied another. I seized every precarious meal with the utmost good-humour; indulged no rants of spleen at my situation; never called down Heaven and all the stars to behold me dining upon a halfpenny-worth of radishes; my very companions were taught to believe that I liked salad better than mutton. I contented myself with thinking that all

my life I should either eat white bread or brown ; considered that all that happened was best ; laughed when I was not in pain ; took the world as it went ; and read Tacitus often for want of more books and company.

“How long I might have continued in this torpid state of simplicity I cannot tell, had I not been roused by seeing an old acquaintance, whom I knew to be a prudent blockhead, preferred to a place in the government. I now found that I had pursued a wrong track, and that the true way of being able to relieve others was first to aim at independence myself. My immediate care, therefore, was to leave my present habitation, and make an entire reformation in my conduct and behaviour. For a free, open, undesigning deportment, I put on that of closeness, prudence, and economy. One of the most heroic actions I ever performed, and for which I shall praise myself as long as I live, was the refusing half a crown to an old acquaintance at the time when he wanted it and I had it to spare ; for this alone I deserved to be decreed an ovation.

“I now, therefore, pursued a course of uninterrupted frugality ; seldom wanted a dinner ; and was consequently invited to twenty. I soon began to get the character of a saving hunk that had money, and insensibly grew into esteem. Neighbours have asked my advice in the disposal of their daughters, and I have always taken care not to give any. I have contracted a friendship with an alderman only by observing that if we take a farthing from a thousand pounds it will be a thousand pounds no longer. I have been invited to a pawnbroker’s table by pretending to hate gravy ; and am now actually upon treaty of marriage with a rich widow for only having observed that bread was rising. If ever I am asked a question, whether I know it or not, instead of answering, I only smile and look wise. If a charity is proposed, I go about with the hat, but put no-

thing in myself. If a wretch solicits my pity, I observe that the world is filled with impostors, and take a certain method of not being deceived by never relieving. In short, I now find the truest way of finding esteem, even from the indigent, is to give away nothing, and thus have much in our power to give."

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## FROM THE SAME.

## A Description of a Club of Authors.

WERE we to estimate the learning of the English by the number of books that are every day published among them, perhaps no country, not even China itself, could equal them in this particular. I have reckoned not less than twenty-three new books published in one day; which, upon computation, makes eight thousand three hundred and ninety-five in one year. Most of these are not confined to one single science, but embrace the whole circle. History, politics, poetry, mathematics, metaphysics, and the philosophy of nature, are all comprised in a manual not larger than that in which our children are taught their letters. If, then, we suppose the learned of England to read but an eighth part of the works which daily come from the press (and sure none can pretend to learning upon less easy terms), at this rate every scholar will read a thousand books in one year. From such a calculation, you may conjecture what an amazing fund of literature a man must be possessed of who thus reads three new books every day, not one of which but contains all the good things that ever were said or written.

And yet, I know not how it happens, but the English are not, in reality, so learned as would seem from this calculation. We meet but few who know all arts and sciences in perfection; whether it is that



the generality are incapable of such extensive knowledge, or that the authors of those books are not adequate instructors. In China, the emperor himself takes cognizance of all the doctors in the kingdom who profess authorship. In England, every man may be an author that can write; for they have by law a liberty, not only of saying what they please, but of being also as dull as they please.

Yesterday I testified my surprise to the man in black, where writers could be found in sufficient number to throw off the books I daily saw crowding from the press. I at first imagined that their learned seminaries might take this method of instructing the world; but, to obviate this objection, my companion assured me that the doctors of colleges never wrote, and that some of them had actually forgot their reading; "but if you desire," continued he, "to see a collection of authors, I fancy I can introduce you this evening to a club, which assembles every Saturday at seven, at the sign of the Broom, near Islington, to talk over the business of the last, and the entertainment of the week ensuing." I accepted his invitation; we walked together, and entered the house some time before the usual hour for the company assembling.

My friend took this opportunity of letting me into the characters of the principal members of the club, not even the host excepted, who, it seems, was once an author himself, but was preferred by a bookseller to this situation as a reward for his former services.

"The first person," said he, "of our society, is Dr. Nonentity, a metaphysician. Most people think him a profound scholar; but, as he seldom speaks, I cannot be positive in that particular; he generally spreads himself before the fire, sucks his pipe, talks little, drinks much, and is reckoned very good company. I am told he writes indexes to perfection; he makes essays on the origin of evil, philosophical inquiries upon any subject, and draws up an answer



to any book upon twenty-four hours warning. You may distinguish him from the rest of the company by his long gray wig and the blue handkerchief round his neck.

"The next to him in merit and esteem is Tim Syllabub, a droll creature : he sometimes shines as a star of the first magnitude among the choice spirits of the age : he is reckoned equally excellent at a rebus, a riddle, a bawdy song, and a hymn for the tabernacle. You will know him by his shabby finery, his powdered wig, dirty shirt, and broken silk stockings.

"After him succeeds Mr. Tibs, a very useful hand : he writes receipts for the bite of a mad dog, and throws off an Eastern tale to perfection ; he understands the business of an author as well as any man, for no bookseller alive can cheat him. You may distinguish him by the peculiar clumsiness of his figure and the coarseness of his coat ; however, though it be coarse (as he frequently tells the company), he has paid for it.

"Lawyer Squint is the politician of the society : he makes speeches for Parliament, writes addresses to his fellow-subjects, and letters to noble commanders ; he gives the history of every new play, and finds seasonable thoughts upon every occasion."

My companion was proceeding in his description, when the host came running in, with terror on his countenance, to tell us that the door was beset with bailiffs. "If that be the case, then," says my companion, "we had as good be going, for I am positive we shall not see one of the company this night." Wherefore, disappointed, we were both obliged to return home ; he to enjoy the oddities which compose his character alone, and I to write, as usual, to my friend the occurrences of the day. Adieu.

## FROM THE SAME.

## The Proceedings of the Club of Authors.

By my last advices from Moscow I find the caravan has not yet departed for China. I still continue to write, expecting that you may receive a large number of my letters at once. In them you will find rather a minute detail of English peculiarities than a general picture of their manners or disposition. Happy it were for mankind if all travellers would thus, instead of characterizing a people in general terms, lead us into a detail of those minute circumstances which first influenced their opinion; the genius of a country should be investigated with a kind of experimental inquiry; by this means we should have more precise and just notions of foreign nations, and detect travellers themselves when they happened to form wrong conclusions.

My friend and I repeated our visit to the club of authors, where, upon our entrance, we found the members all assembled, and engaged in a loud debate.

The poet, in shabby finery, holding a manuscript in his hand, was earnestly endeavouring to persuade the company to hear him read the first book of an heroic poem, which he had composed the day before. But against this all the members very warmly objected. They knew no reason why any member of the club should be indulged with a particular hearing, when many of them had published whole volumes which had never been looked into. They insisted that the law should be observed, where reading in company was expressly noticed. It was in vain that the plaintiff pleaded the peculiar merit of his piece; he spoke to an assembly insensible to all remonstrances: the book of laws was opened and read by the secretary, where it was expressly

enacted, "That whatsoever poet, speech-maker, critic, or historian should presume to engage the company by reading his own works, he was to lay down sixpence previous to opening the manuscript, and should be charged one shilling an hour while he continued reading; the said shilling to be equally distributed among the company, as a recompense for their trouble."

Our poet seemed at first to shrink at the penalty, hesitating for some time whether he should deposit the fine or shut up the poem; but, looking round, and perceiving two strangers in the room, his love of fame outweighed his prudence, and, laying down the sum by law established, he insisted on his prerogative.

A profound silence ensuing, he began by explaining his design: "Gentlemen," says he, "the present piece is not one of your common epic poems, which come from the press like paper kites in summer; there are none of your Turnuses or Didos in it; it is an heroical description of nature. I only beg you'll endeavour to make your souls in unison with mine, and hear with the same enthusiasm with which I have written. The poem begins with the description of an author's bedchamber; the picture was sketched in my own apartment; for you must know, gentlemen, that I am myself the hero." Then, putting himself in the attitude of an orator, with all the emphasis of voice and action, he proceeded:

"Where the Red Lion, flaring o'er the way,  
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;  
Where Calvert's butt, and Parson's black Champagne,  
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury Lane;  
There, in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,  
The muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug;  
A window, patched with paper, lent a ray,  
That dimly show'd the state in which he lay;  
The sanded floor, that grits beneath the tread,  
The humid wall, with paltry pictures spread;

The royal game of goose was there in view ;  
 And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew ;  
 The seasons, framed with listing, found a place,  
 And brave Prince William show'd his lamp-black face :  
 The morn was cold ; he views with keen desire  
 The rusty grate, unconscious of a fire :  
 With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scored,  
 And five crack'd teacups dress'd the chimney-board ;  
 A nightcap deck'd his brows instead of bay,  
 A cap by night—a stocking all the day !”

With this last line he seemed so much elated that he was unable to proceed. “There, gentlemen,” cries he, “there is a description for you ! Rabealis’s bedchamber is but a fool to it :

*‘A cap by night—a stocking all the day !’*

There is sound, and sense, and truth, and nature, in the trifling compass of ten little syllables.”

He was too much employed in self-admiration to observe the company, who, by nods, winks, shrugs, and stifled laughter, testified every mark of contempt. He turned severally to each for their opinion, and found all, however, ready to applaud. One swore it was inimitable ; another said it was very fine ; and a third cried out in a rapture, *Carissimo !* At last, addressing himself to the president, “And pray, Mr. Squint,” says he, “let us have your opinion.” “Mine,” answered the president, taking the manuscript out of the author’s hands, “may this glass suffocate me, but I think it equal to anything I have seen ; and I fancy,” continued he, doubling up the poem and forcing it into the author’s pocket, “that you will get great honour when it comes out ; so I shall beg leave to put it in. We will not intrude upon your good-nature in desiring to hear more of it at present ; *ex ungue Herculem*, we are satisfied, perfectly satisfied.” The author made two or three attempts to pull it out a second time, and the president made as many to prevent him. Thus, though with reluctance, he was obliged to sit down,

contented with the commendations for which he had paid.

When this tempest of poetry and praise was blown over, one of the company changed the subject by wondering how any could be so dull as to write poetry at present, since prose itself would hardly pay. "Would you believe it, gentlemen," continued he, "I have actually written last week sixteen prayers, twelve bawdy jests, and three sermons, all at the rate of sixpence a piece; and, what is still more extraordinary, the bookseller has lost by the bargain. Such sermons would once have gained me a prebend's stall: but now, alas! we have neither piety, taste, nor humour among us. Positively, if this season does not turn out better than it has begun, unless the ministry commit some blunders to furnish us with a new topic of abuse, I shall resume my old business of working at the press instead of finding it employment."

The whole club seemed to join in condemning the season as one of the worst that had come for some time; a gentleman particularly observed that the nobility were never known to subscribe worse than at present. "I know not how it happens," said he, "though I follow them up as close as possible, yet I can hardly get a single subscription in a week. The houses of the great are as inaccessible as a frontier garrison at midnight. I never see a nobleman's door half opened, that some surly porter or footman does not stand full in the breach. I was yesterday to wait with a subscription proposal upon my Lord Squash, the Creolian. I had posted myself at his door the whole morning, and, just as he was getting into his coach, thrust my proposal snug into his hand, folded up in the form of a letter from myself. He just glanced at the superscription, and, not knowing the hand, consigned it to his valet-de-chambre; this respectable personage treated it as his master, and put it into the hands of the porter.

The porter grasped my proposal, frowning ; and, measuring my figure from top to toe, put it back into my own hands unopened."

"To the devil I pitch all the nobility," cries a little man, in a peculiar accent ; "I am sure they have of late used me most scurvily. You must know, gentlemen, some time ago, upon the arrival of a certain noble duke from his travels, I sat myself down, and vamped up a fine, flaunted, poetical panegyric, which I had written in such a strain that I fancied it would have even wheedled milk from a mouse. In this I presented the whole kingdom welcoming his grace to his native soil, not forgetting the loss France and Italy would sustain in their arts by his departure. I expected to touch for a bank bill, at least ; so, folding up my verses in gilt paper, I gave my last half crown to a genteel servant to be the bearer. My letter was safely conveyed to his grace ; and the servant, after four hours' absence, during which time I led the life of a fiend, returned with a letter four times as big as mine. Guess my ecstasy at the prospect of so fine a return. I eagerly took the packet into my hands, which trembled to receive it. I kept it some time unopened before me, brooding over the expected treasure it contained ; when, opening it, as I hope to be saved, gentlemen, his grace had sent me, in payment for my poem, no bank bills, but six copies of verse, each longer than mine, addressed to him upon the same occasion."

"A nobleman," cries a member who had hitherto been silent, "is created as much for the confusion of us authors as the catchpole. I'll tell you a story, gentlemen, which is as true as this pipe is made of clay. When I was delivered of my first book, I owed my tailor for a suit of clothes ; but that is nothing new, you know, and may be any man's case as well as mine. Well, owing him for a suit of clothes, and hearing that my book took very well, he sent for his money, and insisted upon being paid



immediately. Though I was at that time rich in fame, for my book run like wildfire, yet I was very short in money, and, being unable to satisfy his demand, prudently resolved to keep my chamber, preferring a prison of my own choosing at home to one of my tailor's abroad. In vain the bailiffs used all their arts to decoy me from my citadel; in vain they sent to let me know that a gentleman wanted to speak with me at the next tavern; in vain they came with an urgent message from my aunt in the country; in vain I was told that a particular friend was at the point of death, and desired to take his last farewell; I was deaf, insensible, rock, adamant. The bailiffs could make no impression on my hard heart, for I effectually kept my liberty by never stirring out of the room.

"This was very well for a fortnight; when, one morning, I received a most splendid message from the Earl of Doomsday, importing that he had read my book, and was in raptures with every line of it: he impatiently longed to see the author, and had some designs which might turn out greatly to my advantage. I paused upon the contents of the message, and found there could be no deceit, for the card was gilt at the edges, and the bearer, I was told, had quite the looks of a gentleman. Witness, ye powers, how my heart triumphed at my own importance! I saw a long perspective felicity before me; I applauded the taste of the times, which never saw genius forsaken. I had prepared a set introductory speech for the occasion; five glaring compliments for his lordship, and two more modest for myself. The next morning, therefore, in order to be punctual to my appointment, I took coach, and ordered the fellow to drive to the street and house mentioned in his lordship's address. I had the precaution to pull up the windows as I went along, to keep off the busy part of mankind; and, big with expectation, fancied the coach never went fast enough. At



length, however, the wished-for moment of its stopping arrived : this for some time I impatiently expected ; and, letting down the door in a transport, in order to take a previous view of his lordship's magnificent palace and situation, I found—poison to my sight !—I found myself, not in an elegant street, but a paltry lane ; not a nobleman's door, but at the door of a sponging-house. I found the coachman had all this while been just driving me on to jail, and I saw the bailiff, with a devil's face, coming out to secure me."

To a philosopher, no circumstance, however trifling, is too minute ; he finds instruction and entertainment in occurrences which are passed over by the rest of mankind as low, trite, and indifferent ; it is from the number of these particulars, which to many appear insignificant, that he is at last enabled to form general conclusions ; this, therefore, must be my excuse for sending so far as China accounts of manners and follies, which, though minute in their own nature, serve more truly to characterize this people than histories of their public treaties, courts, ministers, negotiations, and ambassadors. Adieu.

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FROM THE SAME.

The Manner of Writing among the Chinese.—The Eastern Tales of Magazines, &c., ridiculed.

I AM disgusted, oh Fum Hoam, even to sickness disgusted. Is it possible to bear the presumption of those islanders, when they pretend to instruct me in the ceremonies of China ! They lay it down as a maxim, that every person that comes from thence must express himself in metaphor ; swear by Alla, rail against wine, and behave, and talk, and write like a Turk or Persian. They make no distinction between our elegant manners and the voluptuous

barbarities of our Eastern neighbours. Whenever I come, I raise either diffidence or astonishment: some fancy me no Chinese, because I am formed more like a man than a monster; and others wonder to find one born five thousand miles from England with common sense. "Strange," say they, "that a man who has received his education at such a distance from London should have common sense! to be born out of England, and yet have common sense! impossible! He must be some Englishman in disguise; his very visage has nothing of the true exotic barbarity."

I yesterday received an invitation from a lady of distinction, who, it seems, had collected all her knowledge of Eastern manners from fictions every day propagated here, under the titles of Eastern Tales and Oriental Histories: she received me very politely, but seemed to wonder that I neglected bringing opium and a tobacco-box. When chairs were drawn for the rest of the company, I was assigned my place on a cushion on the floor. It was in vain that I protested the Chinese used chairs as in Europe; she understood decorum too well to entertain me with the ordinary civilities.

I had scarce been seated according to her directions, when the footman was ordered to pin a napkin under my chin. This I protested against as being no way Chinese; however, the whole company, who, it seems, were a club of connoisseurs, gave it unanimously against me, and the napkin was pinned accordingly.

It was impossible to be angry with people, who seemed to err only from an excess of politeness, and I sat contented, expecting their importunities were now at an end; but, as soon as ever dinner was served, the lady demanded whether I was for a plate of bears' claws or a slice of birds' nests. As these were dishes with which I was utterly unacquainted, I was desirous of eating only what I knew, and

therefore begged to be helped from a piece of beef that lay on the table; my request at once disconcerted the whole company. A Chinese eat beef! that could never be! there was no local propriety in Chinese beef, whatever there might be in Chinese pheasant. "Sir," said my entertainer, "I think I have reasons to fancy myself a judge of these matters; in short, the Chinese never eat beef; so that I must be permitted to recommend the pilaw—there was never better dressed at Pekin; the saffron and rice are well boiled, and the spices in perfection."

I had no sooner begun to eat what was laid before me, than I found the whole company as much astonished as before; it seems I made no use of my chopsticks. A grave gentleman, whom I take to be an author, harangued very learnedly, as the company seemed to think, upon the use which was made of them in China; he entered into a long argument with himself about their first introduction, without once appealing to me, who might be supposed best capable of silencing the inquiry. As the gentleman, therefore, took my silence for a mark of his own superior sagacity, he was resolved to pursue the triumph; he talked of our cities, mountains, and animals as familiarly as if he had been born in Quamsi, but as erroneously as if a native of the moon; he attempted to prove that I had nothing of the true Chinese cut in my visage; showed that my cheekbones should have been higher, and my forehead broader; in short, he almost reasoned me out of my country, and effectually persuaded the rest of the company to be of his opinion.

I was going to expose his mistakes, when it was insisted that I had nothing of the true Eastern manner in my delivery. "This gentleman's conversation," says one of the ladies, who was a great reader, "is like our own, mere chitchat and common sense; there is nothing like sense in the true Eastern style, where nothing more is required but sub-

limity. Oh for a history of Aboulfaouris, the grand voyager of genii, magicians, rocks, bags of bullets, giants, and enchanters, where all is great, obscure, magnificent, and unintelligible!" "I have written many a sheet of Eastern tales myself," interrupts the author, "and I defy the severest critic to say but that I have stuck close to the true manner. I have compared a lady's chin to the snow upon the mountains of Bomek; a soldier's sword to the clouds that obscure the face of Heaven. If riches are mentioned, I compare them to the flocks that graze the verdant Tafflis; if poverty, to the mists that veil the brow of Mount Baku. I have used *thée* and *thou* upon all occasions; I have described fallen stars and splitting mountains, not forgetting the little Houris, who make a pretty figure in every description. But you shall hear how I generally begin. 'Eben-benbolo, who was the son of Ban, was born on the foggy summits of Benderabassi. His beard was whiter than the feathers which veil the breast of the penguin; his eyes were like the eyes of doves when washed by the dews of the morning; his hair, which hung like the willow weeping over the glassy stream, was so beautiful that it seemed to reflect its own brightness; and his feet were as the feet of a wild deer, which fleeth to the tops of the mountains.' There, there is the true Eastern taste for you; every advance made towards sense is only a deviation from sound. Eastern tales should always be sonorous, lofty, musical, and unmeaning."

I could not avoid smiling to hear a native of England attempt to instruct me in the true Eastern idiom; and, after he had looked round some time for applause, I presumed to ask him whether he had ever travelled into the East, to which he replied in the negative: I demanded whether he understood Chinese or Arabic, to which he also answered as before. "Then how, sir," said I, "can you pretend to determine upon the Eastern style, who are entire-

ly unacquainted with the Eastern writings? Take, sir, the word of one who is professedly a Chinese, and who is actually acquainted with the Arabian writers, that what is palmed upon you daily for an imitation of Eastern writing nowise resembles their manner, either in sentiment or diction. In the East, similes are seldom used, and metaphors almost wholly unknown; but in China particularly, the very reverse of what you allude to takes place; a cool, phlegmatic method of writing prevails there. The writers of that country, ever more assiduous to instruct than to please, address rather the judgment than the fancy. Unlike many authors of Europe, who have no consideration of the reader's time, they generally leave more to be understood than they express.

"Besides, sir, you must not expect from an inhabitant of China the same ignorance, the same unlettered simplicity that you find in a Turk, Persian, or native of Peru. The Chinese are versed in the sciences as well as you, and are masters of several arts unknown to the people of Europe. Many of them are instructed not only in their own national learning, but are perfectly well acquainted with the languages and learning of the West. If my word in such a case is not to be taken, consult your own travellers on this head, who affirm that the scholars of Pekin and Siam sustain theological theses in Latin. 'The college of Masprend, which is but a league from Siam,' says one of your travellers,\* 'came in a body to salute our ambassador. Nothing gave me more sincere pleasure than to behold a number of priests, venerable both from age and modesty, followed by a number of youths of all nations, Chinese, Japanese, Tonquinese, of Cochin China, Pegu, and Siam, all willing to pay their respects in the most

\* Journal ou suite du voyage de Siam, en forme de Lettres familiares, fait en 1685 and 1686, par M. L. D. C., p. 174, edit. Amstelod., 1686.

polite manner imaginable. A Cochin Chinese made an excellent Latin oration upon this occasion; he was succeeded, and even outdone, by a student of Tonquin, who was as well skilled in the Western learning as any scholar of Paris.' Now, sir, if youths who never stirred from home are so perfectly skilled in your laws and learning, surely more must be expected from one like me, who has travelled so many thousand miles; who has conversed familiarly, for several years, with the English factors established at Canton, and the missionaries sent us from every part of Europe. The unaffected of every country nearly resemble each other, and a page of our Confucius and your Tillotson have scarce any material difference. Paltry affectation, strained allusions, and disgusting finery, are easily attained by those who choose to wear them; they are but too frequently the badges of ignorance or of stupidity whenever it would endeavour to please."

I was proceeding in my discourse, when, looking round, I perceived the company no way attentive to what I attempted, with so much earnestness, to enforce. One lady was whispering her that sat next; another was studying the merits of a fan; a third began to yawn; and the author himself fell fast asleep. I thought it, therefore, high time to make a retreat; nor did the company seem to show any regret at my preparations for departure; even the lady who had invited me, with the most mortifying insensibility, saw me seize my hat and rise from my cushion; nor was I invited to repeat my visit, because it was found that I aimed at appearing rather a reasonable creature than an outlandish idiot. Adieu.

VOL. II.—D



FROM HINGPO, A SLAVE IN PERSIA, TO ALTANGI, A TRAVELLING PHILOSOPHER OF CHINA, BY THE WAY OF MOSCOW.

The Philosopher's Son describes a Lady, his fellow-captive.

FORTUNE has made me the slave of another, but nature and inclination render me entirely subservient to you ; a tyrant commands my body, but you are master of my heart. And yet, let not thy inflexible nature condemn me when I confess that I find my soul shrink with my circumstances. I feel my mind, not less than my body, bend beneath the rigours of servitude ; the master whom I serve grows every day more formidable. In spite of reason, which should teach me to despise him, his hideous image fills even my dreams with horror.

A few days ago, a Christian slave, who wrought in the gardens, happening to enter an arbour where the tyrant was entertaining the ladies of his harem with coffee, the unhappy captive was instantly stabbed to the heart for his intrusion. I have been preferred to his place ; which, though less laborious than my former station, is yet more ungrateful, as it brings me nearer him whose presence excites sensations at once of disgust and apprehension.

Into what a state of misery are the modern Persians fallen ! A nation famous for setting the world an example of freedom, is now become a band of tyrants and a den of slaves. The houseless Tartar of Kamtschatka, who enjoys his herbs and his fish in unmolested freedom, may be envied if compared to the thousands who pine here in hopeless servitude, and curse the day that gave them being. Is this just dealing, Heaven ! to render millions wretched to swell up the happiness of a few ? Cannot the powerful of this earth be happy without our sighs and tears ? Must every luxury of the great be woven



from the calamities of the poor? It must, it must surely be, that this jarring, discordant life is but the prelude to some future harmony; the soul, attuned to virtue here, shall go from hence to fill up the universal choir where Lien presides in person, where there shall be no tyrants to frown, no shackles to bind, nor whips to threaten; where I shall once more meet my father with rapture, and give a loose to filial piety; where I shall hang on his neck, and hear the wisdom of his lips, and thank him for all the happiness to which he has introduced me.

The wretch whom fortune has made my master has lately purchased several slaves of both sexes: among the rest, I hear a Christian captive talked of with admiration. The eunuch who bought her, and who is accustomed to survey beauty with indifference, speaks of her with emotion. Her pride, however, astonishes her attendant slaves not less than her beauty: it is reported that she refuses the warmest solicitations of her haughty lord: he has even offered to make her one of his four wives upon changing her religion and conforming to his. It is probable she cannot refuse such extraordinary offers, and her delay is perhaps intended to enhance her favours.

I have just now seen her: she inadvertently approached the place without a veil where I sat waiting. She seemed to regard the heavens alone with fixed attention: there her most ardent gaze was directed. Genius of the sun! what unexpected softness! what animated grace! Her beauty seemed the transparent covering of virtue. Celestial beings could not wear a look of more perfection, while sorrow humanized her form, and mixed my admiration with pity. I rose from the bank on which I sat, and she retired; happy that none observed us, for such an interview might have been fatal.

I have regarded, till now, the opulence and power of my tyrant without envy: I saw him with a mind

incapable of enjoying the gifts of fortune, and consequently regarded him as one loaded rather than enriched with its favours. But at present, when I think that so much beauty is reserved only for him, that so many charms shall be lavished on a wretch incapable of feeling the greatness of the blessing, I own I feel a reluctance to which I have hitherto been a stranger.

But let not my father impute these uneasy sensations to so trifling a cause as love. No, never let it be thought that your son, and the pupil of the wise Fum Hoam, could stoop to so degrading a passion. I am only displeased at seeing so much excellence so unjustly disposed of.

The uneasiness which I feel is not for myself, but for the beautiful Christian. When I reflect on the barbarity of him for whom she is designed, I pity, indeed I pity her. When I think that she must only share one heart who deserves to command a thousand, excuse me if I feel an emotion which universal benevolence extorts from me. As I am convinced that you take a pleasure in those sallies of humanity, and are particularly pleased with compassion, I could not avoid discovering the sensibility with which I felt this beautiful stranger's distress. I have for a while forgot, in hers, the miseries of my own hopeless situation. The tyrant grows every day more severe; and love, which softens all other minds into tenderness, seems only to have increased his severity. Adieu.

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#### FROM THE SAME.

A Continuance of his Correspondence.—The Beautiful Captive consents to Marry her Lord.

THE whole harem is filled with a tumultuous joy: Zelis, the beautiful captive, has consented to embrace

the religion of Mohammed, and become one of the wives of the fastidious Persian. It is impossible to describe the transport that sits on every face on this occasion. Music and feasting fill every apartment : the most miserable slave seems to forget his chains, and sympathizes with the happiness of Mostadad. The herb we tread beneath our feet is not made more for our use, than every slave around him for their imperious master : mere mechanics of obedience, they wait with silent assiduity, feel his pains, and rejoice in his exultation. Heavens ! how much is requisite to make one man happy.

Twelve of the most beautiful slaves, and I among the number, have got orders to prepare for carrying him in triumph to the bridal apartment. The blaze of perfumed torches are to imitate the day ; the dancers and singers are hired at a vast expense. The nuptials are to be celebrated on the approaching feast of Barboura, when a hundred taels in gold are to be distributed among the barren wives, in order to pray for fertility from the approaching union.

What will not riches procure ? A hundred domestics, who curse the tyrant in their souls, are commanded to wear a face of joy, and they are joyful. A hundred flatterers are ordered to attend, and they fill his ears with praise. Beauty, all-commanding beauty, sues for admittance, and scarcely receives an answer : even love itself seems to wait upon fortune, or though the passion be only feigned, yet it wears every appearance of sincerity : and what greater pleasure can even true sincerity confer, or what would the rich have more ?

Nothing can exceed the intended magnificence of the bridegroom but the costly dresses of the bride ; six eunuchs, in the most sumptuous habits, are ordered to conduct him to the nuptial couch and wait his orders. Six ladies, in all the magnificence of Persia, are directed to undress the bride. Their business is to assist, to encourage her, to divest

her of every encumbering part of her dress, all but the last covering, which, by an artful complication of ribands, is purposely made difficult to unloose, and with which she is to part reluctantly even to the joyful possessor of her beauty.

Mostadad, oh my father, is no philosopher; and yet he seems perfectly contented with ignorance. Possessed of numberless slaves, camels, and women, he desires no greater possession. He never opened the page of Mentius, and yet all the slaves tell me that he is happy.

Forgive the weakness of my nature if I sometimes feel my heart rebellious to the dictates of wisdom, and eager for happiness like his. Yet why wish for his wealth with his ignorance? to be, like him, incapable of sentimental pleasures, incapable of feeling the happiness of making others happy, incapable of teaching the beautiful Zelis philosophy?

What! shall I, in a transport of passion, give up the golden mean, the universal harmony, the unchanging essence, for the possession of a hundred camels, as many slaves, thirty-five beautiful horses, and seventy-three fine women? first blast me to the centre! Degrade me beneath the most degraded! Pare my nails, ye powers of heaven! ere I would stoop to such an exchange. What! part with philosophy, which teaches me to suppress my passions instead of gratifying them! which teaches me even to divest my soul of passion! which teaches serenity in the midst of tortures! philosophy, by which even now I am so very serene and so very much at ease, to be persuaded to part with it for any other enjoyment! Never, never, even though persuasion spoke in accents of Zelis.

A female slave informs me that the bride is to be arrayed in a tissue of silver, and her hair adorned with the largest pearls of Ormus: but why tease you with particulars, in which we both are so little concerned? The pain I feel in separation throws a gloom

over my mind, which, in this scene of universal joy, I fear may be attributed to some other cause. How wretched are those who are, like me, denied even the last resource of misery, their tears! Adieu.

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## FROM THE SAME.

The Correspondence still continued.—He begins to be Disgusted in the Pursuit of Wisdom.—An Allegory to prove its Futility.

I BEGIN to have doubts whether wisdom be alone sufficient to make us happy. Whether every step we make in refinement is not an inlet to new disquietudes. A mind too vigorous and active serves only to consume the body to which it is joined, as the richest jewels are soonest found to wear their settings.

When we rise in knowledge, as the prospect widens, the objects of our regard becomes more obscure, and the unlettered peasant, whose views are only directed to the narrow sphere around him, beholds nature with a finer relish, and tastes her blessings with a keener appetite than the philosopher, whose mind attempts to grasp a universal system.

As I was some days ago pursuing this object among a circle of my fellow-slaves, an ancient Guebre of the number, equally remarkable for his piety and wisdom, seemed touched with my conversation, and desired to illustrate what I had been saying with an allegory, taken from the Zendavesta of Zoroaster: "By this we shall be taught," says he, "that they who travel in pursuit of wisdom walk only in a circle, and, after all their labour, at last return to their pristine ignorance: and in this also we shall see, that enthusiastic confidence or unsatisfying doubts terminate all our inquiries.

"In early times, before myriads of nations covered the earth, the whole human race lived together in one valley. The simple inhabitants, surrounded on every side by lofty mountains, knew no other world but the little spot on which they were confined. They fancied the heavens bent down to meet the mountain tops, and formed an impenetrable wall to surround them. None had ever yet ventured to climb the steepy cliff, in order to explore those regions that lay beyond it; they knew the nature of the skies only from a tradition, which mentioned their being made of adamant; traditions make up the reasonings of the simple, and serve to silence every inquiry.

"In this sequestered vale, blessed with all the spontaneous productions of nature, the honeyed blossom, the refreshing breeze, the gliding brook, and golden fruitage, the simple inhabitants seemed happy in themselves, in each other; they desired no greater pleasures, for they knew of none greater: ambition, pride, and envy were vices unknown among them; and, from this peculiar simplicity of its possessors, the country was called the Valley of Ignorance.

"At length, however, an unhappy youth, more aspiring than the rest, undertook to climb the mountain's side, and examine the summits, which were hitherto deemed inaccessible. The inhabitants from below gazed with wonder at his intrepidity: some applauded his courage, others censured his folly; still, however, he proceeded towards the place where the earth and heavens seemed to unite, and at length arrived at the wished-for height, with extreme labour and assiduity.

"His first surprise was to find the skies, not, as he expected, within his reach, but still as far off as before: his amazement increased when he saw a wide-extended region lying on the opposite side of the mountain; but it rose to astonishment when he



beheld a country at a distance more beautiful and alluring than even that he had just left behind.

“As he continued to gaze with wonder, a genius, with a look of infinite modesty, approaching, offered to be his guide and instructor. ‘The distant country which you so much admire,’ says the angelic being, ‘is called the Land of Certainty: in that charming retreat, sentiment contributes to refine every sensual banquet: the inhabitants are blessed with every solid enjoyment, and still more blessed in a perfect consciousness of their own felicity: ignorance in that country is wholly unknown: all there is satisfaction without alloy, for every pleasure first undergoes the examination of Reason. As for me, I am called the Genius of Demonstration, and am stationed here in order to conduct every adventurer to that land of happiness through those intervening regions you see overhung with fogs and darkness, and horrid with forests, cataracts, caverns, and various other shapes of danger; but follow me, and in time I may lead you to that distant desirable Land of Tranquillity.’

“The intrepid traveller immediately put himself under the direction of the genius, and both journeying on together with a slow but agreeable pace, deceived the tediousness of the way by conversation. The beginning of the journey seemed to promise true satisfaction; but, as they proceeded forward, the skies became more gloomy and the way more intricate; they often inadvertently approached the brow of some frightful precipice, or the brink of a torrent, and were obliged to measure back their former way. The gloom increasing as they proceeded, their pace became more slow; they paused at every step, frequently stumbled, and their distrust and timidity increased. The Genius of Demonstration now, therefore, advised his pupil to grope upon his hands and feet, as a method, though more slow, yet less liable to error.

“In this manner they attempted to pursue their



journey for some time, when they were overtaken by another genius, who, with a precipitate pace, seemed travelling the same way. He was instantly known by the other to be the Genius of Probability. He wore two wide-extended wings at his back, which incessantly waved, without increasing the rapidity of his motion: his countenance betrayed a confidence that the ignorant might mistake for sincerity, and he had but one eye, which was fixed in the middle of his forehead.

“‘Servant of Hormizda,’ cried he, approaching the mortal pilgrim, ‘if thou art travelling to the Land of Certainty, how is it possible to arrive there under the guidance of a genius who proceeds so slowly, and is so little acquainted with the way? Follow me; we shall soon perform the journey, where every pleasure awaits our arrival.’

“The peremptory tone in which this genius spoke, and the speed with which he moved forward, induced the traveller to change his conductor: and, leaving his modest companion behind, he proceeded forward with his more confident director, seeming not a little pleased at the increased velocity of his motion.

“But soon he found reasons to repent. Whenever a torrent crossed their way, his guide taught him to despise the obstacle by plunging him in; whenever a precipice presented, he was directed to fling himself forward. Thus each moment miraculously escaping, his repeated escapes only served to increase his temerity. He led him, therefore, forward, amid infinite difficulties, till they arrived at the borders of an ocean, which appeared unnavigable from the black mists that lay upon its surface. Its unquiet waves were of the darkest hue, and gave a lively representation of the various agitations of the human mind.

“The Genius of Probability now confessed his temerity, owned his being an improper guide to the Land of Certainty, a country where no mortal had

ever been permitted to arrive; but, at the same time, offered to supply the traveller with another conductor, who should carry him to the Land of Confidence: a region where the inhabitants lived with the utmost tranquillity, and tasted almost as much satisfaction as if in the Land of Certainty. Not waiting for a reply, he stamped three times on the ground, and called forth the Demon of Error, a gloomy fiend of the servants of Arimanes. The yawning earth gave up the reluctant savage, who seemed unable to bear the light of day. His stature was enormous, his colour black and hideous, his aspect betrayed a thousand varying passions, and he spread forth pinions that were fitted for the most rapid flight. The traveller at first was shocked at the spectre; but, finding him obedient to superior power, he assumed his former tranquillity.

“‘I have called you to duty,’ cries the genius to the demon, ‘to bear on your back a son of mortality over the Ocean of Doubts into the Land of Confidence. I expect you’ll perform your commission with punctuality. And as for you,’ continued the genius, addressing the traveller, ‘when once I have bound this fillet round your eyes, let no voice of persuasion, nor threats the most terrifying, persuade you to unbind it in order to look round; keep the fillet fast, look not at the ocean below, and you may certainly expect to arrive at a region of pleasure.’

“Thus saying, and the traveller’s eyes being covered, the demon, muttering curses, raised him on his back, and, instantly upborne by his strong pinions, directed his flight among the clouds. Neither the loudest thunder nor the most angry tempest could persuade the traveller to unbind his eyes. The demon directed his flight downward, and skimmed the surface of the ocean; a thousand voices, some with loud invectives, others in sarcastic tones of contempt, vainly endeavoured to persuade him to look round; but he still continued to keep his eyes cov-

ered, and would, in all probability, have arrived at the happy land, had not flattery effected what other means could not perform. For now he heard himself welcomed on every side to the promised land, and a universal shout of joy was sent forth at his safe arrival: the wearied traveller, desirous of seeing the long-wished-for country, at length pulled the fillet from his eyes, and ventured to look round him. But he had unloosed the band too soon: he was not yet above half way over. The demon, who was still hovering in the air, and had produced those sounds only in order to deceive, was now freed from his commission; wherefore, throwing the astonished traveller from his back, the unhappy youth fell headlong into the subjacent Ocean of Doubts, from whence he never after was seen to arise."

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FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI TO \*\*\*, MERCHANT IN AMSTERDAM.

The Description of True Politeness.—Two Letters of different Countries by Ladies falsely thought Polite at Home.

CEREMONIES are different in every country, but true politeness is everywhere the same. Ceremonies, which take up so much of our attention, are only artificial helps which ignorance assumes in order to imitate politeness, which is the result of good sense and good nature. A person possessed of those qualities, though he had never seen a court, is truly agreeable; and if without them, would continue a clown, though he had been all his life a gentleman usher.

How would a Chinese, bred up in the formality of an Eastern court, be regarded, should he carry all his good manners beyond the great wall? How would an Englishman, skilled in all the decorums of Western good-breeding, appear at an Eastern en-

tainment? Would he not be reckoned more fantastically savage than even the unbred footman?

Ceremony resembles that base coin which circulates through a country by the royal mandate: it serves every purpose of real money at home, but is entirely useless abroad: a person who should attempt to circulate his native trash in another country would be thought ridiculous or culpable. He is truly well-bred who knows when to value and when to despise those national peculiarities which are regarded by some with so much observance: a traveller of taste at once perceives that the wise are polite all the world over, but that fools are only polite at home.

I have now before me two very fashionable letters upon the same subject, both written by ladies of distinction, one of whom leads the fashion in England, and the other sets the ceremonies of China. They are both regarded in their respective countries by all the beau monde as standards of taste and models of true politeness, and both give us a true idea of what they imagine elegant in their admirers: which of them understands true politeness, or whether either, you shall be at liberty to determine. The English lady writes thus to her female confidant:

“As I live, my dear Charlotte, I believe the colonel will carry it at last; he is a most irresistible fellow, that’s flat. So well dressed, so neat, so sprightly, and plays about one so agreeably, that I vow he has as much spirits as the Marquis of Monkeyman’s Italian greyhound. I first saw him at Ranelagh: he shines there: he is nothing without Ranelagh, and Ranelagh nothing without him. The next day he sent a card and compliments, desiring to wait on mamma and me to the music subscription. He looked all the time with such irresistible impudence, that, positively, he had something in his face which gave as much pleasure as a pair royal of naturals in my own hand. He waited on mamma and me next

morning to know how we got home : you must know the insidious devil makes love to us both. Rap went the footman at the door, bounce went my heart : I thought he would have rattled the house down. Chariot drove up to the window, with his footmen in the prettiest liveries : he has infinite taste, that's flat. Mamma had spent all the morning at her head ; but, for my part, I was in an undress to receive him : quite easy, mind that : no way disturbed at his approach : mamma pretended to be as *de-gagée* as I, and yet I saw her blush in spite of her. Positively he is a most killing devil ! We did nothing but laugh all the time he stayed with us : I never heard so many very good things before. At first he mistook mamma for my sister, at which she laughed : then he mistook my natural complexion for paint, at which I laughed ; and then he showed us a picture on the lid of his snuff-box, at which we all laughed. He plays piquet so very ill, and is so very fond of cards, and loses with such a grace, that, positively, he has won me : I have got a cool hundred, but have lost my heart. I need not tell you that he is only a colonel of the trainbands. I am, dear Charlotte, yours for ever, BELINDA."

The Chinese lady addresses her confidant, a poor relation of the family, upon the same occasion, in which she seems to understand decorums even better than the Western beauty. You, who have resided so long in China, will readily acknowledge the picture to be taken from nature ; and, by being acquainted with Chinese customs, will better apprehend the lady's meaning.

FROM YAOUA TO YAYA.

"PAPA insists upon one, two, three, four hundred tales from the colonel, my lover, before he parts with a lock of my hair. Ho, how I wish the dear creature may be able to produce the money, and pay

papa my fortune. The colonel is reckoned the politest man in all Shensi. The first visit he paid at our house—mercy, what stooping, and cringing, and stopping, and fidgeting, and going back, and creeping forward there was between him and papa; one would have thought he had got the seventeen books of ceremonies all by heart. When he was come into the hall, he flourished his hands three times in a very graceful manner. Papa, who would not be outdone, flourished his four times; upon this the colonel began again, and both thus continued flourishing for some minutes in the politest manner imaginable. I was posted in the usual place behind the screen, where I saw the whole ceremony through a slit. Of this the colonel was sensible, for papa informed him. I would have given the world to have shown him my little shoes, but had no opportunity. It was the first time I had ever the happiness of seeing any man but papa; and I vow, my dear Yaya, I thought my three souls would actually have fled from my lips. Ho, but he looked most charmingly; he is reckoned the best-shaped man in the whole province, for he is very fat and very short; but even those natural advantages are improved by his dress, which is fashionable past description. His head was close shaven, all but the crown, and the hair of that was braided into a most beautiful tail; that, reaching down to his heels, was terminated by a bunch of yellow roses. Upon his first entering the room, I could easily perceive he had been highly perfumed with asafœtida. But then his looks, his looks, my dear Yaya, were irresistible! He kept his eyes steadfastly fixed on the wall during the whole ceremony, and I sincerely believe no accident could have discomposed his gravity, or drawn his eyes away. After a polite silence of two hours, he gallantly begged to have the singing women introduced, purely for my amusement. After one of them had for some time entertained us with her



voice, the colonel and she retired for some minutes together. I thought they would never have come back; I must own he is the most agreeable creature. Upon his return they again renewed the concert, and he continued to gaze upon the wall as usual; when, in less than half an hour more, ho! but he retired out of the room with another. He is, indeed, a most agreeable creature.

“When he came to take his leave, the whole ceremony began afresh: papa would see him to the door, but the colonel swore he would rather see the earth turned upside down than permit him to stir a single step, and papa was at last obliged to comply. As soon as he was got to the door, papa went out to see him on horseback: here they continued half an hour bowing and cringing before one would mount or the other go in; but the colonel was at last victorious. He had scarce gone a hundred paces from the house, when papa, running out, hallooed after him, ‘A good journey.’ Upon which the colonel returned, and would see papa into his house before ever he would depart. He was no sooner got home than he sent me a very fine present of duck-eggs painted of twenty different colours. His generosity, I own, has won me. I have ever since been trying over the eight letters of good fortune, and have great hopes. All I have to apprehend is, that after he has married me, and that I am carried to his house close shut up in my chair, when he comes to have the first sight of my face, he may shut me up a second time and send me back to papa. However, I shall appear as fine as possible: mamma and I have been to buy the clothes for my wedding. I am to have a new *fong whang* in my hair, the beak of which will reach down to my nose; the milliner from whom we bought that and our ribands cheated us as if she had no conscience, and so, to quiet mine, I cheated her. All this is fair, you know. I remain, my dear Yaya, your ever faithful  
YAOUA.”



## TO THE SAME.

## The Behaviour of the Congregation in St. Paul's Church at Prayers.

SOME time since I sent thee, oh holy disciple of Confucius ! an account of the grand abbey or mau-soleum of the kings and heroes of this nation. I have since been introduced to a temple not so ancient, but far superior in beauty and magnificence. In this, which is the most considerable of the empire, there are no pompous inscriptions, no flattery paid the dead, but all is elegant and awfully simple. There are, however, a few rags hung round the walls, which have, at a vast expense, been taken from the enemy in the present war. The silk of which they are composed, when new, might be valued at half a string of copper money in China ; yet this wise people fitted out a fleet and an army in order to seize them ; though now grown old, and scarce capable of being patched up into a handkerchief. By this conquest, the English are said to have gained, and the French to have lost, much honour. Is the honour of European nations placed only in tattered silk ?

In this temple I was permitted to remain during the whole service ; and, were you not already acquainted with the religion of the English, you might, from my description, be inclined to believe them as grossly idolatrous as the disciples of Lao. The idol which they seem to address strides like a Colossus over the door of the inner temple, which here, as with the Jews, is esteemed the most sacred part of the building. Its oracles are delivered in a hundred various tones, which seem to inspire the worshippers with enthusiasm and awe : an old woman, who appeared to be the priestess, was employed in various attitudes, as she felt the inspiration. When it

began to speak, all the people remained fixed in silent attention, nodding assent, looking approbation, appearing highly edified by those sounds which, to a stranger, might seem inarticulate and unmeaning.

When the idol had done speaking, and the priestess had locked up its lungs with a key, observing almost all the company leaving the temple, I concluded the service was over, and, taking my hat, was going to walk away with the crowd, when I was stopped by the man in black, who assured me that the ceremony had scarcely yet begun. "What!" cried I, "do I not see almost the whole body of the worshippers leaving the church? Would you persuade me that such numbers, who profess religion and morality, would, in this shameless manner, quit the temple before the service was concluded? You surely mistake; not even the Kalmucs would be guilty of such an indecency, though all the object of their worship was but a joint-stool." My friend seemed to blush for his countrymen, assuring me that those whom I saw running away were only a parcel of musical blockheads, whose passion was merely for sounds, and whose heads were as empty as a fiddle-case; "those who remain behind," says he, "are the truly religious; they make use of music to warm their hearts and to lift them to a proper pitch of rapture: examine their behaviour, and you will confess there are some among us who practise true devotion."

I now looked round me as he directed, but saw nothing of that fervent devotion which he promised: one of the worshippers appeared to be ogling the company through a glass; another was fervent, not in addresses to Heaven, but to his mistress; a third whispered; a fourth took snuff; and the priest himself, in a drowsy tone, read over the duties of the day.

"Bless my eyes," cried I, as I happened to look towards the door, "what do I see! One of the wor-

shippers fallen fast asleep, and actually sunk down on his cushion: is he now enjoying the benefit of a trance, or does he receive the influence of some mysterious vision?" "Alas! alas!" replied my companion, "no such thing; he has only had the misfortune of eating too hearty a dinner, and finds it impossible to keep his eyes open." Turning to another part of the temple, I perceived a young lady just in the same circumstances and attitude. "Strange," cried I; "can she too have over-eaten herself?" "Oh fy," replied my friend, "you now grow censorious. She grow drowsy from eating too much! that would be profanation. She only sleeps now from having sat up all night at a brag-party." "Turn me where I will, then," says I, "I can perceive no single symptom of devotion among the worshippers, except from that old woman in the corner, who sits groaning behind the long sticks of a mourning fan; she, indeed, seems greatly edified by what she hears." "Ay," replied my friend, "I knew we should find some to catch you: I know her: that is the deaf lady who lives in the cloisters."

In short, the remissness of behaviour in almost all the worshippers, and some even of the guardians, struck me with surprise. I had been taught to believe that none were ever promoted to offices in the temple but men remarkable for their superior sanctity, learning, and rectitude; and there was no such thing heard of as persons being introduced into the church merely to oblige a senator, or provide for the younger branch of a noble family. I expected, as their minds were continually set upon heavenly things, to see their eyes directed there also, and hoped, from their behaviour, to perceive their inclinations correspond with their duty. But I am since informed that some are appointed to preside over temples they never visit; and, while they receive all the money, are contented with letting others do all the good. Adieu.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

The Ardour of the People of London in running after Sights and Monsters.

THOUGH the frequent invitations I receive from men of distinction here might excite the vanity of some, I am quite mortified, however, when I consider the motives that inspire their civility. I am sent for, not to be treated as a friend, but to satisfy curiosity; not to be entertained so much as wondered at; the same earnestness which excites them to see a Chinese would have made them equally proud of a visit from the rhinoceros.

From the highest to the lowest, this people seem fond of sights and monsters. I am told of a person here who gets a very comfortable livelihood by making wonders, and then selling or showing them to the people for money; no matter how insignificant they were in the beginning, by locking them up close and showing them for money, they soon become prodigies. His first essay in this way was to exhibit himself as a waxwork figure behind a glass door at a puppet-show. Thus, keeping the spectators at a proper distance, and having his head adorned with a copper crown, he looked extremely natural, and very like the life itself. He continued this exhibition with success till an involuntary fit of sneezing brought him to life before all the spectators, and consequently rendered him for that time as entirely useless as the peaceable inhabitant of a catacomb.

Determined to act the statue no more, he next levied contributions under the figure of an Indian king; and, by painting his face and counterfeiting the savage howl, he frightened several ladies and chil-

dren with amazing success. In this manner, therefore, he might have lived very comfortably, had he not been arrested for a debt that was contracted when he was the figure in waxwork : thus his face underwent an involuntary ablution, and he found himself reduced to his primitive complexion and indigence.

After some time, being freed from jail, he was now grown wiser, and, instead of making himself a wonder, was resolved only to make wonders. He learned the art of pasting up of mummies ; was never at a loss for an artificial *lusus naturæ* ; nay, it has been reported that he has sold seven petrified lobsters of his own manufacture to a noted collector of rarities ; but this the learned Cracovius Putridus has undertaken to refute in a very elaborate dissertation.

His last wonder was nothing more than a halter ; yet by this halter he gained more than by all his former exhibitions. The people, it seems, had got it in their heads that a certain noble criminal was to be hanged with a silken rope. Now there was nothing they so much wished to see as this very rope ; and he was resolved to gratify their curiosity : he therefore got one made, not only of silk, but, to render it the more striking, several threads of gold were intermixed. The people paid their money only to see silk, but were highly satisfied when they found it mixed with gold into the bargain. It is scarcely necessary to mention, that the proprietor sold his silken rope for almost what it had cost him as soon as the criminal was known to be hanged in hempen materials.

By their fondness of sights, one would be apt to imagine that, instead of desiring to see things as they should be, they are rather solicitous of seeing them as they ought not to be. A cat with four legs is disregarded, though ever so useful ; but, if it has but two, and is, consequently, incapable of catch-

ing mice, it is reckoned inestimable, and every man of taste is ready to raise the auction. A man, though in his person faultless as an aerial genius, might starve ; but if stuck over with hideous warts like a porcupine, his fortune is made for ever, and he may propagate his breed with impunity and applause.

A good woman in my neighbourhood, who was bred a habitmaker, though she handled her needle tolerably well, could scarcely get employment. But being obliged, by an accident, to have both her hands cut off from her elbows, what would in another country have been her ruin, made her fortune here ; she now was thought more fit for her trade than before ; business flowed in apace, and all people paid for seeing the mantuamaker who wrought without hands.

A gentleman, showing me his collection of pictures, stopped at one, with peculiar admiration : "There," cries he, "is an inestimable piece." I gazed at the picture for some time, but could see none of those graces with which he seemed enraptured ; it appeared to me the most paltry piece of the whole collection : I therefore demanded where those beauties lay of which I was yet insensible. "Sir," cries he, "the merit does not consist in the piece, but in the manner in which it was done. The painter drew the whole with his foot, and held the pencil between his toes ; I bought it at a very great price, for peculiar merit should ever be rewarded."

But these people are not more fond of wonders than liberal in rewarding those who show them. From the wonderful dog of knowledge at present under the patronage of the nobility, down to the man with the box, who professes to show "the most exact imitation of nature that ever was seen," they all live in luxury. A singing-woman shall collect subscriptions in her own coach and six ; a fellow shall make a fortune by tossing a straw from



his toe to his nose ; one, in particular, has found that eating fire was the most ready way to live ; and another, who jingles several bells fixed to his cap, is the only man that I know of who has received emolument from the labours of his head.

A young author, a man of good-nature and learning, was complaining to me, some nights ago, of this misplaced generosity of these times. "Here," says he, "have I spent part of my youth in attempting to instruct and amuse my fellow-creatures, and all my reward has been solitude, poverty, and reproach ; while a fellow possessed of even the smallest share of fiddling merit, or who has, perhaps, learned to whistle double, is rewarded, applauded, and caressed !" "Prithee, young man," says I to him, "are you ignorant that, in so large a city as this, it is better to be an amusing than a useful member of society ? Can you leap up and touch your feet four times before you come to the ground ?" "No, sir." "Can you stand upon two horses at full speed ?" "No, sir." "Can you swallow a penknife ?" "I can do none of these tricks." "Why, then," cried I, "there is no other prudent means of subsistence left but to apprise the town that you speedily intend to eat up your own nose by subscription."

I have frequently regretted that none of our Eastern posture-masters or showmen have ever ventured to England. I should be pleased to see that money circulate in Asia which is now sent to Italy and France in order to bring their vagabonds hither. Several of our tricks would undoubtedly give the English high satisfaction. Men of fashion would be greatly pleased with the postures as well as the condescension of our dancing-girls ; and the ladies would equally admire the conductors of our fireworks. What an agreeable surprise would it be to see a huge fellow with whiskers flash a charged blunderbuss full in a lady's face without singing her hair or melting her pomatum ! Perhaps, when the



first surprise was over, she might then grow familiar with danger, and the ladies might vie with each other in standing fire with intrepidity.

But, of all the wonders of the East, the most useful, and, I should fancy, the most pleasing, would be the looking-glass of Lao, which reflects the mind as well as the body. It is said that the Emperor Chusi used to make his concubines dress their heads and their hearts in one of these glasses every morning: while the lady was at her toilet, he would frequently look over her shoulder; and it is recorded that, among the three hundred which composed his seraglio, not one was found whose mind was not even more beautiful than her person.

I make no doubt but a glass in this country would have the very same effect. The English ladies, concubines and all, would undoubtedly cut very pretty figures in so faithful a monitor. There, should we happen to peep over a lady's shoulder while dressing, we might be able to see neither gaming nor ill-nature; neither pride, debauchery, nor a love of gadding. We should find her, if any sensible defect appeared in the mind, more careful in rectifying it than plastering up the irreparable decays of the person; nay, I am even apt to fancy that ladies would find more real pleasure in this utensil in private than in any other bawble imported from China, though ever so expensive or amusing. Adieu.

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TO THE SAME.

A Dream.

UPON finishing my last letter I retired to rest, reflecting upon the wonders of the glass of Lao, wishing to be possessed of one here, and resolved in such a case to oblige every lady with the sight of it for nothing. What fortune denied me waking, fancy

supplied in a dream: the glass, I know not how, was put into my possession, and I could perceive several ladies approaching, some voluntarily, others driven forward against their inclination by a set of discontented genii, whom by intuition I knew were their husbands.

The apartment in which I was to show away was filled with several gaming-tables, as if just forsaken; the candles were burned to the sockets, and the hour was five o'clock in the morning. Placed at one end of the room, which was of prodigious length, I could more easily distinguish every female figure as she marched up from the door; but guess my surprise when I could scarce perceive one blooming or agreeable face among the number. This, however, I attributed to the early hour, and kindly considered that the face of a lady just risen from bed ought always to find a compassionate advocate.

The first person who came up in order to view her intellectual face was a commoner's wife, who, as I afterward found, being bred up during her youth in a pawnbroker's shop, now attempted to make up the defects of breeding and sentiment by the magnificence of her dress and the expensiveness of her amusements. "Mr. Showman," cried she, approaching, "I am told you has something to show in that there sort of magic lanthorn, by which folks can see themselves on the inside: I protest, as my Lord Beetle says, I am sure it will be vastly pretty, for I have never seen anything like it before. But how? Are we to strip off our clothes, and be turned inside out? If so, as Lord Beetle says, I absolutely declare off." I informed the lady that I would dispense with the ceremony of stripping, and immediately presented my glass to her view.

As when a first-rate beauty, after having with difficulty escaped the smallpox, revisits her favourite mirror—that mirror which had repeated the flattery of every lover, and even added force to the compli-

ment—expecting to see what had so often given her pleasure, she no longer beholds the cherried lip, the polished forehead, and speaking blush, but a hateful phiz, quilted into a thousand seams by the hand of deformity: grief, resentment, and rage fill her bosom by turns: she blames the fates and the stars, but, most of all, the unhappy glass feels her resentment. So it was with the lady in question: she had never seen her own mind before, and was now shocked at its own deformity. One single look was sufficient to satisfy her curiosity. I held up the glass to her face, and she shut her eyes: no entreaties could prevail upon her to gaze once more! She was even going to snatch it from my hands, and break it in a thousand pieces. I found it was time, therefore, to dismiss her as incorrigible, and show away to the next that offered.

This was an unmarried lady. No woman was louder at a revel than she, perfectly free-hearted, and almost in every respect a man: she understood ridicule to perfection, and was once known even to sally out in order to beat the watch. “Here, you my dear with the outlandish face,” said she, addressing me, “let me take a single peep—not that I care three straws what a figure I cut in the glass of such an oldfashioned creature; for, if I am allowed the beauties of the face by people of fashion, I know the world will be complaisant enough to toss me the beauties of the mind into the bargain.” I held my glass before her as she desired, and must confess, was shocked with the reflection. The lady, however, gazed for some time with the utmost complacency; and at last, turning to me with the most satisfied smile, said she never could think she had been half so handsome.

Upon her dismissal, a lady of distinction was reluctantly hauled along to the glass by her husband. In bringing her forward, as he came first to the glass himself, his mind appeared tinctured with immoder-

ate jealousy, and I was going to reproach him for using her with such severity; but when the lady came to present herself, I immediately retracted; for, alas! it was seen that he had but too much reason for his suspicions.

The next was a lady who usually teased all her acquaintance in desiring to be told of her faults, and then never mended any. Upon approaching the glass, I could readily perceive vanity, affectation, and some other ill-looking blots on her mind; wherefore, by my advice, she immediately set about mending. But I could easily find she was not in earnest in the work; for, as she repaired them on one side, they generally broke out on another. Thus, after three or four attempts, she began to make the ordinary use of the glass in setting her hair.

The company now made room for a woman of learning, who approached with a slow pace and a solemn countenance, which, for her own sake, I could wish had been cleaner. "Sir," cried the lady, flourishing her hand, which held a pinch of snuff, "I shall be enraptured by having presented to my view a mind with which I have so long studied to be acquainted; but, in order to give the sex a proper example, I must insist that all the company may be permitted to look over my shoulder." I bowed assent, and, presenting the glass, showed the lady a mind by no means so fair as she had expected to see. Ill nature, ill-placed pride, and spleen were too legible to be mistaken. Nothing could be more amusing than the mirth of her female companions who had looked over. They had hated her from the beginning, and now the apartment echoed with a universal laugh. Nothing but a fortitude like hers could have withstood their raillery: she stood it, however; and, when the burst was exhausted, with great tranquillity she assured the company that the whole was a *deceptio visus*, and that she was too well acquainted with her own mind to believe any

false representations from another. Thus saying, she retired with sullen satisfaction, resolved not to mend her faults, but to write a criticism on the mental reflector.

I must own, by this time I began myself to suspect the fidelity of my mirror ; for, as the ladies appeared at least to have the merit of rising early, since they were up at five, I was amazed to find nothing of this good quality pictured upon their minds in the reflection ; I was resolved, therefore, to communicate my suspicions to a lady, whose intellectual countenance appeared more fair than any of the rest, not having more than seventy-nine spots in all, besides slips and foibles. "I own, young woman," said I, "that there are some virtues upon that mind of yours ; but there is still one which I do not see represented : I mean that of rising betimes in the morning : I fancy the glass false in that particular." The young lady smiled at my simplicity ; and, with a blush, confessed that she and the whole company had been up all night gaming.

By this time all the ladies except one had seen themselves successively, and disliked the show or scolded the showman ; I was resolved, however, that she who seemed to neglect herself, and was neglected by the rest, should take a view ; and, going up to a corner of the room where she still continued sitting, I presented my glass full in her face. Here it was that I exulted in my success ; no blot, no stain appeared on any part of the faithful mirror. As when the large unwritten page presents its snowy, spotless bosom to the writer's hand, so appeared the glass to my view. "Here, oh ye daughters of English ancestors," cried I, "turn hither, and behold an object worthy of imitation : look upon the mirror now, and acknowledge its justice and this woman's pre-eminence !" The ladies, obeying the summons, came up in a group, and, looking on, acknowledged there was some truth in the picture, as

the person now represented had been deaf, dumb, and a fool from her cradle.

This much of my dream I distinctly remember ; the rest was filled with chimeras, enchanted castles, and flying dragons, as usual. As you, my dear Fum Hoam, are particularly versed in the interpretation of midnight warnings, what pleasure should I find in your explanation ; but that our distance prevents. I make no doubt, however, but that, from my description, you will very much venerate the good qualities of the English ladies in general, since dreams, you know, go always by contraries. Adieu.

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FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO \*\*\*, MERCHANT IN AMSTERDAM.

The Absurdity of Persons in High Stations pursuing Employments beneath them, exemplified in a Fairy Tale.

HAPPENING some days ago to call at a painter's, to amuse myself in examining some pictures (I had no design to buy), it surprised me to see a young prince in the working-room, dressed in a painter's apron, and assiduously learning the trade. We instantly remembered to have seen each other ; and, after the usual compliments, I stood by while he continued to paint on. As everything done by the rich is praised—as princes here, as well as in China, are never without followers—three or four persons, who had the appearance of gentlemen, were placed behind to comfort and applaud him at every stroke.

Need I tell that it struck me with very disagreeable sensations “to see a youth who, by his station in life, had it in his power to be useful to thousands, thus letting his mind run to waste upon canvass, and, at the same time, fancying himself improving in taste, and filling his rank with proper decorum.”



As seeing an error and attempting to redress it are only one and the same with me, I took occasion, upon his lordship's desiring my opinion of a Chinese scroll intended for the frame of a picture, to assure him that a mandarine of China thought a minute acquaintance with such mechanical trifles below his dignity.

This reply raised the indignation of some and the contempt of others: I could hear the names of Vandal, Goth, taste, polite arts, delicacy, and fire repeated in tones of ridicule or resentment. But, considering that it was in vain to argue against people who had so much to say, without contradicting them I begged leave to repeat a fairy tale. This request redoubled their laughter; but, not easily abashed at the raillery of boys, I persisted, observing that it would set the absurdity of placing our affections upon trifles in the strongest point of view; and adding that it was hoped the moral would compensate for its stupidity. "For Heaven's sake," cried the great man, washing his brush in water, "let us have no morality at present; if we must have a story, let it be without any moral." I pretended not to hear; and, while he handled the brush, proceeded as follows:

"In the kingdom of Bonbobbins, which, by the Chinese annals, appears to have flourished twenty thousand years ago, there reigned a prince endowed with every accomplishment which generally distinguishes the sons of kings. His beauty was brighter than the sun. The sun, to which he was nearly related, would sometimes stop his course in order to look down and admire him.

"His mind was not less perfect than his body: he knew all things without ever having read; philosophers, poets, and historians submitted their works to his decision; and so penetrating was he, that he could tell the merit of a book by looking on the cover. He made epic poems, tragedies, and pastorals with surprising facility; song, epigram, or re-



bus was all one to him, though it was observed he could never finish an acrostic. In short, the fairy who presided at his birth had endowed him with almost every perfection, or, what was just the same, his subjects were ready to acknowledge he possessed them all ; and, for his own part, he knew nothing to the contrary. A prince so accomplished received a name suitable to his merit ; and he was called Bonbenin-bonbobbin-bonbobbinet, which signifies Enlightener of the Sun.

“As he was very powerful and yet unmarried, all the neighbouring kings earnestly sought his alliance. Each sent his daughter, dressed out in the most magnificent manner, and with the most sumptuous retinue imaginable, in order to allure the prince ; so that at one time there were seen at his court not less than seven hundred foreign princesses of exquisite sentiment and beauty, each alone sufficient to make seven hundred ordinary men happy.

“Distracted in such a variety, the generous Bonbenin, had he not been obliged by the laws of the empire to make choice of one, would very willingly have married them all, for no one understood gallantry better. He spent numberless hours of solitude in endeavouring to determine whom he should choose : one lady was possessed of every perfection, but he disliked her eyebrows ; another was brighter than the morning star, but he disapproved her fong whang ; a third did not lay white enough on her cheek ; and a fourth did not sufficiently blacken her nails. At last, after numberless disappointments on the one side and the other, he made choice of the incomparable Nanhoa, queen of the scarlet dragons.

“The preparations for the royal nuptials, or the envy of the disappointed ladies, need no description ; both the one and the other were as great as they could be ; the beautiful princess was conducted, amid admiring multitudes, to the royal couch, where, after being divested of every encumbering ornament, she

was placed in expectance of the youthful bridegroom, who did not keep her long in expectation. He came more cheerful than the morning; and printing on her lips a burning kiss, the attendants took this as a proper signal to withdraw.

“Perhaps I ought to have mentioned in the beginning, that, among several other qualifications, the prince was fond of collecting and breeding mice, which being a harmless pastime, none of his counsellors thought proper to dissuade him from it: he therefore kept a great variety of these pretty little animals in the most beautiful cages, enriched with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other precious stones: thus he innocently spent four hours each day in contemplating their innocent little pastimes.

“But to proceed. The prince and princess were now in bed; one with all the love and expectation, the other with all the modesty and fear which is natural to suppose; when the prince, happening to look towards the outside of the bed, perceived one of the most beautiful animals in the world, a white mouse with green eyes, playing about the floor and performing a hundred pretty tricks. He was already master of blue mice, red mice, and even white mice with yellow eyes; but a white mouse with green eyes was what he had long endeavoured to possess: wherefore, leaping from bed with the utmost impatience and agility, the youthful prince attempted to seize the little charmer; but it was fled in a moment; for, alas! the mouse was sent by a discontented princess, and was itself a fairy.

“It is impossible to describe the agony of the prince upon this occasion. He sought round and round the room; even the bed where the princess lay was not exempt from the inquiry, but still to no purpose.

““Alas!” cried the young prince in an agony, ‘how unhappy am I to be disappointed! never sure was

so beautiful an animal seen ! I would give half my kingdom and my princess to him that would find it.' The princess, though not much pleased with the latter part of his offer, endeavoured to comfort him as well as she could ; she let him know that he had a hundred mice already, which ought to be at least sufficient to satisfy any philosopher like him. Though none of them had green eyes, yet he should learn to thank Heaven that they had eyes. She told him (for she was a profound moralist) that incurable evils must be borne ; that useless lamentations were vain ; and that man was born to misfortunes : she even entreated him to return to bed, and she would endeavour to lull him on her bosom to repose ; but still the prince continued inconsolable ; and, regarding her with a stern air, for which his family was remarkable, he vowed never to sleep in the royal palace, or indulge himself in the innocent pleasures of matrimony, till he had found the white mouse with the green eyes."

"Prithee, Colonel Leech," cried his lordship, interrupting me, "how do you like that nose ? Don't you think there is something of the manner of Rembrandt in it ? A prince in all this agony for a white mouse—oh ridiculous ! Don't you think, Major Vampyre, that eyebrow stippled very prettily ? But, pray, what are the green eyes to the purpose, except to amuse children ? I would give a thousand guineas to lay on the colouring of this cheek more smoothly. But I ask pardon ; pray, sir, proceed."

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FROM THE SAME.

The Fairy Tale continued.

"KINGS," continued I, "at that time were different from what they are now ; they then never engaged their word for anything which they did not rigor-

ously intend to perform. This was the case of Bonbenin, who continued all night to lament his misfortunes to the princess, who echoed groan for groan. When morning came he published an edict, offering half his kingdom and his princess to the person who should catch and bring him the white mouse with green eyes.

“The edict was scarce published, when all the traps in the kingdom were baited with cheese ; numberless mice were taken and destroyed, but still the much-wished-for mouse was not among the number. The privy council was assembled more than once to give their advice ; but all their deliberations came to nothing, even though there were two complete vermin-killers and three professed rat-catchers of the number. Frequent addresses, as is usual on extraordinary occasions, were sent from all parts of the empire ; but, though these promised well, though in them he received an assurance that his faithful subjects would assist in his search with their lives and fortunes, yet, with all their loyalty, they failed when the time came that the mouse was to be caught.

“The prince, therefore, was resolved to go himself in search, determined never to lie two nights in one place till he had found what he sought for. Thus, quitting his palace without attendants, he set out upon his journey, and travelled through many a desert, and crossed many a river, high over hills, and down along vales, still restless, still inquiring wherever he came ; but no white mouse was to be found.

“As, one day, fatigued with his journey, he was shading himself from the heat of the midday sun under the arching branches of a banana-tree, meditating on the object of his pursuit, he perceived an old woman, hideously deformed, approaching him ; by her stoop, and the wrinkles of her visage, she seemed at least five hundred years old ; and the spotted toad was not more freckled than was her skin. ‘Ah ! Prince Bonbenin-bonbobbins-bonbobbins-

net,' cried the creature, 'what has led you so many thousand miles from your own kingdom? What is it you look for, and what induces you to travel into the kingdom of the Emmets?' The prince was excessively complaisant, and told her the whole story three times over; for she was hard of hearing. 'Well,' says the old fairy, for such she was, 'I promise to put you in possession of the white mouse with green eyes, and that immediately, too, upon one condition.' 'One condition!' cried the prince, in a rapture; 'name a thousand; I shall undergo them all with pleasure.' 'Nay,' interrupted the old fairy, 'I ask but one, and that not very mortifying either; it is only that you instantly consent to marry me.'

"It is impossible to express the prince's confusion at this demand: he loved the mouse, but he detested the bride: he hesitated: he desired time to think upon the proposal: he would have been glad to consult his friends on such an occasion. 'Nay, nay,' cried the odious fairy, 'if you demur, I retract my promise; I do not desire to force my favours on any man. Here, you my attendants,' cried she, stamping with her foot, 'let my machine be driven up: Barbacela, Queen of the Emmets, is not used to contemptuous treatment.' She had no sooner spoken than her fiery chariot appeared in the air, drawn by two snails; and she was just going to step in, when the prince reflected that now or never was the time to be possessed of the white mouse; and, quite forgetting his lawful princess Nanhoa, falling on his knees, he implored forgiveness for having rashly rejected so much beauty. This well-timed compliment instantly appeased the angry fairy. She affected a hideous leer of approbation; and, taking the young prince by the hand, conducted him to a neighbouring church, where they were married together in a moment. As soon as the ceremony was performed, the prince, who was to the last degree desi-

rous of seeing his favourite mouse, reminded the bride of her promise. 'To confess a truth, my prince,' cried she, 'I myself am that very white mouse you saw on your wedding-night in the royal apartment. I now, therefore, give you the choice whether you would have me a mouse by day and a woman by night, or a mouse by night and a woman by day.' Though the prince was an excellent casuist, he was quite at a loss how to determine; but at last thought it most prudent to have recourse to a blue cat that had followed him from his own dominions, and frequently amused him with its conversation, and assisted him with its advice: in fact, this cat was no other than the faithful Princess Nanhua herself, who had shared with him all his hardships in this disguise.

"By her instructions he was determined in his choice; and, returning to the old fairy, prudently observed, that, as she must have been sensible he had married her only for the sake of what she had, and not for her personal qualifications, he thought it would, for several reasons, be most convenient if she continued a woman by day, and appeared a mouse by night.

"The old fairy was a good deal mortified at her husband's want of gallantry, though she was reluctantly obliged to comply: the day was therefore spent in the most polite amusements. At last the happy night drew near; the blue cat still stuck by the side of its master, and even followed him to the bridal apartment. Barbacela entered the chamber wearing a train of fifteen yards long, supported by porcupines, and all over beset with jewels, which served to render her more detestable. She was just stepping into bed to the prince, forgetting her promise, when he insisted upon seeing her in the shape of a mouse. She had promised, and no fairy can break her word; wherefore, assuming the figure of the most beautiful mouse in the world, she



skipped and played about with an infinity of amusement. The prince, in an agony of rapture, was desirous of seeing his pretty playfellow move a slow dance about the floor to his own singing; he began to sing, and the mouse immediately to perform, with the most perfect knowledge of time, and the finest grace and greatest gravity imaginable: it only began, for Nanhua, who had long waited for the opportunity in the shape of a cat, flew upon it instantly without remorse, and, eating it up in the hundredth part of a moment, broke the charm, and then resumed her natural figure.

“The prince now found that he had all along been under the power of enchantment; that his passion for the white mouse was entirely fictitious, and not the genuine complexion of his soul: he now saw that his earnestness after mice was an illiberal amusement, and much more becoming a rat-catcher than a prince. All his meanness now stared him in the face: he begged the discreet princess’s pardon a hundred times. The princess very readily forgave him; and, both returning to their palace in Bonbobbin, lived very happily together, and reigned many years with all that wisdom which, by the story, they appear to have been possessed of; perfectly convinced by their former adventures that they who place their affections on trifles, at first for amusement, will find those trifles at last become their serious concern.” Adieu.

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FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

A Bookseller’s Visit to the Chinese.

As I was yesterday seated at breakfast over a pensive dish of tea, my meditations were interrupted.

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ed by my old friend and companion, who introduced a stranger, dressed pretty much like himself. The gentleman made several apologies for his visit, and begged of me to impute his intrusion to the sincerity of his respect and the warmth of his curiosity.

As I am very suspicious of my company when I find them very civil without any apparent reason, I answered the stranger's caresses at first with reserve ; which my friend perceiving, instantly let me into my visitant's trade and character, asking Mr. Fudge whether he had lately published anything new. I now conjectured that my guest was no other than a bookseller, and his answer confirmed my suspicions.

"Excuse me, sir," says he, "this is not the season ; books have their time as well as cucumbers. I would no more bring out a new book in summer than I would sell pork in the dogdays. Nothing in my way goes off in summer except very light goods indeed. A review, a magazine, or a session's-paper may amuse a summer reader ; but all our stock of value we reserve for a spring and winter trade." "I must confess, sir," says I, "a curiosity to know what you call a valuable stock, which can only bear a winter perusal." "Sir," replied the bookseller, "it is not my way to cry up my own goods ; but, without exaggeration, I will venture to show with any of the trade ; my books at least having the peculiar advantage of being always new ; and it is my way to clear off my old to the trunkmakers every season. I have ten new title-pages now about me, which only want books to be added to make them the finest things in nature. Others may pretend to direct the vulgar, but that is not my way ; I always let the vulgar direct me : wherever popular clamour arises, I always echo the million. For instance, should the people in general say that such a man is a rogue, I always give orders to set him down in print a villain : thus every man buys the book, not

to learn new sentiments, but to have the pleasure of seeing his own reflected." "But, sir," interrupted I, "you speak as if you yourself wrote the books you published; may I be so bold as to ask a sight of those intended publications which are shortly to surprise the world!" "As to that, sir," replied the talkative bookseller, "I only draw out the plans myself; and, though I am very cautious of communicating them to any, yet, as in the end I have a favour to ask, you shall see a few of them. Here, sir, here they are; diamonds of the first water, I assure you. Imprimis, a Translation of several Medical Precepts for the use of such Physicians as do not understand Latin. Item, the Young Clergyman's Art of placing Patches regularly, with a Dissertation on the different Manners of Smiling without distorting the Face. Item, the Whole Art of Love made perfectly easy, by a Broker of 'Change Alley. Item, the Proper Manner of cutting Black-lead Pencils and making Crayons, by the Right Hon. the Earl of \*\*\*. Item, the Mustermaster-General, or the Review of Reviews—" "Sir," cried I, interrupting him, "my curiosity with regard to title-pages is satisfied; I should be glad to see some longer manuscript—a history, or an epic poem." "Bless me," cries the man of industry, "now you speak of an epic poem, you shall see an excellent farce. Here it is: dip into it where you will, it will be found replete with modern humour. Strokes, sir! it is filled with strokes of wit and satire in every line." "Do you call these dashes of the pen strokes?" replied I; "for, I must confess, I can see no other." "And pray, sir," returned he, "what do you call them? Do you see anything good nowadays that is not filled with strokes—and dashes? Sir, a well-placed dash makes half the wit of our writers of modern humour. I bought a piece last season that had no other merit upon earth than nine hundred and ninety-five breaks, seventy-two ha-ha's,

three good things, and a garter. And yet it played off, and bounced, and cracked, and made more noise than a firework." "I fancy then, sir, you were a considerable gainer?" "It must be owned the piece did pay; but, upon the whole, I cannot make much boast of last winter's success; I gained by two murders, but then I lost by an ill-timed charity sermon. I was a considerable sufferer by my Direct Road to an Estate; but then the Infernal Guide brought me up again. Ah, sir, that was a piece touched off by the hand of a master; filled with good things from one end to the other. The author had nothing but the jest in view; no dull moral lurking beneath, nor ill-natured satire to sour the reader's good-humour; he wisely considered that moral and humour at the same time were quite overdoing the business." "To what purpose was the book then published?" cried I. "Sir, the book was published in order to be sold; and no book sold better, except the criticisms upon it, which came out soon after. Of all kinds of writing, that goes off best at present; and I generally fasten a criticism upon every selling book that is published.

"I once had an author who never left the least opening for the critics; close was the word; always very right and very dull; ever on the same side of an argument; yet, with all his qualifications, incapable of coming into favour. I soon perceived that his bent was for criticism; and, as he was good for nothing else, supplied him with pens and paper, and planted him at the beginning of every month as a censor on the works of others. In short, I found him a treasure; no merit could escape him: but, what is most remarkable of all, he ever wrote best and bitterest when drunk." "But are there not some works," interrupted I, "that, from the very manner of their composition, must be exempt from criticism; particularly such as profess to disregard its laws?" "There is no work whatsoever but he

can criticise," replied the bookseller; "even though you wrote in Chinese, he would have a pluck at you. Suppose you should take it into your head to publish a book—let it be a volume of Chinese letters, for instance—write how you will, he shall show the world you could have written better. Should you, with the most local exactness, stick to the manners and customs of the country from whence you came; should you confine yourself to the narrow limits of Eastern knowledge, and be perfectly simple and perfectly natural, he has then the strongest reason to exclaim. He may, with a sneer, send you back to China for readers. He may observe, that after the first or second letter, the iteration of the same simplicity is insupportably tedious; but the worst of all is, the public in such a case will anticipate his censures, and leave you, with all your uninstructed simplicity, to be mauled at discretion."

"Yes," cried I; "but, in order to avoid his indignation, and what I should fear more, that of the public, I would, in such a case, write with all the knowledge I was master of. As I am not possessed of much learning, at least I would not suppress what little I had; nor would I appear more stupid than nature has made me." "Here, then," cries the bookseller, "we should have you entirely in our power; unnatural, uneastern; quite out of character; erroneously sensible, would be the whole cry. Sir, we should then hunt you down like a rat." "Head of my father!" said I, "sure there are but two ways; the door must either be shut or it must be open. I must either be natural or unnatural." "Be what you will, we shall criticise you," returned the bookseller, "and prove you a dunce in spite of your teeth. But, sir, it is time that I should come to business. I have just now in the press a History of China; and, if you will but put your name to it as the author, I shall repay the obligation with gratitude." "What, sir!" replied I, "put my name to a

work which I have not written ? Never while I retain a proper respect for the public and myself." The bluntness of my reply quite abated the ardour of the bookseller's conversation ; and, after half an hour's disagreeable reserve, he, with some ceremony, took his leave and withdrew. Adieu.

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TO THE SAME.

The Impossibility of distinguishing Men in England by their Dress.

IN all other countries, my dear Fum Hoam, the rich are distinguished by their dress. In Persia, China, and the most part of Europe, those who are possessed of much gold and silver put some of it upon their clothes ; but in England, those who carry much upon their clothes are remarked for having but little in their pockets. A tawdry outside is regarded as a badge of poverty ; and those who can sit at home, and gloat over their thousands in silent satisfaction, are generally found to do it in plain clothes. This diversity of thinking from the rest of the world which prevails here, I was at first at a loss to account for, but am since informed that it was introduced by an intercourse between them and their neighbours, the French ; who, whenever they came in order to pay those islanders a visit, were generally very well dressed and very poor, daubed with lace, but all the gilding on the outside. By this means laced clothes have been brought into such contempt, that at present even their mandarines are ashamed of finery.

I must own myself a convert to English simplicity ; I am no more for ostentation of wealth than of learning ; the person who in company should pretend to be wiser than others, I am apt to regard as illiterate and ill bred ; the person whose clothes are

extremely fine I am too apt to consider as not being possessed of any superiority of fortune, but resembling those Indians who were found to wear all the gold they have in the world in a bob at the nose.

I was lately introduced into a company of the best dressed men I have seen since my arrival. Upon entering the room, I was struck with awe at the grandeur of the different dresses. "That personage," thought I, "in blue and gold, must be some emperor's son; that in green and silver, a prince of the blood; he in embroidered scarlet, a prime minister; all first-rate noblemen, I suppose, and well-looking noblemen too." I sat for some time with that uneasiness which conscious inferiority produces in the ingenuous mind, all attention to their discourse. However, I found their conversation more vulgar than I could have expected from personages of such distinction. "If these," thought I to myself, "be princes, they are the most stupid princes I have ever conversed with." Yet still I continued to venerate their dress; for dress has a kind of mechanical influence on the mind.

My friend in black, indeed, did not behave with the same deference, but contradicted the finest of them all in the most peremptory tones of contempt. But I had scarcely time to wonder at the imprudence of his conduct, when I found occasion to be equally surprised at the absurdity of theirs; for, upon the entry of a middle-aged man, dressed in a cap, dirty shirt, and boots, the whole circle seemed diminished of their former importance, and contended who should be first to pay their obeisance to the stranger. They somewhat resembled a circle of Kal-mucs offering incense to a bear.

Eager to know the cause of so much seeming contradiction, I whispered my friend out of the room, and found that the august company consisted of no other than a dancing-master, two fiddlers, and a third-rate actor, all assembled in order to make a



set at country-dances ; and the middle-aged gentleman whom I saw enter was a squire from the country, and desirous of learning the new manner of footing and smoothing up the rudiments of his rural minuet.

I was no longer surprised at the authority which my friend assumed among them ; nay, was even displeased (pardon my Eastern education) that he had not kicked every creature of them down stairs. "What !" said I, "shall a set of such paltry fellows dress themselves up like sons of kings, and claim even the transitory respect of half an hour ? There should be some law to restrain so manifest a breach of privilege ; they should go from house to house, as in China, with the instruments of their profession strung round their necks ; by this means we might be able to distinguish, and treat them in a style of becoming contempt." "Hold, my friend," replied my companion ; "were your reformation to take place as dancing-masters and fiddlers now mimic gentlemen in appearance, we should then find our fine gentlemen conforming to theirs. A beau might be introduced to a lady of fashion with a fiddle-case hanging at his neck by a red riband ; and, instead of a cane, might carry a fiddle-stick. Though to be as dull as a first-rate dancing-master might be used with proverbial justice, yet, dull as he is, many a fine gentleman sets him up as the proper standard of politeness ; copies not only the pert vivacity of his air, but the flat insipidity of his conversation. In short, if you make a law against dancing-masters' imitating the fine gentleman, you should, with as much reason, enact that no fine gentleman shall imitate the dancing-master."



## FROM THE SAME.

## The Character of an Important Trifler.

THOUGH naturally pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive I am often found in the centre of a crowd; and, wherever pleasure is to be sold, am always a purchaser. In those places, without being remarked by any, I join in whatever goes forward; work my passion into a similitude of frivolous earnestness; shout as they shout; and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for a while below its natural standard is qualified for stronger flights, as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigour.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, my friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when, stopping on a sudden, my friend caught me by the elbow and led me out of the public walk. I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed. We now turned to the right, then to the left: as we went forward, he still went faster, yet in vain: the person whom he attempted to escape hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment; so that, at last, we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. "My dear Drybone," cries he, shaking my friend's hand,

“where have you been hiding this half a century? Positively I had fancied you were gone down to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country.” During the reply, I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion: his hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black riband, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend’s reply, in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes and the bloom in his countenance. “Pshaw, pshaw, Will,” cried the figure, “no more of that, if you love me; you know I hate flattery, on my soul I do; and yet, to be sure, an intimacy with the great will improve one’s appearance, and a course of venison will fatten; and yet, faith, I despise the great as much as you do; but there are a great many very honest fellows among them; and we must not quarrel with one half because the other wants weeding. If they were all such as my Lord Muddler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly’s; my lord was there. ‘Ned,’ says he to me, ‘Ned,’ says he, ‘I will hold gold to silver I can tell where you were poaching last night.’ ‘Poaching, my lord,’ says I; ‘faith, you have missed already; for I stayed at home and let the girls poach for me, that’s my way; I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey; stand still, and, swoop, they fall into my mouth.’”

“Ah, Tibbs, thou art a happy fellow,” cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity; “I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding

in such company ? “Improved !” replied the other, “you shall know—but let it go no farther—a great secret—five hundred a year to begin with—my lord’s word of honour for it. His lordship took me down in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a *tête-à-tête* dinner in the country, where we talked of nothing else.” “I fancy you forget, sir,” cried I ; “you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town.” “Did I say so ?” replied he, coolly ; “to be sure, if I said so, it was so. Dined in town ! egad, now I do remember I did dine in town ; but I dined in the country too ; for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By-the-by, I am grown as nice as the devil in my eating. I’ll tell you a pleasant affair about that : we were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogram’s, an affected piece ; but let it go no farther—a secret ; well, there happened to be no *asafoetida* in the sauce to a turkey ; upon which, says I, I’ll hold a thousand guineas, and say done first, that—but, dear Drybone, you are an honest creature ; lend me half a crown for a minute or two, or so, just till—but, harkee, ask me for it the next time we meet, or it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you.”

When he left us, our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. “His very dress,” cries my friend, “is not less extraordinary than his conduct. If you meet him this day, you find him in rags ; if the next, in embroidery. With those persons of distinction of whom he talks so familiarly, he has scarcely a coffee-house acquaintance. However, both for the interest of society and perhaps for his own, Heaven has made him poor ; and, while all the world perceive his wants, he fancies them concealed from every eye. An agreeable companion, because he understands flattery ; and all must be pleased with the first part of his conversation, though all are sure of its ending with a demand on their purse. While his youth countenances the

levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a precarious subsistence ; but when age comes on, the gravity of which is incompatible with buffoonery, then will he find himself forsaken by all : condemned, in the decline of life, to hang upon some rich family whom he once despised, there to undergo all the ingenuity of studied contempt ; to be employed only as a spy upon the servants, or a bugbear to frighten the children into obedience."

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TO THE SAME.

His Character continued, with that of his Wife, his House, and Furniture.

I AM apt to fancy I have contracted a new acquaintance, whom it will be no easy matter to shake off. My little beau yesterday overtook me again in one of the public walks, and, slapping me on the shoulder, saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair, wore a dirtier shirt, a pair of temple spectacles, and his hat under his arm. As I knew him to be a harmless, amusing little being, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity ; so we walked forward, on terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the usual topics preliminary to particular conversation.

The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear ; he bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket-book, seeming to take memorandums before all the company, with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole walk, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at, no less than him, by every spectator.

When we were got to the end of our procession, "Blast me !" cries he, with an air of vivacity, "I never saw the Park so thin in my life before ; there's no company at all to-day. Not a single face to be seen." "No company," interrupted I, peevishly ; "no company where there is such a crowd ! Why, man, there's too much. What are the thousands that have been laughing at us but company ?" "Lard, my dear," returned he, with the utmost good-humour, "you seem immensely chagrined ; but, blast me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at the world, and so we are even. My Lord Trip, Bill Squash the Creolian, and I, sometimes make a party at being ridiculous ; and so we say and do a thousand things for the joke's sake. But I see you are grave, and if you are for a fine, grave, sentimental companion, you shall dine with me and my wife to-day ; I must insist on't ; I'll introduce you to Mrs. Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature ; she was bred—but that's between ourselves—under the inspection of the Countess of Allnight. A charming body of voice—but no more of that ; she will give us a song. You shall see my little girl, too, Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs, a sweet, pretty creature ; I design her for my Lord Drumstick's eldest son—but that's in friendship—let it go no farther ; she's but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet, and plays on the guitar immensely already ; I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place, I will make her a scholar : I will teach her Greek myself, and learn that language purposely to instruct her—but let that be a secret."

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways ; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every frequented street : at last, however, we got to the door of a dismal-

looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which ever seemed to lie most hospitably open ; and I began to ascend an old and creaking staircase, when, as he mounted to show me the way, he demanded whether I delighted in prospects ; to which, answering in the affirmative, " Then," says he, " I shall show you one of the most charming in the world out of my window : we shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip top, quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one ; but, as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may visit me the oftener."

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney ; and, knocking at the door, a voice from within demanded " Who's there ?" My conductor answered that it was him. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand ; to which he answered louder than before ; and now the door was opened by an old woman with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony ; and, turning to the old woman, asked where was her lady. " Good troth," replied she, in a peculiar dialect, " she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer." " My two shirts," cried he, in a tone that faltered with confusion, " what does the idiot mean ?" " I ken what I mean well enough," replied the other ; " she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because—" " Fire and fury, no more of thy stupid explanations !" cried he ; " go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag to be for ever



in my family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd, poisonous accent of hers, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high life; and yet it is very surprising too, as I had her from a parliament man, a friend of mine from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world—but that's a secret."

We waited some time for Mrs. Tibbs's arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture, which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, which he assured me were his wife's embroidery; a square table that had been once japanned; a cradle in one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarine without a head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls hung several paltry, unframed pictures, which he observed were all his own drawing. "What do you think, sir, of that head in the corner, done in the manner of Grisoni? There's the true keeping in it; it is my own face, and, though there happens to be no likeness, a countess offered me a hundred for its fellow; I refused her, for, hang it, that would be mechanical, you know."

The wife at last made her appearance, at once a slattern and a coquette; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such an odious dishabille, but hoped to be excused, as she had stayed out all night at the gardens with the countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. "And, indeed, my dear," added she, turning to her husband, "his lordship drank your health in a bumper." "Poor Jack," cries he, "a dear, good-natured creature, I know he loves me—but I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner; you need make no great preparations, neither; there are but three of us; something elegant and little will do—a turbot, or ortolan, or a—" "Or what do you think, my dear," interrupts the



wife, "of a nice, pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my sauce?" "The very thing," replies he; "it will eat best with some smart bottled beer; but be sure to let's have the sauce his grace was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of meat; that is country all over; extremely disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life."

By this time my curiosity began to abate and my appetite to increase; the company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy. I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and, after having shown my respect to the house, according to the fashion of the English, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave; Mr. Tibbs assuring me that dinner, if I stayed, would be ready at least in less than two hours.

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#### FROM THE SAME.

The Difficulty of Rising in Literary Reputation without Intrigue or Riches.

I HAVE frequently admired the manner of criticising in China, where the learned are assembled in a body to judge of every new publication; to examine the merits of the work without knowing the circumstances of the author, and then to usher it into the world with proper remarks of respect or approbation.

In England there are no such tribunals erected; but if a man thinks proper to be a judge of genius, few will be at the pains to contradict his pretensions. If any choose to be critics, it is but saying they are critics, and from that time forward they become invested with full power and authority over every caittiff who aims at their instruction or entertainment.

As almost every member of society has by this

means a vote in literary transactions, it is no way surprising to find the rich leading the way here as in other common concerns in life ; to see them either bribing the numerous herd of voters by their interests, or browbeating them by their authority.

A great man says at his table that such a book is no bad thing. Immediately the praise is carried off by five flatterers, to be dispersed at twelve different coffee-houses, from whence it circulates, still improving as it proceeds, through forty-five houses where cheaper liquors are sold ; from thence it is carried away by the honest tradesman to his own fireside, where the applause is eagerly caught up by his wife and children, who have long been taught to regard his judgment as the standard of perfection. Thus, when we have traced a wide-extended literary reputation up to its original source, we shall find it derived from some great man, who has, perhaps, received all his education and English from a tutor of Berne or a dancing-master of Picardy.

The English are a people of good sense, and I am the more surprised to find them swayed in their opinions by men who often, from their very education, are incompetent judges. Men who, being always bred in affluence, see the world only on one side, are surely improper judges of human nature : they may indeed describe a ceremony, a pageant, or a ball ; but how can they pretend to dive into the secrets of the human heart, who have been nursed up only in forms, and daily behold nothing but the same insipid adulation smiling upon every face ? Few of them have been bred in the best of schools, the school of adversity ; and, by what I can learn, fewer still have been bred in any school at all.

From such a description, one would think that a droning duke or a dowager duchess was not possessed of more just pretensions to taste than persons of less quality ; and yet, whatever the one or the other may write or praise, shall pass for perfection

without farther examination. A nobleman has but to take a pen, ink, and paper, and write away through three large volumes, and then sign his name to the title-page; though the whole might have been before more disgusting than his own rent-roll, yet signing his name and title gives value to the deed; title being alone equivalent to taste, imagination, and genius.

As soon as a piece, therefore, is published, the first questions are, Who is the author? Does he keep a coach? Where lies his estate? What sort of a table does he keep? If he happens to be poor, and unqualified for such a scrutiny, he and his works sink into irremediable obscurity, and too late he finds that having fed upon turtle is a more ready way to fame than having digested Tully.

The poor devil against whom fashion has set its face vainly alleges that he has been bred in every part of Europe where knowledge was to be sold; that he has grown pale in the study of nature and himself: his works may please upon the perusal, but his pretensions to fame are entirely disregarded: he is treated like a fiddler, whose music, though liked, is not much praised, because he lives by it; while a gentleman performer, though the most wretched scraper alive, throws the audience into raptures. The fiddler, indeed, may, in such a case, console himself by thinking that, while the other goes off with the praise, he runs away with all the money: but here the parallel drops; for, while the nobleman triumphs in unmerited applause, the author by profession steals off with—nothing.

The poor, therefore, here, who draw their pens auxiliary to the laws of their country, must think themselves very happy if they find, not fame, but forgiveness; and yet they are hardly treated; for, as every country grows more polite, the press becomes more useful, and writers become more necessary as readers are supposed to increase. In a polished

society, that man, though in rags, who has the power of enforcing virtue from the press, is of more real use than forty stupid brachmans, or bonzes, or guebres, though they preached never so often, never so loud, or never so long. That man, though in rags, who is capable of deceiving even indolence into wisdom, and who professes amusement while he aims at reformation, is more useful in refined society than twenty cardinals with their scarlet, and tricked out in all the fopperies of scholastic finery.

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TO THE SAME.

A Visitation Dinner Described.

As the man in black takes every opportunity of introducing me to such company as may serve to indulge my speculative temper or gratify my curiosity, I was, by his influence, lately invited to a visitation dinner. To understand this term, you must know that it was formerly the custom here for the principal priests to go about the country once a year, and examine upon the spot whether those of subordinate orders did their duty or were qualified for the task; whether their temples were kept in proper repair, or the laity pleased with their administration.

Though a visitation of this nature was very useful, yet it was found to be extremely troublesome, and for many reasons utterly inconvenient; for, as the principal priests were obliged to attend at court, in order to solicit preferment, it was impossible they could at the same time attend in the country, which was quite out of the road to promotion: if we add to this the gout, which has been, time immemorial, a clerical disorder here, together with the bad wine and ill-dressed provisions that must infallibly be served up by the way, it was not strange that the custom has been long discontinued. At present,

therefore, every head of the church, instead of going about to visit his priests, is satisfied if his priests come in a body once a year to visit him ; by this means the duty of half a year is despatched in a day. When assembled, he asks each in his turn how they have behaved and are liked ; upon which those who have neglected their duty, or are disagreeable to their congregation, no doubt accuse themselves, and tell him all their faults, for which he reprimands them most severely.

The thoughts of being introduced into a company of philosophers and learned men—for as such I conceived them—gave me no small pleasure ; I expected our entertainment would resemble those sentimental banquets so finely described by Xenophon and Plato ; I was hoping some Socrates would be brought in from the door, in order to harangue upon divine love ; but as for eating and drinking, I had prepared myself to be disappointed in that particular. I was apprized that fasting and temperance were tenets strongly recommended to the professors of Christianity, and I had seen the frugality and mortification of the priests of the East ; so that I expected an entertainment where we should have much reasoning and little meat.

Upon being introduced, I confess I found no great signs of mortification in the faces or persons of the company. However, I imputed their florid looks to temperance, and their corpulence to a sedentary way of living. I saw several preparations, indeed, for dinner, but none for philosophy. The company seemed to gaze upon the table with silent expectation ; but this I easily excused. Men of wisdom, thought I, are ever slow of speech ; they deliver nothing unadvisedly. “ Silence,” says Confucius, “ is a friend that will never betray.” They are now probably inventing maxims or hard sayings for their mutual instruction, when some one shall think proper to begin.

My curiosity was now wrought up to the highest pitch; I impatiently looked round to see if any were going to interrupt the mighty pause; when, at last, one of the company declared that there was a sow in his neighbourhood that farrowed fifteen pigs at a litter. This I thought a very preposterous beginning; but, just as another was going to second the remark, dinner was served, which interrupted the conversation for that time.

The appearance of dinner, which consisted of a variety of dishes, seemed to diffuse new cheerfulness upon every face; so that I now expected the philosophical conversation to begin as they improved in good-humour. The principal priest, however, opened his mouth with only observing that the venison had not been kept enough, though he had given strict orders for having it killed ten days before. "I fear," continued he, "it will be found to want the true heathy flavour; you will find nothing of the original wildness in it." A priest who sat next him, having smelled it and wiped his nose, "Ah, my good lord," cries he, "you are too modest; it is perfectly fine; everybody knows that nobody understands keeping venison with your lordship." "Ay, and partridges too," interrupted another; "I never find them right anywhere else." His lordship was going to reply, when a third took off the attention of the company by recommending the pig as inimitable. "I fancy, my lord," continued he, "it has been smothered in its own blood." "If it has been smothered in its own blood," cried a facetious member, helping himself, "we'll now smother it in egg sauce." This poignant piece of humour produced a loud laugh, which the facetious brother observing, and, now that he was in luck, willing to second his blow, assured the company he would tell them a good story about that; "as good a story," cries he, bursting into a violent fit of laughter himself, "as ever you heard in your lives. There was a farmer



in my parish who used to sup upon wild ducks and flummery ; so this farmer—" "Dr. Marrowfat," cries his lordship, interrupting him, "give me leave to drink your health." "So, being fond of wild ducks and flummery—" "Doctor," adds a gentleman who sat next him, "let me advise you to a wing of this turkey." "So this farmer, being fond—" "Hob nob, doctor, which do you choose, white or red?" "So, being fond of wild ducks and flummery—" "Take care of your hand, sir, it may dip in the gravy." The doctor, now looking round, found not a single *eye* disposed to listen ; wherefore, calling for a glass of wine, he gulped down the disappointment and the tale in a bumper.

The conversation now began to be little more than a rhapsody of exclamations ; as each had pretty well satisfied his own appetite, he now found sufficient time to press others. "Excellent ! the very thing ! let me recommend the pig ! do but taste the bacon ! never ate a better thing in my life ! exquisite ! delicious !" This edifying discourse continued through three courses, which lasted as many hours, till every one of the company were unable to swallow or utter anything more.

It is very natural for men who are abridged in one excess to break into some other. The clergy here, particularly those who are advanced in years, think, if they are abstemious with regard to women and wine, they may indulge their other appetites without censure. Thus some are found to rise in the morning only to a consultation with their cook about dinner, and, when that has been swallowed, make no other use of their faculties (if they have any) but to ruminate on the succeeding meal.

A debauch in wine is even more pardonable than this, since one glass insensibly leads on to another, and, instead of sating, whets the appetite. The progressive steps to it are cheerful and seducing ; and there is even classic authority to countenance the



excess. But in eating, after nature is once satisfied, every additional morsel brings stupidity and distempers with it, and, as one of their own poets expresses it,

“The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines—  
To seem but mortal, even in sound divines.”

Let me suppose, after such a meal as this I have been describing, while all the company are sitting in lethargic silence round the table, groaning under a load of soup, pig, pork, and bacon—let me suppose, I say, some hungry beggar, with looks of want, peeping through one of the windows and thus addressing the assembly. “Prithee pluck those napkins from your chins; after nature is satisfied, all that you eat extraordinary is my property, and I claim it as mine. It was given you in order to relieve me, and not to oppress yourselves. How can they comfort and instruct others, who can scarce feel their own existence except from the unsavoury returns of an ill-digested meal? But, though neither you nor the cushions you sit upon will hear me, yet the world regards the excesses of its teachers with a prying eye, and notes their conduct with double severity.” I know no other answer any one of the company could make to such an expostulation but this: “Friend, you talk of our losing a character and being disliked by the world; well, and supposing all this to be true, what then? who cares for the world? We’ll preach for the world, and the world shall pay us for preaching, whether we like each other or not.”

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FROM HINGPO, TO LIEN CHI ALTANGI, BY THE WAY OF  
MOSCOW.

The Chinese Philosopher’s Son escapes with the Beautiful  
Captive from Slavery.

You will probably be pleased to see my letter dated from Terki, a city which lies beyond the

bounds of the Persian empire ; here, blessed with security, with all that is dear, I double my raptures by communicating them to you ; the mind sympathizing with the freedom of the body, my whole soul is dilated in gratitude, love, and praise.

Yet, were my own happiness all that inspired my present joy, my raptures might justly merit the imputation of self-interest ; but when I think that the beautiful Zelis is also free, forgive my triumph when I boast of having rescued from captivity the most deserving object upon earth.

You remember the reluctance she testified at being obliged to marry the tyrant she hated. Her compliance at last was only feigned, in order to gain time to try some future means of escape. During the interval between her promise and the intended performance of it, she came, undiscovered, one evening, to the place where I generally retired after the fatigues of the day ; her appearance was like that of an aerial genius when it descends to minister comfort to undeserved distress ; the mild lustre of her eye served to banish my timidity ; her accents were sweeter than the echo of some distant symphony. "Unhappy stranger," said she, in the Persian language, "you here perceive one more wretched than thyself ; all this solemnity of preparation, this elegance of dress, and the number of my attendants, serve but to increase my miseries ; if you have courage to rescue an unhappy woman from approaching ruin and our detested tyrant, you may depend upon my gratitude." I bowed to the ground, and she left me filled with rapture and astonishment. Night brought me no rest ; nor could the ensuing morning calm the anxieties of my mind. I projected a thousand methods for her delivery ; but each, when strictly examined, appeared impracticable. In this uncertainty the evening again arrived, and I placed myself on my former station in hopes of a repeated visit. After some short expectation, the

bright perfection again appeared : I bowed, as before, to the ground ; when, raising me up, she observed that the time was not to be spent in useless ceremony ; she observed that the day following was appointed for the celebration of her nuptials, and that something was to be done that very night for our mutual deliverance. I offered, with the utmost humility, to pursue whatever scheme she should direct ; upon which she proposed that instant to scale the garden wall ; adding, that she had prevailed upon a female slave, who was now waiting at the appointed place, to assist her with a ladder.

Pursuant to this information, I led her, trembling, to the place appointed ; but, instead of the slave we expected to see, Mostadad himself was there awaiting our arrival ; the wretch in whom we confided, it seems, had betrayed our design to her master, and he now saw the most convincing proofs of her information. He was just going to draw his sabre, when a principle of avarice repressed his fury, and he resolved, after a severe chastisement, to dispose of me to another master ; in the mean time, he ordered me to be confined in the strictest manner, and next day to receive a hundred blows on the soles of my feet.

When the morning came, I was led out in order to receive the punishment, which, from the severity with which it is generally inflicted upon slaves, is worse even than death.

A trumpet was to be a signal for the solemnization of the nuptials of Zelis, and for the infliction of my punishment. Each ceremony, to me equally dreadful, was just going to begin, when we were informed that a large party of Circassian Tartars had invaded the town, and were laying all in ruin. Every person now thought of only saving himself ; I instantly unloosed the cords with which I was bound, and, seizing a cimeter from one of the slaves, who had not courage to resist me, flew to the women's

apartment, where Zelis was confined, dressed out for the intended nuptials. I bade her follow me without delay; and, going forward, cut my way through the eunuchs, who made but a faint resistance. The whole city was now a scene of conflagration and terror; every person was willing to save himself, unmindful of others. In this confusion, seizing upon two of the fleetest coursers in the stables of Mostadad, we fled northward, towards the kingdom of Circassia. As there were several others flying in the same manner, we passed without notice, and in three days arrived at Terki, a city that lies in a valley within the bosom of the frowning mountains of Caucasus.

Here, free from every apprehension of danger, we enjoy all those satisfactions which are consistent with virtue; though I find my heart, at intervals, give way to unusual passions, yet such is my admiration for my fair companion, that I lose even tenderness in distant respect. Though her person demands particular regard, even among the beauties of Circassia, yet is her mind far more lovely. How very different is a woman who thus has cultivated her understanding, and been refined into delicacy of sentiment, from the daughters of the East, whose education is only formed to improve the person, and make them more tempting objects of prostitution! Adieu.

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FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI TO HINGPO.

Proper Lessons to a Youth entering the World, with Fables suited to the Occasion.

THE news of your freedom lifts the load of former anxiety from my mind; I can now think of my son without regret, applaud his resignation under calamity, and his conduct in extricating himself from it.

You are now free, just let loose from the bondage of a hard master ; this is the crisis of your fate ; and, as you now manage Fortune, succeeding life will be marked with happiness or misery ; a few years' perseverance in prudence, which at your age is but another name for virtue, will ensure comfort, pleasure, tranquillity, esteem ; too eager an enjoyment of every good that now offers will reverse the medal, and present you poverty, anxiety, remorse, and contempt.

As it has been observed that none are better qualified to give others advice than those who have taken the least of it themselves, so in this respect I find myself perfectly authorized to offer mine, even though I should wave my paternal authority upon this occasion.

The most usual way among young men who have no resolution of their own, is first to ask one friend's advice, and follow it for some time ; then to ask advice of another, and turn to that ; so of a third, still unsteady, always changing. However, be assured that every change of this nature is for the worse ; people may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupations in life, but heed them not ; whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity will be found fit for you ; it will be your support in youth and comfort in age. In learning the useful part of every profession, very moderate abilities will suffice ; even if the mind be a little balanced with stupidity, it may in this case be useful. Great abilities have always been less serviceable to the possessors than moderate ones. Life has been compared to a race, but the allusion still improves by observing that the most swift are ever the least manageable.

To know one profession only is enough for one man to know ; and this (whatever the professors may tell you to the contrary) is soon learned. Be contented, therefore, with one good employment ;

for, if you understand two at a time, people will give you business in neither.

A conjuror and a tailor once happened to converse together: "Alas!" cries the tailor, "what an unhappy, poor creature am I: if people should ever take it in their heads to live without clothes, I am undone; I have no other trade to have recourse to." "Indeed, friend, I pity you sincerely," replied the conjuror; "but, thank Heaven, things are not quite so bad with me; for, if one trick should fail, I have a hundred tricks more for them yet. However, if at any time you are reduced to beggary, apply to me, and I will relieve you." A famine overspread the land: the tailor made shift to live, because his customers could not be without clothes; but the poor conjuror, with all his hundred tricks, could find none that had money to throw away. It was in vain that he promised to eat fire or to vomit pins: no single creature would relieve him, till at last he was obliged to beg from the very tailor whose calling he had formerly despised.

There are no obstructions more fatal to fortune than pride and resentment. If you must resent injuries at all, at least suppress your indignation until you become rich, and then show away: the resentment of a poor man is like the efforts of a harmless insect to sting: it may get him crushed, but cannot defend him. Who values that anger which is consumed only in empty menaces?

Once upon a time, a goose fed its young by a pond side; and a goose, in such circumstances, is always extremely proud and excessively punctilious. If any other animal, without the least design to offend, happened to pass that way, the goose was immediately at him; the pond, she said, was hers, and she would maintain a right in it and support her honour while she had a bill to hiss or a wing to flutter. In this manner she drove away ducks, pigs, and chickens; nay, even the insidious cat was seen to



scamper. A lounging mastiff, however, happened to pass by, and thought it no harm if he should lap a little of the water, as he was thirsty. The guardian goose flew at him like a fury, pecked at him with her head, and flapped him with her feathers. The dog grew angry, had twenty times a good mind to give her a sly snap; but, suppressing his indignation because his master was nigh, "A pox take thee," cries he, "for a fool; sure those who have neither strength nor weapons to fight, at least should be civil; that fluttering and hissing of thine may one day get thine head snapped off, but it can neither injure thy enemies, nor ever protect thee." So saying, he went forward to the pond, quenched his thirst in spite of the goose, and followed his master.

Another obstruction to the fortune of youth is, that, while they are willing to take offence from none, they are also equally desirous of giving none offence. From hence they endeavour to please all, comply with every request, attempt to suit themselves to every company; have no will of their own, but, like wax, catch every contiguous impression. By thus attempting to give universal satisfaction, they at last find themselves miserably disappointed; to bring the generality of admirers on our side, it is sufficient to attempt pleasing a very few.

A painter of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which should please the whole world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the public market-place, with directions at the bottom for every spectator to mark with a brush which lay by, every limb and feature which seemed erroneous. The spectators came, and, in general, applauded; but each, willing to show his talent at criticism, marked whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came, he was mortified to find the whole picture one universal blot; not a single stroke that was not stigmatized with marks of disapprobation.



Not satisfied with this trial, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner; and, exposing his picture as before, desired that every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired. The people complied; and the artist, returning, found his picture replete with marks of beauty; every stroke that had been yesterday condemned, now received the character of approbation. "Well," cries the painter, "I now find that the best way to please one half of the world is not to mind what the other half says: since what are faults in the eyes of these, shall be by those regarded as beauties." Adieu.

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FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

The Great exchange Happiness for Show.—Their Folly in this respect of use to Society.

THE princes of Europe have found out a manner of rewarding their subjects who have behaved well, by presenting them with about two yards of blue riband, which is worn about the shoulder. They who are honoured with this mark of distinction are called knights, and the king himself is always the head of the order. This is a very frugal method of recompensing the most important services; and it is very fortunate for kings that their subjects are satisfied with such trifling rewards. Should a nobleman happen to lose his leg in battle, the king presents him with two yards of riband, and he is paid for the loss of his limb. Should an ambassador spend all his paternal fortune in supporting the honour of his country abroad, the king presents him with two yards of riband, which is to be considered as an equivalent to his estate. In short, while a

European king has a yard of blue or green riband left, he need be under no apprehensions of wanting statesmen, generals, and soldiers.

I cannot sufficiently admire those kingdoms in which men with large patrimonial estates are willing thus to undergo real hardships for empty favours. A person already possessed of a competent fortune, who undertakes to enter the career of ambition, feels many real inconveniences from his station, while it procures him no real happiness that he was not possessed of before. He could eat, drink, and sleep, before he became a courtier, as well, perhaps better, than when invested with his authority. He could command flatterers in a private station as well as in his public capacity, and indulge at home every favourite inclination, uncensured and unseen by the people.

What real good, then, does an addition to a fortune already sufficient procure? Not any. Could the great man, by having his fortune increased, increase also his appetites, then precedence might be attended with real amusement.

Was he, by having his one thousand made two, thus enabled to enjoy two wives or eat two dinners, then, indeed, he might be excused for undergoing some pain in order to extend the sphere of his enjoyments. But, on the contrary, he finds his desire for pleasure often lessen as he takes pains to be able to improve it; and his capacity of enjoyment diminishes as his fortune happens to increase.

Instead, therefore, of regarding the great with envy, I generally consider them with some share of compassion. I look upon them as a set of good-natured, misguided people, who are indebted to us, and not to themselves, for all the happiness they enjoy. For our pleasure, and not their own, they sweat under a cumbrous heap of finery: for our pleasure the lackeyed train, the slow, parading pageant, with all the gravity of grandeur, moves in review: a single

coat or a single footman answers all the purposes of the most indolent refinement as well; and those who have twenty may be said to keep one for their own pleasure, and the other nineteen merely for ours. So true is the observation of Confucius, that "we take greater pains to persuade others that we are happy, than in endeavouring to think so ourselves."

But, though this desire of being seen, of being made the subject of discourse, and of supporting the dignities of an exalted station, be troublesome enough to the ambitious, yet it is well for society that there are men thus willing to exchange ease and safety for danger and a riband. We lose nothing by their vanity, and it would be unkind to endeavour to deprive a child of its rattle. If a duke or a duchess are willing to carry a long train for our entertainment, so much the worse for themselves; if they choose to exhibit in public with a hundred lackeys and mamelukes in their equipage for our entertainment, still so much the worse for themselves; it is the spectators alone who give and receive the pleasure, they only the sweating figures that swell the pageant.

A mandarine, who took much pride in appearing with a number of jewels on every part of his robe, was once accosted by an old, sly bonze, who followed him through several streets, and, bowing often to the ground, thanked him for his jewels. "What does the man mean?" cries the mandarine. "Friend, I never gave thee any of my jewels." "No," replied the other, "but you have let me look at them, and that is all the use you can make of them yourself; so there is no difference between us, except that you have the trouble of watching them, and that is an employment I do not much desire." Adieu.

## FROM THE SAME.

## The History of a Philosophic Cobbler.

THOUGH not very fond of seeing a pageant myself, yet I am generally pleased with being in the crowd which sees it; it is amusing to observe the effect which such a spectacle has upon the variety of faces; the pleasure it excites in some, the envy in others, and the wishes it raises in all. With this design I lately went to see the entry of a foreign ambassador, resolved to make one in the mob, to shout as they shouted, to fix with earnestness upon the same frivolous objects, and participate for a while in the pleasures and the wishes of the vulgar.

Struggling here for some time, in order to be first to see the cavalcade as it passed, some of the crowd unluckily happened to tread upon my shoe, and tore it in such a manner that I was utterly unqualified to march forward with the main body, and obliged to fall back in the rear. Thus rendered incapable of being a spectator of the show myself, I was at least willing to observe the spectators, and limped behind like one of the invalids which follow the march of an army.

In this plight, as I was considering the eagerness that appeared on every face, how some bustled to get foremost, and others contented themselves with taking a transient peep when they could; how some praised the four black servants that were stuck behind one of the equipages, and some the ribands that decorated the horses' necks in another, my attention was called off to an object more extraordinary than any I had yet seen. A poor cobbler sat in his stall by the wayside, and continued to work while the crowd passed by, without testifying the smallest share of curiosity. I own his want of attention aroused mine; and, as I stood in need of his

assistance, I thought it best to employ a philosophic cobbler on this occasion. Perceiving my business, therefore, he desired me to enter and sit down, took my shoe in his lap, and began to mend it with his usual indifference and taciturnity.

"How, my friend," said I to him, "can you continue to work while all these fine things are passing by your door?" "Very fine they are, master," returned the cobbler, "for those that like them, to be sure; but what are all those fine things to me? You don't know what it is to be a cobbler, and so much the better for yourself. Your bread is baked; you may go and see sights the whole day, and eat a warm supper when you come home at night; but for me, if I should run hunting after all these fine folk, what should I get by my journey but an appetite; and, God help me, I have too much of that at home already, without stirring out for it. Your people who may eat four meals a day and a supper at night are but a bad example to such a one as I. No, master, as God has called me into this world to mend old shoes, I have no business with fine folk, and they have no business with me." I here interrupted him with a smile. "See this last, master," continues he, "and this hammer: that last and this hammer are the two best friends I have in this world: nobody else will be my friend, because I want a friend. The great folks you saw pass by just now have five hundred friends, because they have no occasion for them: now, while I stick to my good friends here, I am very contented; but when I ever so little run after sights and fine things, I begin to hate my work, I grow sad, and have no heart to mend shoes any longer."

This discourse only served to raise my curiosity to know more of a man whom nature had thus formed into a philosopher. I therefore insensibly led him into a history of his adventures. "I have lived," said he, "a wandering sort of a life now five-and-

fifty years : here to-day, and gone to-morrow ; for it was my misfortune, when I was young, to be fond of changing." " You have been a traveller, then, I presume," interrupted I. " I cannot boast of much travelling," continued he, " for I have never left the parish in which I was born but three times in my life, that I can remember ; but then there is not a street in the whole neighbourhood that I have not lived in at some time or another. When I began to settle and to take to my business in one street, some unforeseen misfortune, or a desire of trying my luck elsewhere, has removed me, perhaps, a whole mile away from my former customers, while some more lucky cobbler would come into my place, and make a handsome fortune among friends of my making. There was one who actually died in a stall that I had left worth seven pounds seven shillings, all in hard gold, which he had quilted into the waistband of his breeches."

I could not but smile at these migrations of a man by the fireside, and continued to ask if he had ever been married. " Ay, that I have, master," replied he, " for sixteen long years ; and a weary life I had of it, Heaven knows. My wife took it into her head that the only way to thrive in this world was to save money ; so, though our comings in was about three shillings a week, all that ever she could lay her hands upon she used to hide away from me, though we were obliged to starve the whole week after for it.

" The first three years we used to quarrel about this every day, and I always got the better ; but she had a hard spirit, and still continued to hide as usual ; so that at last I was tired of quarrelling and getting the better, and she scraped and scraped at pleasure, till I was almost starved to death. Her conduct drove me at last in despair to the alehouse ; here I used to sit with people who hated home like myself, drank while I had money left, and run in score when any-



body would trust me ; till at last the landlady, coming one day with a long bill when I was from home, and putting it into my wife's hands, the length of it effectually broke her heart. I searched the whole stall after she was dead for money, but she had hidden it so effectually, that, with all my pains, I could never find a farthing."

By this time my shoe was mended ; and, satisfying the poor artist for his trouble, and rewarding him, besides, for his information, I took my leave and returned home, to lengthen out the amusement his conversation afforded by communicating it to my friend. Adieu.

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FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO HINGPO, BY THE WAY OF  
MOSCOW.

The Folly of Attempting to learn Wisdom by being Recluse.

BOOKS, my son, while they teach us to respect the interests of others, often make us unmindful of our own ; while they instruct the youthful reader to grasp at social happiness, he grows miserable in detail, and, attentive to universal harmony, often forgets that he has a part to sustain in the concert. I dislike, therefore, the philosopher who describes the inconveniences of life in such pleasing colours that the pupil grows enamoured of distress, longs to try the charms of poverty, meets it without dread, nor fears its inconveniences till he severely feels them.

A youth who has thus spent his life among books, new to the world, and unacquainted with man but by philosophic information, may be considered as a being whose mind is filled with the vulgar errors of the wise ; utterly unqualified for a journey through life, yet confident of his own skill in the direction, he sets out with confidence, blunders on with vanity, and finds himself at last undone.

He first has learned from books, and then lays it down as a maxim, that all mankind are virtuous or vicious in excess; and he has been long taught to detest vice and love virtue: warm, therefore, in attachments, and steadfast in enmity, he treats every creature as a friend or foe; expects from those he loves unerring integrity, and consigns his enemies to the reproach of wanting every virtue. On this principle he proceeds, and here begin his disappointments. Upon a closer examination of nature, he perceives that he should have moderated his friendship and softened his severity; for he often finds the excellences of one part of mankind clouded with vice, and the faults of the other brightened with virtue; he finds no character so sanctified that has not its failings; none so infamous but has somewhat to attract our esteem; he beholds impiety in lawn, and fidelity in fetters.

He now, therefore, but too late perceives that his regards should have been more cool, and his hatred less violent; that the truly wise seldom court romantic friendships with the good, and avoid, if possible, the resentment even of the wicked: every moment gives him fresh instances that the bonds of friendship are broken if drawn too closely, and that those whom he has treated with disrespect more than retaliate the injury: at length, therefore, he is obliged to confess that he has declared war upon the vicious half of mankind, without being able to form an alliance among the virtuous to espouse his quarrel.

Our book-taught philosopher, however, is not too far advanced to recede; and, though poverty be the just consequence of the many enemies his conduct has created, yet he is resolved to meet it without shrinking: philosophers have described poverty in most charming colours; and even his vanity is touched in thinking that he shall show the world, in himself, one more example of patience, fortitude,

and resignation. "Come, then, oh poverty! for what is there in thee dreadful to the wise! Temperance, health, and frugality walk in thy train; cheerfulness and liberty are ever thy companions. Shall any be ashamed of thee, of whom Cincinnatus was not ashamed! The running brook, the herbs of the field can amply satisfy nature; man wants but little, nor that little long. Come, then, oh poverty! while kings stand by and gaze with admiration at the true philosopher's resignation."

The goddess appears—for Poverty ever comes at the call; but, alas! he finds her by no means the charming figure books and his warm imagination had painted. As when an Eastern bride, whom her friends and relations had long described as a model of perfection, pays her first visit, the longing bridegroom lifts the veil to see a face he had never seen before; but, instead of a countenance blazing with beauty like the sun, he beholds deformity shooting icicles to his heart; such appears Poverty to her new entertainer: all the fabric of enthusiasm is at once demolished, and a thousand miseries rise upon its ruins, while Contempt, with pointing finger, is foremost in the hideous procession.

The poor man now finds that he can get no kings to look at him while he is eating; he finds that, in proportion as he grows poor, the world turns its back upon him, and gives him leave to act the philosopher in all the majesty of solitude. It might be agreeable enough to play the philosopher while we are conscious that mankind are spectators; but what signifies wearing the mask of sturdy contentment, and mounting the stage of restraint, when not one creature will assist at the exhibition! Thus is he forsaken of men, while his fortitude wants the satisfaction even of self-applause; for, either he does not feel his present calamities, and that is natural insensibility, or he disguises his feelings, and that is dissimulation.

Spleen now begins to take up the man ; not distinguishing in his resentments, he regards all mankind with detestation, and, commencing man-hater, seeks solitude to be at liberty to rail.

It has been said that he who retires to solitude is either a beast or an angel : the censure is too severe, and the praise unmerited ; the discontented being who retires from society is generally some good-natured man, who has begun life without experience, and knew not how to gain it in his intercourse with mankind. Adieu.

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FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT  
OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

Quacks Ridiculed.—Some particularly mentioned.

I FORMERLY acquainted thee, most grave Fum, with the excellence of the English in the art of healing. The Chinese boast their skill in pulses, the Siamese their botanical knowledge, but the English advertising physicians alone of being the great restorers of health, the dispensers of youth, and the ensurers of longevity. I can never enough admire the sagacity of this country for the encouragement given to the professors of this art ; with what indulgence does she foster up those of her own growth, and kindly cherish those that come from abroad ! Like a skilful gardener, she invites them from every foreign climate to herself. Here every great exotic strikes root as soon as imported, and feels the genial beam of favour ; while the metropolis, like one vast magnificent dunghill, receives them indiscriminately to her breast, and supplies each with more than native nourishment.

In other countries, the physician pretends to cure disorders in the lump ; the same doctor who combats the gout in the toe, shall pretend to prescribe

for a pain in the head; and he who at one time cures a consumption, shall at another give drugs for a dropsy. How absurd and ridiculous! This is being a mere jack-of-all-trades. Is the animal machine less complicated than a brass pin? Not less than ten different hands are required to make a pin; and shall the body be set right by one single operator?

The English are sensible of the force of this reasoning; they have, therefore, one doctor for the eyes, another for the toes; they have their sciatica doctors and inoculating doctors; they have one doctor who is modestly content with securing them from bugbites, and five hundred who prescribe for the bite of mad dogs.

The learned are not here retired with vicious modesty from public view; for every dead wall is covered with their names, their abilities, their amazing cures, and places of abode. Few patients can escape falling into their hands, unless blasted by lightning, or struck dead with some sudden disorder. It may sometimes happen, that a stranger who does not understand English, or a countryman who cannot read, dies without even hearing of the vivifying drops or restorative electuary; but, for my part, before I was a week in town, I had learned to bid the whole catalogue of disorders defiance, and was perfectly acquainted with the names and medicines of every great man or great woman of them all.

But, as nothing pleases curiosity more than anecdotes of the great, however minute or trifling, I must present you, inadequate as my abilities are to the subject, with some account of those personages who lead in this honourable profession.

The first upon the list of glory is Doctor Richard Rock, F. U. N. This great man is short of stature, is fat, and waddles as he walks. He always wears a white three-tailed wig, nicely combed, and frizzed upon each cheek. Sometimes he carries a cane, but a hat never; it is, indeed, very remarkable that this

extraordinary personage should never wear a hat; but so it is, he never wears a hat. He is usually drawn at the top of his own bills, sitting in his arm-chair, holding a little bottle between his finger and thumb, and surrounded with rotten teeth, nippers, pills, packets, and gallipots. No man can promise fairer nor better than he; for, as he observes, "Be your disorder never so far gone, be under no uneasiness—make yourself quite easy—I can cure you."

The next in fame, though by some reckoned of equal pretensions, is Doctor Timothy Franks, F. O. G. H., living in a place called the Old Bailey. As Rock is remarkably squab, his great rival Franks is as remarkably tall. He was born in the year of the Christian era 1692, and is, while I now write, exactly sixty-eight years, three months, and four days old. Age, however, has no ways impaired his usual health and vivacity: I am told he generally walks with his breast open. This gentleman, who is of a mixed reputation, is particularly remarked for a becoming assurance, which carries him gently through life; for, except Doctor Rock, none are more blessed with the advantages of face than Doctor Franks.

And yet the great have their foibles as well as the little. I am almost ashamed to mention it. Let the foibles of the great rest in peace. Yet I must impart the whole to my friend. These two great men are actually now at variance; yes, my dear Fum Hoam, by the head of our grandfather, they are now at variance like mere men, mere common mortals. The champion Rock advises the public to beware of bog-trotting quacks; while Franks retorts the wit and sarcasm (for they both have a world of wit) by fixing on his rival the odious appellation of Dump-lin Dick. He calls the serious Doctor Rock Dump-lin Dick. Head of Confucius, what profanation! Dumplin Dick! What a pity, ye powers, that the



learned, who were born mutually to assist in enlightening the world, should thus differ among themselves, and make even the profession ridiculous! Sure the world is wide enough, at least, for two great personages to figure in; men of science should leave controversy to the little world below them; and then we might see Rock and Franks walking together hand in hand, smiling onward to immortality.

Next to these is Doctor Walker, preparator of his own medicines. This gentleman is remarkable for his aversion to quacks, frequently cautioning the public to be careful into what hands they commit their safety; by which he would insinuate, that if they do not employ him alone, they must be undone. His public spirit is equal to his success. Not for himself, but his country, is the gallipot prepared and the drops sealed up, with proper directions for any part of the town or country. All this is for his country's good: so that he is now grown old in the practice of physic and virtue; and, to use his own elegance of expression, "There is not such another medicine as his in the world again."

This, my friend, is a formidable triumvirate; and yet, formidable as they are, I am resolved to defend the honour of Chinese physic against them all. I have made a vow to summon Doctor Rock to a solemn disputation in all the mysteries of the profession, before the face of every philomath, student in astrology, and member of the learned societies. I adhere to, and venerate the doctrines of old Wangsku-ho. In the very teeth of opposition I will maintain, "That the heart is the son of the liver, which hath the kidneys for its mother, and the stomach for its wife."\* I have, therefore, drawn up a disputation challenge, which is to be sent speedily, to this effect;

"I, Lien Chi Altangi, D. N. R. P., native of Ho-

\* See Du Halde, vol. ii., fol. p. 185.

nan in China, to Richard Rock, F. U. N., native of Garbage Alley, in Wapping, defiance. Though, sir, I am perfectly sensible of your importance, though no stranger to your studies in the path of nature, yet there may be many things in the art of physic with which you are yet unacquainted. I know full well a doctor thou art, great Rock, and so am I. Wherefore I challenge, and do hereby invite you to a trial of learning upon hard problems and knotty physical points. In this debate we will calmly investigate the whole theory and practice of medicine, botany, and chymistry; and I invite all the philomaths, with many of the lecturers in medicine, to be present at the dispute; which I hope will be carried on with due decorum, with proper gravity, and as befits men of erudition and science among each other. But, before we meet face to face, I would thus publicly, and in the face of the whole world, desire you to answer one question; I ask it with the same earnestness with which you have solicited the public; answer me, I say, at once, without having recourse to your physical dictionary, which of those three disorders, incident to the human body, is the most fatal, the syncope, parenthesis, or apoplexy? I beg your reply may be as public as this my demand.\* I am, as hereafter may be, your admirer or your rival." Adieu.

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FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

The Fear of Mad Dogs ridiculed.

INDULGENT Nature seems to have exempted this island from many of those epidemic evils which are

\* The day after this was published, the editor received an answer, in which the doctor seems of the opinion that the apoplexy is most fatal.

so fatal in other parts of the world. A want of rain but for a few days beyond the expected season in China, spreads famine, desolation, and terror over the whole country ; the winds that blow from the brown bosom of the Western desert are impregnated with death in every gale ; but, in this fortunate land of Britain, the inhabitant courts health in every breeze, and the husbandman ever sows in joyful expectation.

But, though the nation be exempt from real evils, think not, my friend, that it is more happy on this account than others. They are afflicted, it is true, with neither famine nor pestilence ; but then there is a disorder peculiar to the country, which every season makes strange ravages among them ; it spreads with pestilential rapidity, and infects almost every rank of people : what is still more strange, the natives have no name for this peculiar malady, though well known to foreign physicians by the appellation of epidemic terror.

A season is never known to pass in which the people are not visited by this cruel calamity in one shape or another, seemingly different, though ever the same : one year it issues from a baker's shop in the shape of a sixpenny loaf ; the next year it takes the appearance of a comet, with a fiery tail ; a third it threatens like a flat-bottomed boat, and a fourth it carries consternation at the bite of a mad dog. The people, when once infected, lose their relish for happiness, saunter about with looks of despondence, ask after the calamities of the day, and receive no comfort but in heightening each other's distress. It is insignificant how remote or near, how weak or powerful the object of terror may be, when once they resolve to fright and be frightened : the merest trifles sow consternation and dismay ; each proportions his fears, not to the object, but to the dread he discovers in the countenance of others ; for, when once the fermentation is begun, it goes on of itself, though

the original cause be discontinued which first set it in motion.

A dread of mad dogs is the epidemic terror which now prevails, and the whole nation is at present actually groaning under the malignity of its influence. The people sally from their houses with that circumspection which is prudent in such as expect a mad dog at every turning. The physician publishes his prescription, the beadle prepares his halter, and a few of unusual bravery arm themselves with boots and buff gloves, in order to face the enemy if he should offer to attack them. In short, the whole people stand bravely upon their defence, and seem by their present spirit to show a resolution of not being tamely bit by mad dogs any longer.

Their manner of knowing whether a dog be mad or not somewhat resembles the ancient European custom of trying witches. The old woman suspected was tied hand and foot, and thrown into the water. If she swam, then she was instantly carried off to be burned for a witch ; if she sunk, then, indeed, she was acquitted of the charge, but drowned in the experiment. In the same manner, a crowd gathers round a dog suspected of madness, and they begin by teasing the devoted animal on every side : if he attempts to stand upon the defensive and bite, then he is unanimously found guilty, for a mad dog always snaps at everything ; if, on the contrary, he strives to escape by running away, then he can expect no compassion, for mad dogs always run straight forward before them.

It is pleasant enough for a neutral being like me, who have no share in those ideal calamities, to mark the stages of this national disease. The terror at first feebly enters with a disregarded story of a little dog that had gone through a neighbouring village, that was thought to be mad by several that had seen him. The next account comes that a mastiff ran through a certain town, and had bit five geese, which

immediately ran mad, foamed at the bill, and died in great agonies soon after. Then comes an affecting history of a little boy bit in the leg, and gone down to be dipped in the salt water; when the people have sufficiently shuddered at that, they are next congealed with a frightful account of a man who was said lately to have died from a bite he had received some years before. This relation only prepares the way for another, still more hideous, as how the master of a family, with seven small children, were all bit by a mad lapdog, and how the poor father first perceived the infection by calling for a draught of water, where he saw the lapdog swimming in the cup.

When epidemic terror is thus once excited, every morning comes loaded with some new disaster; as, in stories of ghosts, each loves to hear the account, though it only serves to make him uneasy, so here each listens with eagerness, and adds to the tidings with new circumstances of peculiar horror. A lady, for instance, in the country, of very weak nerves, has been frightened by the barking of a dog; and this, alas! too frequently happens. The story soon is improved and spreads, that a mad dog had frightened a lady of distinction. These circumstances begin to grow terrible before they have reached the neighbouring village, and there the report is, that a lady of quality was bit by a mad mastiff. This account every moment gathers new strength, and grows more dismal as it approaches the capital; and, by the time it has arrived in town, the lady is described with wild eyes, foaming mouth, running mad upon all fours, barking like a dog, biting her servants, and at last smothered between two beds by the advice of her doctors; while the mad mastiff is in the mean time running the whole country over, slaver-ing at the mouth, and seeking whom he may devour.

My landlady, a good-natured woman, but a little credulous, waked me some mornings ago before the

usual hour, with horror and astonishment in her looks ; she desired me, if I had any regard for my safety, to keep within : for, a few days ago, so dismal an accident had happened as to put all the world upon their guard. A mad dog down in the country, she assured me, had bit a farmer, who, soon becoming mad, ran into his own yard and bit a fine brindled cow ; the cow quickly became as mad as the man, began to foam at the mouth, and, raising herself up, walked about on her hind legs, sometimes barking like a dog, and sometimes attempting to talk like the farmer. Upon examining the grounds of this story, I found my landlady had it from one neighbour, who had it from another neighbour, who heard it from very good authority.

Were most stories of this nature thoroughly examined, it would be found that numbers of such as have been said to suffer were no way injured, and that of those who have been actually bitten, not one in a hundred was bit by a mad dog. Such accounts, in general, therefore, only serve to make the people miserable by false terrors, and sometimes fright the patient into actual phrensy by creating those very symptoms they pretended to deplore.

But, even allowing three or four to die in a season of this terrible death (and four is probably too large a concession), yet still it is not considered how many are preserved in their health and in their property by this devoted animal's services. The midnight robber is kept at a distance ; the insidious thief is often detected ; the healthful chase repairs many a worn constitution ; and the poor man finds in his dog a willing assistant, eager to lessen his toils, and content with the smallest retribution.

"A dog," says one of the English poets, "is an honest creature, and I am a friend to dogs." Of all the beasts that graze the lawn or hunt the forest, a dog is the only animal that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man ; to man



he looks in all his necessities with a speaking eye for assistance ; exerts for him all the little service in his power with cheerfulness and pleasure ; for him bears famine and fatigue with patience and resignation ; no injuries can abate his fidelity, no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor : studious to please, and fearing to offend, he is still a humble, steadfast dependant, and in him alone fawning is not flattery. How unkind, then, to torture this faithful creature, who has left the forest to claim the protection of man : how ungrateful a return to the trusty animal for all his services. Adieu.

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FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO HINGPO, BY THE WAY OF  
MOSCOW.

Fortune proved not to be Blind.—The Story of the Avaricious Miller.

THE Europeans are themselves blind who describe Fortune without sight. No first-rate beauty had ever finer eyes, or saw more clearly ; they who have no other trade but seeking their fortune, need never hope to find her ; coquette-like, she flies from her close pursuers, and at last fixes on the plodding mechanic who stays at home and minds his business.

I am amazed how men call her blind, when, by the company she keeps, she seems so very discerning. Wherever you see a gaming-table, be very sure Fortune is not there ; wherever you see a house with the doors open, be very sure Fortune is not there ; when you see a man whose pocket-holes are laced with gold, be satisfied Fortune is not there ; wherever you see a beautiful woman good-natured and obliging, be convinced Fortune is never there. In short, she is ever seen accompanying industry ; and as often trundling a wheelbarrow as lolling in a coach and six.

If you would make Fortune your friend, or—to personize her no longer—if you desire, my son, to be rich and have money, be more eager to save than to acquire: when people say money is to be got here and money is to be got there, take no notice; mind your own business; stay where you are; and secure all you can get without stirring. When you hear that your neighbour has picked up a purse of gold in the street, never run out into the same street, looking about you, in order to pick up such another: or when you are informed that he has made a fortune in one branch of business, never change your own in order to be his rival. Do not desire to be rich all at once, but patiently add farthing to farthing. Perhaps you despise the petty sum; and yet they who want a farthing, and have no friend that will lend them it, think farthings very good things. Whang, the foolish miller, when he wanted a farthing in his distress, found that no friend would lend, because they knew he wanted. Did you ever read the story of Whang in our books of Chinese learning? He who, despising small sums and grasping at all, lost even what he had?

Whang, the miller, was naturally avaricious; nobody loved money better than he, or more respected those that had it. When people would talk of a rich man in company, Whang would say, I know him very well; he and I have been long acquainted; he and I are intimate; he stood for a child of mine. But, if ever a poor man was mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man; he might be very well for aught he knew; but he was not fond of many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company.

Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was in reality poor; he had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him; but, though these were small, they were certain; while his mill stood and went, he was sure of eating, and his frugality was

such that he every day laid some money by, which he would at intervals count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet still his acquisitions were not equal to his desires: he only found himself above want, whereas he desired to be possessed of affluence.

One day, as he was indulging these wishes, he was informed that a neighbour of his had found a pan of money underground, having dreamed of it three nights running before. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. "Here am I," says he, "toiling and moiling from morning till night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbour Hunks only goes quietly to bed and dreams himself into thousands before morning. Oh that I could dream like him! with what pleasure would I dig round the pan! how slyly would I carry it home—not even my wife should see me! and then, oh the pleasure of thrusting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow!"

Such reflections only served to make the miller unhappy; he discontinued his former assiduity; he was quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream. Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last, however, seemed to smile upon his distress, and indulged him with the wished-for vision. He dreamed that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground, and covered with a large flat stone. He rose up, thanked the stars that were at last pleased to take pity on his sufferings, and concealed his good luck from every person, as is usual in money dreams, in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its veracity; his wishes in this were also answered; he still dreamed of the same pan of money in the very same place.

Now, therefore, it was past a doubt; so, getting up early the third morning, he repairs alone, with a mattock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he met with was a broken mug; digging still deeper, he turns up a house tile, quite new and entire. At last, after much digging, he came to the broad flat stone, but then so large that it was beyond one man's strength to remove it. "Here," cried he, in raptures to himself, "here it is; under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed. I must even go home to my wife and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up." Away therefore he goes, and acquaints his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune. Her raptures on this occasion may be easily imagined: she flew round his neck and embraced him in an agony of joy; but these transports, however, did not delay their eagerness to know the exact sum. Returning, therefore, speedily together to the place where Whang had been digging, there they found—not, indeed, the expected treasure, but the mill, their only support, undermined and fallen. Adieu.

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FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT  
OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

The Shabby Beau, the Man in Black, the Chinese Philosopher,  
&c., at Vauxhall.

THE people of London are as fond of walking as our friends at Pekin are of riding; one of the principal entertainments of the citizens here in summer is to repair about nightfall to a garden not far from town, where they walk about, show their best clothes and best faces, and listen to a concert provided for the occasion.

I accepted an invitation a few evenings ago from my old friend, the man in black, to be one of a party that was to sup there, and, at the appointed hour, waited upon him at his lodgings. There I found the company assembled and expecting my arrival. Our party consisted of my friend, in superlative finery, his stockings rolled, a black velvet waistcoat which was formerly new, and his gray wig combed down in imitation of hair; a pawnbroker's widow, of whom, by-the-by, my friend was a professed admirer, dressed out in green damask, with three gold rings on every finger; Mr. Tibbs, the second-rate beau I have formerly described, together with his lady, in flimsy silk, dirty gauze instead of linen, and a hat as big as an umbrella.

Our first difficulty was in settling how we should set out. Mrs. Tibbs had a natural aversion to the water; and the widow, being a little in flesh, as warmly protested against walking; a coach was therefore agreed upon, which, being too small to carry five, Mr. Tibbs consented to sit in his wife's lap.

In this manner, therefore, we set forward, being entertained by the way with the bodings of Mr. Tibbs, who assured us he did not expect to see a single creature for the evening above the degree of a cheesemonger; that this was the last night of the gardens, and that, consequently, we should be pestered with the nobility and gentry from Thames-street and Crooked Lane, with several other prophetic ejaculations, probably inspired by the uneasiness of his situation.

The illuminations had begun before we arrived; and I must confess, that, upon entering the gardens, I found every sense overpaid with more than expected pleasure; the lights everywhere glimmering through the scarcely moving trees; the full-bodied concert bursting on the stillness of the night; the natural concert of the birds, in the more retired part of the grove, vying with that which was formed by art; the

company gayly dressed, looking satisfaction, and the tables spread with various delicacies, all conspired to fill my imagination with the visionary happiness of the Arabian lawgiver, and lifted me into an ecstasy of admiration. \* \* \* \* \*

I was going to second his remarks, when we were called to a consultation by Mr. Tibbs and the rest of the company, to know in what manner we were to lay out the evening to the greatest advantage. Mrs. Tibbs was for keeping the genteel walk of the garden, where, she observed, there was always the very best company; the widow, on the contrary, who came but once a season, was for securing a good standing-place to see the water-works, which, she assured us, would begin in less than an hour at farthest; a dispute therefore began, and, as it was managed between two of very opposite characters, it threatened to grow more bitter at every reply. Mrs. Tibbs wondered how people could pretend to know the polite world who had received all their rudiments of breeding behind a counter; to which the other replied, that, though some people sat behind counters, yet they could sit at the head of their own tables too, and carve three good dishes of hot meat whenever they thought proper, which was more than some people could say for themselves, that hardly knew a rabbit and onions from a green goose and gooseberries.

It is hard to say where this might have ended, had not the husband, who probably knew the impetuosity of his wife's disposition, proposed to end the dispute by adjourning to a box, and try if there was anything to be had for supper that was supportable. To this we all consented; but here a new distress arose: Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs would sit in none but a genteel box; a box where they might see and be seen; one, as they expressed it, in the very focus of public view; but such a box was not easy to be obtained; for, though we were perfectly convinced of



our own gentility and the gentility of our appearance, yet we found it a difficult matter to persuade the keepers of the boxes to be of our opinion; they chose to reserve genteel boxes for what they judged more genteel company.

At last, however, we were fixed, though somewhat obscurely; and supplied with the usual entertainment of the place. The widow found everything excellent, but Mrs. Tibbs thought everything detestable. "Come, come, my dear," cries her husband, by way of consolation, "to be sure we can't find such dressing here as we have at Lord Crump's or Lady Crimp's; but for Vauxhall dressing it is pretty good. It is not their victuals, indeed, I find fault with, but their wine: their wine," cries he, drinking off a glass, "indeed, is most abominable."

By this last contradiction the widow was fairly conquered in point of politeness. She perceived now, that she had no pretensions in the world to taste: her very senses were vulgar since she had praised detestable custards and smacked wretched wine; she was therefore content to yield the victory, and, for the rest of the night, to listen and improve. It is true she would now and then forget herself, and confess she was pleased, but they soon brought her back again to miserable refinement. She once praised the painting of the box in which they were sitting, but was soon convinced that such paltry pieces ought rather to excite horror than satisfaction; she ventured again to commend one of the singers, but Mrs. Tibbs soon let her know, in the style of a connoisseur, that the singer in question had neither ear, voice, nor judgment.

Mr. Tibbs, now willing to prove that his wife's pretensions to music were just, entreated her to favour the company with a song; but to this she gave a positive denial. "For you know very well, my dear," says she, "that I am not in voice to-day; and, when one's voice is not equal to one's judgment,

what signifies singing? besides, as there is no accompaniment, it would be but spoiling music." All these excuses, however, were overruled by the rest of the company, who, though one would think they already had music enough, joined in the entreaty. But particularly the widow, now willing to convince the company of her breeding, pressed so warmly, that she seemed determined to take no refusal. At last, then, the lady complied; and, after humming some minutes, began with such a voice and such affectation as I could perceive gave but little satisfaction to any except her husband. He sat with rapture in his eye, and beat time with his hand on the table.

You must observe, my friend, that it is the custom of this country, when a lady or gentleman happens to sing, for the company to sit as mute and motionless as statues. Every feature, every limb must seem to correspond in fixed attention; and, while the song continues, they are to remain in a state of universal petrefaction. In this mortifying situation we had continued for some time, listening to the song and looking with tranquillity, when the master of the box came to inform us that the water-works were going to begin. At this information I could instantly perceive the widow bounce from her seat; but, correcting herself, she sat down again, repressed by motives of good breeding. Mrs. Tibbs, who had seen the water-works a hundred times, resolving not to be interrupted, continued her song without any share of mercy, nor had the smallest pity on our impatience. The widow's face, I own, gave me high entertainment: in it I could plainly read the struggle she felt between good breeding and curiosity; she talked of the water-works the whole evening before, and she seemed to have come merely in order to see them; but she could not bounce out in the very middle of a song, for that would be forfeiting all pretensions to high life or high-lived com-

pany ever after. Mrs. Tibbs, therefore, kept on singing, and we continued to listen, till at last, when the song was concluded, the waiter came in to inform us that the water-works were over.

"The water-works over!" cried the widow; "the water-works over already! That's impossible; they can't be over so soon!" "It is not my business," replied the fellow, "to contradict your ladyship; I'll run again and see." He went, and soon returned with a confirmation of the dismal tidings. No ceremony could now bind my friend's disappointed mistress: she testified her displeasure in the openest manner; in short, she now began to find fault in turn, and at last insisted upon going home, just at the time that Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs assured the company that the polite hours were going to begin, and that the ladies would instantaneously be entertained with the horns. Adieu.

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FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI TO HINGPO, BY THE WAY OF  
MOSCOW.

Life endeared by Age.

AGE, that lessens the enjoyments of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes, at last, the prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and sensation assures me

that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness in long perspective still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence, my friend, this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? Whence comes it that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoil? Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but, happily, the fear of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial, and life acquires an imaginary value in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us increases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would not choose," says a French philosopher, "to see an old post pulled up with which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects insensibly becomes fond of seeing them, visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance; from hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession. They love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages; not be-

cause it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinwang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison during the preceding reigns should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows : " Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet dazzled with the splendour of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me ; but my friends, my family, and relations are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me, then, oh Chinwang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison ; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace ; I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed, in that prison from whence you was pleased to release me."

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we have all for life. We are habituated to the prison ; we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth, and imbitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance ; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing ; its company pleases, yet, for all this, it is but little regarded. To us, who are de-

clined in years, life appears like an old friend ; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation ; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise, yet still we love it ; destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it ; husband the wasting treasure with increased frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave—an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasure before him, and promised a long succession of future happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even in the beginning. He professed an aversion to living ; was tired of walking round the same circle ; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. “If life be in youth so displeasing,” cried he to himself, “what will it appear when age comes on ? If it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable.” This thought imbittered every reflection ; till at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol ! Had this self-deluded man been apprized that existence grows the more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shrinking ; he would have boldly dared to live, and served that society by his future assiduity which he basely injured by his desertion. Adieu.



FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

The Description of a Little Great Man.

IN reading the newspapers here, I have reckoned up not less than twenty-five great men, seventeen very great men, and nine very extraordinary men, in less than the compass of half a year. These, say the gazettes, are the men that posterity are to gaze at with admiration; these are the names that Fame will be employed in holding up for the astonishment of succeeding ages. Let me see: forty-six great men in half a year amounts just to ninety-two in a year. I wonder how posterity will be able to remember them all, or whether the people, in future times, will have any other business to mind but that of getting the catalogue by heart.

Does the mayor of a corporation make a speech?—he is instantly set down for a great man. Does a pedant digest his commonplace book into a folio?—he quickly becomes great. Does a poet string up trite sentiments in rhyme?—he also becomes the great man of the hour. How diminutive soever the object of admiration, each is followed by a crowd of still more diminutive admirers. The shout begins in his train; onward he marches towards immortality; looks back at the pursuing crowd with self-satisfaction, catching all the oddities, the whimsies, the absurdities, and the littlenesses of conscious greatness by the way.

I was yesterday invited by a gentleman to dinner, who promised that our entertainment should consist of a haunch of venison, a turtle, and a great man. I came according to appointment. The venison was fine, the turtle good, but the great man insupportable. The moment I ventured to speak, I was at

once contradicted with a snap. I attempted, by a second and a third assault, to retrieve my lost reputation, but was still beat back with confusion. I was resolved to attack him once more from intrenchment, and turned the conversation upon the government of China: but even here he asserted, snapped, and contradicted as before. "Heavens," thought I, "this man pretends to know China even better than myself!" I looked round to see who was on my side, but every eye was fixed in admiration on the great man. I therefore, at last, thought proper to sit silent, and act the pretty gentleman during the ensuing conversation.

When a man has once secured a circle of admirers, he may be as ridiculous here as he thinks proper; and it all passes for elevation of sentiment or learned absence. If he transgresses the common forms of breeding, mistakes even a teapot for a tobacco-box, it is said that his thoughts are fixed on more important objects: to speak and act like the rest of mankind is to be no greater than they. There is something of oddity in the very idea of greatness, for we are seldom astonished at a thing very much resembling ourselves.

When the Tartars make a Lama, their first care is to place him in a dark corner of the temple; here he is to sit half concealed from view, to regulate the motion of his hands, lips, and eyes; but, above all, he is enjoined gravity and silence. This, however, is but the prelude to his apotheosis: a set of emissaries are despatched among the people to cry up his piety, gravity, and love of raw flesh; the people take them at their word, and approach the Lama, now become an idol, with the most humble prostration; he receives their addresses without motion, commences a god, and is ever after fed by his priests with the spoon of immortality. The same receipt this country serves to make a great man. The idol only keeps close, sends out his little emissaries

to be hearty in his praise, and straight, whether statesman or author, he is set down in the list of fame ; continues to be praised while it is fashionable to praise, or while he prudently keeps his minuteness concealed from the public.

I have visited many countries, and have been in cities without number, yet never did I enter a town which could not produce ten or twelve of those little great men ; all fancying themselves known to the rest of the world, and complimenting each other upon their extensive reputation. It is amusing enough when two of those domestic prodigies of learning mount the stage of ceremony, and give and take praise from each other. I have been present when a German doctor, for having pronounced a panegyric upon a certain monk, was thought the most ingenious man in the world ; till the monk, soon after, divided this reputation by returning the compliment ; by which means they both marched off with universal applause.

The same degree of undeserved adulation that attends our great man while living, often also follows him to the tomb. It frequently happens that one of his little admirers sits down, big with the important subject, and is delivered of the history of his life and writings. This may probably be called the revolutions of a life between the fireside and the easy-chair. In this we learn the year in which he was born, at what an early age he gave symptoms of uncommon genius and application, together with some of his smart sayings, collected by his aunt and mother while yet but a boy. The next book introduces him to the University, where we are informed of his amazing progress in learning, his excellent skill in darning stockings, and his new invention for papering books to save the covers. He next makes his appearance in the republic of letters, and publishes his folio. Now the colossus is reared, his works are eagerly bought up by all the purchasers

of scarce books. The learned societies invite him to become a member: he disputes against some foreigner with a long Latin name, conquers in the controversy, is complimented by several authors of gravity and importance, is excessively fond of egg sauce with his pig, becomes president of a literary club, and dies in the meridian of his glory. Happy they who thus have some little faithful attendant who never forsakes them, but prepares to wrangle and to praise against every opposer; at once ready to increase their pride while living, and their character when dead. For you and I, my friend, who have no humble admirer thus to attend us, we, who neither are nor ever will be great men, and who do not much care whether we are great men or no, at least let us strive to be honest men, and to have common sense.

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TO THE SAME.

The Necessity of Amusing each other with New Books insisted upon.

THERE are numbers in this city who live by writing new books; and yet there are thousands of volumes in every large library unread and forgotten. This, upon my arrival, was one of those contradictions which I was unable to account for. "Is it possible," said I, "that there should be any demand for new books before those already published are read? Can there be so many employed in producing a commodity with which the market is already overstocked? and with goods, also, better than any of modern manufacture!"

What at first view appeared an inconsistency, is a proof at once of this people's wisdom and refinement. Even allowing the works of their ancestors better written than theirs, yet those of the moderns

acquire a real value by being marked with the impression of the times. Antiquity has been in the possession of others, the present is our own ; let us first, therefore, learn to know what belongs to ourselves ; and then, if we have leisure, cast our reflections back to the reign of Shonou, who governed twenty thousand years before the creation of the moon.

The volumes of antiquity, like medals, may very well serve to amuse the curious ; but the works of the moderns, like the current coin of a kingdom, are much better for immediate use. The former are often prized above their intrinsic value, and kept with care ; the latter seldom pass for more than they are worth, and are often subject to the merciless hands of sweating critics and clipping compilers. The works of antiquity were ever praised, those of the moderns read ; the treasures of our ancestors have our esteem, and we boast the possession ; those of contemporary genius engage our heart, although we blush to own it. The visits we pay the former resemble those we pay the great ; the ceremony is troublesome, and yet such as we would not choose to forego. Our acquaintance with modern books is like sitting with a friend : our pride is not flattered in the interview, but it gives more internal satisfaction.

In proportion as society refines, new books must ever become more necessary. Savage rusticity is reclaimed by oral admonition alone ; but the elegant excesses of refinement are best corrected by the still voice of a studious inquiry. In a polite age, almost every person becomes a reader, and receives more instruction from the press than the pulpit. The preaching bonze may instruct the illiterate peasant, but nothing less than the insinuating address of a fine writer can win its way to a heart already relaxed in all the effeminacy of refinement. Books are necessary to correct the views of the polite ; but

those vices are ever changing, and the antidote should be changed accordingly, should still be new.

Instead, therefore, of thinking the number of new publications here too great, I could wish it still greater, as they are the most useful instruments of reformation. Every country must be instructed either by writers or preachers ; but, as the number of readers increases, the number of hearers is proportionably diminished, the writer becomes more useful, and the preacher bonze less necessary.

Instead, therefore, of complaining that writers are overpaid when their works procure them a bare subsistence, I should imagine it the duty of a state not only to encourage their numbers, but their industry. A bonze is rewarded with immense riches for instructing only a few, even of the most ignorant people ; and sure the poor scholar should not beg his bread who is capable of instructing a million.

Of all rewards, I grant, the most pleasing to a man of real merit is fame ; but a polite age, of all times, is that in which scarcely any share of merit can acquire it. What numbers of fine writers in the latter empire of Rome, when refinement was carried to the highest pitch, have missed that fame and immortality which they had fondly arrogated to themselves ! How many Greek authors, who wrote at that period when Constantinople was the refined mistress of the empire, now rest, either not printed or not read, in the libraries of Europe ! Those who came first, while either state was yet barbarous, carried all the reputation away. Authors, as the age refined, became more numerous, and their numbers destroyed their fame. It is but natural, therefore, for the writer, when conscious that his works will not procure him fame hereafter, to endeavour to make them turn out to his temporal interest here.

Whatever be the motives which induce men to write, whether avarice or fame, the country becomes most wise and happy in which they most serve for



instructors. The countries where sacerdotal instruction alone is permitted, remain in ignorance, superstition, and hopeless slavery. In England, where there are as many new books published as in all the rest of Europe together, a spirit of freedom and reason reigns among the people ; they have been often known to have acted like fools, they are generally found to think like men.

The only danger that attends a multiplicity of publications is, that some of them may be calculated to injure rather than benefit society. But, where writers are numerous, they also serve as a check upon each other ; and perhaps a literary inquisition is the most terrible punishment that can be conceived to a literary transgressor.

But, to do the English justice, there are but few offenders of this kind ; their publications, in general, aim at mending either the heart, or improving the common weal. The dullest writer talks of virtue, and liberty, and benevolence with esteem ; tells his true story, filled with good and wholesome advice ; warns against slavery, bribery, or the bite of a mad dog ; and dresses up his little useful magazine of knowledge and entertainment at least with a good intention. The dunces of France, on the other hand, who have less encouragement, are more vicious. Tender hearts, languishing eyes, Leonora in love at thirteen, ecstatic transports, stolen blisses, are the frivolous subjects of their frivolous memoirs. In England, if a bawdy blockhead thus breaks in on the community, he sets his whole fraternity in a roar ; nor can he escape, even though he should fly to the nobility for shelter.

Thus even dunces, my friend, may make themselves useful. But there are others whom Nature has blessed with talents above the rest of mankind ; men capable of thinking with precision, and impressing their thoughts with rapidity ; beings who diffuse those regards upon mankind which others contract

and settle upon themselves. These deserve every honour from that community of which they are more peculiarly the children ; to such I would give my heart, since to them I am indebted for its humanity ! Adieu.

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FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT  
OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

The Behaviour of a Shopkeeper and his Journeyman.

THE shops of London are as well furnished as those of Pekin. Those of London have a picture hung at their doors, informing the passengers what they have to sell, as those of Pekin have a board, to assure the buyer that they have no intention to cheat him.

I was this morning to buy silk for a nightcap : immediately upon entering the mercer's shop, the master and his two men, with wigs plastered with powder, appeared to ask my commands. They were certainly the civillest people alive ; if I but looked, they flew to the place where I cast my eye : every motion of mine sent them running round the whole shop for my satisfaction. I informed them that I wanted what was good, and they showed me no less than forty pieces, and each was better than the former ; the prettiest pattern in nature, and the fittest in the world for nightcaps. " My very good friend," said I to the mercer, " you must not pretend to instruct me in silks ; I know these, in particular, to be no better than your mere flimsy Bungees." " That may be," cried the mercer, who, I afterward found, had never contradicted a man in his life ; " I can't pretend to say but they may ; but I can assure you, my Lady Trail has had a sacque from this piece this very morning." " But, friend," said I, " though my lady has chosen a sacque from it, I see no necessity

that I should wear it for a nightcap." "That may be," returned he again; "yet what becomes a pretty lady will at any time look well on a handsome gentleman." This short compliment was thrown in so very reasonably upon my ugly face, that, even though I disliked the silk, I desired him to cut me off the pattern of a nightcap.

While this business was consigned to his journeyman, the master himself took down some pieces of silk still finer than any I had yet seen, and, spreading them before me, "There," cries he, "there's beauty: my Lord Snakeskin has bespoke the fellow of this for the birthnight this very morning; it would look charmingly in waistcoats." "But I don't want a waistcoat," replied I. "Not want a waistcoat!" returned the mercer; "then I would advise you to buy one; when waistcoats are wanted, you may depend upon it they will come dear. Always buy before you want, and you are sure to be well used, as they say in Cheapside." There was so much justice in his advice, that I could not refuse taking it; besides, the silk, which was really a good one, increased the temptation, so I gave orders for that too.

As I was waiting to have my bargains measured and cut, which, I know not how, they executed but slowly, during the interval the mercer entertained me with the modern manner of some of the nobility receiving company in their morning-gowns. "Perhaps, sir," adds he, "you have a mind to see what kind of silk is universally worn." Without waiting for my reply, he spreads a piece before me, which might be reckoned beautiful even in China. "If the nobility," continues he, "were to know I sold this to any under a right honourable, I should certainly lose their custom; you see, my lord, it is at once rich, tasty, and quite the thing." "I am no lord," interrupted I. "I beg pardon," cried he; "but be pleased to remember, when you intend buying a

morning-gown, that you had an offer from me of something worth money. Conscience, sir, conscience is my way of dealing: you may buy a morning-gown now, or you may stay till they become dearer and less fashionable; but it is not my business to advise." In short, most reverend Fum, he persuaded me to buy a morning-gown also, and would probably have persuaded me to have bought half the goods in his shop if I had stayed long enough, or was furnished with sufficient money.

Upon returning home, I could not help reflecting with some astonishment how this very man, with such a confined education and capacity, was yet capable of turning me as he thought proper, and moulding me to his inclinations! I knew he was only answering his own purposes, even while he attempted to appear solicitous about mine; yet, by a voluntary infatuation, a sort of passion compounded of vanity and good-nature, I walked into the snare with my eyes open, and put myself to future pain in order to give him immediate pleasure. The wisdom of the ignorant somewhat resembles the instinct of animals; it is diffused in but a very narrow sphere, but within that circle it acts with vigour, uniformity, and success. Adieu.

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#### FROM THE SAME.

The Preparations of both the Theatres for a Winter Campaign.

THE two theatres, which serve to amuse the citizens here, are again opened for the winter. The mimetic troops, different from those of the state, begin their campaign when all the others quit the field; and at a time when the Europeans cease to destroy each other in reality, they are entertained with mock battles upon the stage.

The dancing-master once more shakes his quiver-

ing feet; the carpenter prepares his paradise of pasteboard; the hero resolves to cover his forehead with brass, and the heroine begins to scour up her copper tail, preparative to farther operations; in short, all are in motion, from the theatrical letter-carrier in yellow clothes, to Alexander the Great that stands on a stool.

Both houses have already commenced hostilities. War, open war! and no quarter received or given! Two singing women, like heralds, have begun the contest; the whole town is divided on this solemn occasion; one has the finest pipe, the other the finest manner; one courtesies to the ground, the other salutes the audience with a smile; one comes on with modesty which asks, the other with boldness which extorts applause; one wears powder, the other has none; one has the longest waist, but the other appears most easy; all, all is important and serious; the town, as yet, perseveres in its neutrality; a cause of such moment demands the most mature deliberation; they continue to exhibit, and it is very possible this contest may continue to please to the end of the season.

But the generals of either army have, as I am told, several re-enforcements to lend occasional assistance. If they produce a pair of diamond buckles at one house, we have a pair of eyebrows that can match them at the other. If we outdo them in our attitude, they can overcome us by a shrug; if we can bring more children on the stage, they can bring more guards in red clothes, who strut and shoulder their swords to the astonishment of every spectator.

They tell me here that people frequent the theatre in order to be instructed as well as amused. I smile to hear the assertion. If ever I go to one of their playhouses, what with trumpets, hallooing behind the stage, and bawling upon it, I am quite dizzy before the performance is over. If I enter the house with any sentiments in my head, I am sure to have

none on going away, the whole mind being filled with a dead march, a funeral procession, a cat-call, a jig, or a tempest.

There is, perhaps, nothing more easy than to write properly for the English theatre : I am amazed that none are apprenticed to the trade. The author, when well acquainted with the value of thunder and lightning ; when versed in all the mystery of scene-shifting and trap-doors ; when skilled in the proper periods to introduce a wire-walker or a waterfall ; when instructed in every actor's peculiar talent, and capable of adapting his speeches to the supposed excellence ; when thus instructed, knows all that can give a modern audience pleasure. One play shines in an exclamation, another in a groan, a third in a horror, a fourth in a start, a fifth in a smile, a sixth faints, and a seventh fidgets round the stage with peculiar vivacity ; that piece, therefore, will succeed best where each has a proper opportunity of shining : the actor's business is not so much to adapt himself to the poet, as the poet's to adapt himself to the actor.

The great secret, therefore, of tragedy-writing at present, is a perfect acquaintance with theatrical ah's and oh's ; a certain number of these, interspersed with gods ! tortures ! racks ! and damnation ! shall distort every actor almost into convulsions, and draw tears from every spectator ; a proper use of these will infallibly fill the whole house with applause. But, above all, a whining scene must strike most forcibly. I would advise, from my present knowledge of the audience, the two favourite players of the town to introduce a scene of this sort in every play. Towards the middle of the last act, I would have them enter with wild looks and outspread arms : there is no necessity for speaking ; they are only to groan at each other : they must vary the tones of exclamation and despair through the whole theatrical gamut, wring their figures into every shape of dis-



tress, and, when their calamities have drawn a proper quantity of tears from the sympathetic spectators, they may go off in dumb solemnity at different doors, clasping their hands or slapping their pocket-holes ; this, which may be called a tragic pantomime, will answer every purpose of moving the passions as well as words could have done, and it must save those expenses which go to reward an author.

All modern plays that would keep the audience alive must be conceived in this manner ; and, indeed, many a modern play is made up on no other plan. This is the merit that lifts up the heart, like opium, into a rapture of insensibility, and can dismiss the mind from all the fatigue of thinking : this is the eloquence that shines in many a long-forgotten scene, which has been reckoned excessive fine upon acting : this the lightning that flashes no less in the hyperbolical tyrant "who breakfasts on the wind," than in little Norval, "as harmless as the babe unborn." Adieu.

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FROM THE SAME.

The Sciences useful in a Populous State, prejudicial in a Barbarous one.

A DISPUTE has for some time divided the philosophers of Europe ; it is debated whether arts and sciences are more serviceable or prejudicial to mankind. They who maintain the cause of literature endeavour to prove their usefulness from the impossibility of a large number of men subsisting in a small tract of country without them ; from the pleasure which attends the acquisition ; and from the influence of knowledge in promoting practical morality.

They who maintain the opposite opinion display the happiness and innocence of those uncultivated

nations who live without learning ; urge the numerous vices which are to be found only in polished society ; enlarge upon the oppression, the cruelty, and the blood which must necessarily be shed in order to cement civil society ; and insist upon the happy equality of conditions in a barbarous state, preferable to the unnatural subordination of a more refined constitution.

This dispute, which has already given so much employment to speculative indolence, has been managed with much ardour, and (not to suppress our sentiments) with but little sagacity. They who insist that the sciences are useful in refined society are certainly right ; and they who maintain that barbarous nations are more happy without them are right also ; but when one side, for this reason, attempts to prove them as universally useful to the solitary barbarian as to the native of a crowded commonwealth, or when the other endeavours to banish them, as prejudicial to all society, even from populous states as well as from the inhabitants of a wilderness, they are both wrong ; since that knowledge which makes the happiness of a refined European would be a torment to the precarious tenant of an Asiatic wild.

Let me, to prove this, transport the imagination for a moment to the midst of a forest in Siberia. There we behold the inhabitant poor indeed, but equally fond of happiness with the most refined philosopher of China. The earth lies uncultivated and uninhabited for miles around him, his little family and he the sole and undisputed possessors. In such circumstances, nature and reason will induce him to prefer a hunter's life to that of cultivating the earth. He will certainly adhere to that manner of living which is carried on at the smallest expense of labour, and that food which is most agreeable to the appetite ; he will prefer indolent, though precarious luxury, to a laborious, though

permanent competence ; and a knowledge of his own happiness will determine him to persevere in native barbarity.

In like manner, his happiness will incline him to bind himself by no law ! Laws are made in order to secure present property ; but he is possessed of no property which he is afraid to lose, and desires no more than will be sufficient to sustain him ; to enter into compacts with others would be undergoing a voluntary obligation without the expectance of any reward. He and his countrymen are tenants, not rivals, in the same inexhaustible forest ; the increased possessions of one by no means diminish the expectations arising from equal assiduity in another : there are no need of laws, therefore, to repress ambition, where there can be no mischief attending its most boundless gratification.

Our solitary Siberian will, in like manner, find the sciences not only entirely useless in directing his practice, but disgusting even in speculation. In every contemplation, our curiosity must be first excited by the appearances of things, before our reason undergoes the fatigue of investigating the causes. Some of those appearances are produced by experiment, others by minute inquiry ; some arise from a knowledge of foreign climates, and others from an intimate study of our own. But there are few objects in comparison which present themselves to the inhabitant of a barbarous country ; the game he hunts, or the transient cottage he builds, make up the chief objects of his concern ; curiosity, therefore, must be proportionably less ; and, if that is diminished, the reasoning faculty will be diminished in proportion.

Besides, sensual enjoyment adds wings to curiosity. We consider few objects with ardent attention but those which have some connexion with our wishes, our pleasures, or our necessities. A desire of enjoyment first interests our passions in the pur-

suit, points out the object of investigation, and then reason comments where sense has led the way. An increase in the number of our enjoyments, therefore, necessarily produces an increase of scientific research ; but, in countries where almost every enjoyment is wanting, reason there seems destitute of its great inspirer, and speculation is the business of fools when it becomes its own reward.

The barbarous Siberian is too wise, therefore, to exhaust his time in quest of knowledge which neither curiosity prompts nor pleasure impels him to pursue. When told of the exact admeasurement of a degree upon the equator at Quito, he feels no pleasure in the account ; when informed that such a discovery tends to promote navigation and commerce, he finds himself no way interested in either. A discovery which some have pursued at the hazard of their lives, affects him with neither astonishment nor pleasure. He is satisfied with thoroughly understanding the few objects which contribute to his own felicity ; he knows the properest places where to lay the snare for the sable, and discerns the value of furs with more than European sagacity. More extended knowledge would only serve to render him unhappy : it might lend a ray to show him the misery of his situation, but could not guide him in his efforts to avoid it. Ignorance is the happiness of the poor.

The misery of a being endowed with sentiments above its capacity of fruition is most admirably described in one of the fables of Locman, the Indian moralist. "An elephant, that had been peculiarly serviceable in fighting the battles of Wistnow, was ordered by the god to wish for whatever he thought proper, and the desire should be attended with immediate gratification. The elephant thanked his benefactor on bended knees, and desired to be endowed with the reason and faculties of a man. Wistnow was sorry to hear the foolish request, and en-

deavoured to dissuade him from his misplaced ambition ; but, finding it to no purpose, gave him at last such a portion of wisdom as could correct even the Zendavesta of Zoroaster. The reasoning elephant went away rejoicing in his new acquisition ; and, though his body still retained its ancient form, he found his appetites and passions entirely altered. He first considered that it would not only be more comfortable, but also more becoming, to wear clothes ; but, unhappily, he had no method of making them himself, nor had he the use of speech to demand them from others, and this was the first time he felt real anxiety. He soon perceived how much more elegantly men were fed than he ; therefore he began to loathe his usual food, and longed for those delicacies which adorn the tables of princes ; but here again he found it impossible to be satisfied ; for, though he could easily obtain flesh, yet he found it impossible to dress it in any degree of perfection. In short, every pleasure that contributed to the felicity of mankind served only to render him more miserable, as he found himself utterly deprived of the power of enjoyment. In this manner he led a repining, discontented life, detesting himself, and displeased with his ill judged ambition ; till at last his benefactor, Wistnow, taking compassion on his forlorn situation, restored him to the ignorance and the happiness which he was originally formed to enjoy."

No, my friend, to attempt to introduce the sciences into a nation of wandering barbarians is only to render them more miserable than even nature designed they should be. A life of simplicity is best fitted to a state of solitude.

The great lawgiver of Russia attempted to improve the desolate inhabitants of Siberia by sending among them some of the politest men of Europe. The consequence has shown that the country was as yet unfit to receive them ; they languished for a

time with a sort of exotic malady; every day degenerated from themselves; and, at last, instead of rendering the country more polite, they conformed to the soil, and put on barbarity.

No, my friend, in order to make the sciences useful in any country, it must first become populous; the inhabitants must go through the different stages of hunter, shepherd, and husbandman: then, when property becomes valuable, and, consequently, gives cause for injustice; then, when laws are appointed to repress injury and secure possession; when men, by the sanction of these laws, become possessed of superfluity; when luxury is thus introduced, and demands its continual supply, then it is that the sciences become necessary and useful; the state then cannot subsist without them; they must then be introduced, at once to teach men to draw the greatest possible quantity of pleasure from circumscribed possession, and to restrain them within the bounds of moderate enjoyment.

The sciences are not the cause of luxury, but its consequence; and this destroyer thus brings with it an antidote which resists the virulence of its own poison. By asserting that luxury introduces the sciences, we assert a truth; but if, with those who reject the utility of learning, we assert that the sciences also introduce luxury, we shall be at once false, absurd, and ridiculous. Adieu.

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FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT  
OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

Anecdotes of several Poets who lived and died in circumstances of great Wretchedness.

I FANCY the character of a poet is in every country the same, fond of enjoying the present, careless of the future; his conversation that of a man of



sense, his actions those of a fool ; of fortitude able to stand unmoved at the bursting of an earthquake, yet of sensibility to be affected by the breaking of a teacup. Such is his character, which, considered in every light, is the very opposite of that which leads to riches.

The poets of the West are as remarkable for their indigence as their genius ; and yet, among the numerous hospitals designed to relieve the poor, I have heard of but one erected for the benefit of decayed authors. This was founded by Pope Urban VIII., and called the retreat of the incurables, intimating that it was equally impossible to reclaim the patients who sued for reception from poverty or from poetry. To be sincere, were I to send you an account of the lives of the Western poets, either ancient or modern, I fancy you would think me employed in collecting materials for a history of human wretchedness.

Homer is the first poet and beggar of note among the ancients ; he was blind, and sung his ballads about the streets ; but it is observed that his mouth was more frequently filled with verses than with bread. Plautus, the comic poet, was better off ; he had two trades ; he was a poet for his diversion, and helped to turn a mill in order to gain a livelihood. Terence was a slave, and Boethius died in a jail.

Among the Italians, Paulo Borghese, almost as good a poet as Tasso, knew fourteen different trades, and yet died because he could get employment in none. Tasso himself, who had the most amiable character of all poets, has often been obliged to borrow a crown from some friend in order to pay for a month's subsistence. He has left us a pretty sonnet addressed to his cat, in which he begs the light of her eyes to write by, being too poor to afford himself a candle. But Bentivoglio, poor Bentivoglio ! chiefly demands our pity. His comedies will last with the Italian language ; he dissipated a noble

fortune in acts of charity and benevolence ; but, falling into misery in his old age, was refused admittance into a hospital which he himself had erected.

In Spain, it is said the great Cervantes died of hunger ; and it is certain that the famous Camoens ended his days in a hospital.

If we turn to France, we shall there find even stronger instances of the ingratitude of the public. Vaugelas, one of the politest writers and one of the honestest men of his time, was surnamed the owl, from his being obliged to keep within all day and venture out only by night, through fear of his creditors. His last will is very remarkable ; after having bequeathed all his worldly substance to the discharging of his debts, he goes on thus : “but as there may still remain some creditors unpaid even after all that I have shall be disposed of, in such a case it is my last will that my body should be sold to the surgeons to the best advantage, and that the purchase should go to the discharging those debts which I owe to society ; so that, if I could not while living, at least when dead I may be useful.”

Cassander was one of the greatest geniuses of his time, yet all his merit could not procure him a bare subsistence. Being by degrees driven into a hatred of all mankind from the little pity he found among them, he even ventured at last, ungratefully, to impute his calamities to Providence. In his last agonies, when the priest entreated him to rely on the justice of Heaven, and ask mercy from him that made him, “If God,” replies he, “has shown me no justice here, what reason have I to expect any from him hereafter?” But being answered that a suspension of justice was no argument that should induce us to doubt of its reality, “Let me entreat you,” continued his confessor, “by all that is dear, to be reconciled to God, your father, your maker, and friend.” “No,” replied the exasperated wretch, “you know the manner in which he left me to live

(and, pointing to the straw on which he was stretched), and you see the manner in which he leaves me to die !”

But the sufferings of the poet in other countries is nothing when compared to his distresses here ; the names of Spenser and Otway, Butler and Dryden, are every day mentioned as a national reproach ; some of them lived in a state of precarious indigence, and others literally died of hunger.

At present, the few poets of England no longer depend on the great for subsistence ; they have now no other patrons but the public, and the public, collectively considered, is a good and generous master. It is, indeed, too frequently mistaken as to the merits of every candidate for favour ; but, to make amends, it is never mistaken long. A performance, indeed, may be forced for a time into reputation, but, destitute of real merit, it soon sinks ; time, the touchstone of what is truly valuable, will soon discover the fraud, and an author should never arrogate to himself any share of success till his works have been read at least ten years with satisfaction.

A man of letters at present, whose works are valuable, is perfectly sensible of their value. Every polite member of the community, by buying what he writes, contributes to reward him. The ridicule, therefore, of living in a garret might have been wit in the last age, but continues such no longer, because no longer true. A writer of real merit now may easily be rich, if his heart be set only on fortune ; and for those who have no merit, it is but fit that such should remain in merited obscurity. He may now refuse an invitation to dinner without fearing his patron's displeasure, or to starve by remaining at home. He may now venture to appear in company with just such clothes as other men generally wear, and talk even to princes with all the conscious superiority of wisdom. Though he cannot boast of fortune here, yet he can bravely assert the dignity of independence. Adieu.

## FROM THE SAME.

The trifling Squabbles of Stage-players Ridiculed.

I HAVE interested myself so long in all the concerns of this people, that I am almost become an Englishman; I now begin to read with pleasure of their taking towns or gaining battles, and secretly wish disappointment to all the enemies of Britain. Yet still my regard to mankind fills me with concern for their contentions. I could wish to see the disturbances of Europe once more amicably adjusted. I am an enemy to nothing in this good world but war; I hate fighting between rival states; I hate it between man and man; I hate fighting even between women!

I already informed you, that, while Europe was at variance, we were also threatened from the stage with an irreconcilable opposition, and that our singing women were resolved to sing at each other to the end of the season. Oh, my friend, those fears were just. They are not only determined to sing at each other to the end of the season, but, what is worse, to sing the same song, and, what is still more insupportable, to make us pay for hearing.

If they be for war, for my part I should advise them to have a public congress, and there fairly squall to each other. What signifies sounding the trumpet of defiance at a distance, and calling in the town to fight their battles. I would have them come boldly into one of the most open and frequented streets, face to face, and there to try their skill in quavering.

However this may be, resolved I am that they shall not touch one single piece of silver more of mine. Though I have ears for music, thanks to Heaven, they are not altogether asses' ears. What! Polly and the Pickpocket to-night, Polly and the

Pickpocket to-morrow night, and Polly and the Pickpocket again ! I want patience. I'll hear no more. My soul is out of time. All jarring discord and confusion. Rest, rest, ye three dear clinking shillings in my pocket's bottom ; the music you make is more harmonious to my spirit than catgut, rosin, or all the nightingales that ever chirruped in petticoats.

But what raises my indignation to the greatest degree is, that this piping does not only pester me on the stage, but is my punishment in private conversation. What is it to me whether the fine pipe of one, or the great manner of the other, be preferable ? What care I if one has a better top, or the other a nobler bottom ? How am I concerned if one sings from the stomach, or the other sings with a snap ? Yet, paltry as these matters are, they make a subject of debate wherever I go ; and this musical dispute, especially among the fair sex, almost always ends in a very unmusical altercation.

Sure the spirit of contention is mixed with the very constitution of the people ; divisions among the inhabitants of other countries arise only from their higher concerns ; but subjects the most contemptible are made an affair of party here ; the spirit is carried even into their amusements. The very ladies, whose duty should seem to allay the impetuosity of the opposite sex, become themselves party champions, engage in the tricks of the fight, scold at each other, and show their courage even at the expense of their lovers and their beauty.

There are even a numerous set of poets who help to keep up the contention and write for the stage. Mistake me not, I do not mean pieces to be acted upon it, but panegyrical verses on the performers ; for that is the most universal method of writing for the stage at present. It is the business of the stage poet, therefore, to watch the appearance of every new player at his own house, and so come out next day with a flaunting copy of newspaper verses. In

these, nature and the actor may be set to run races, the player always coming off victorious; or nature may mistake him for herself; or old Shakspeare may put on his winding-sheet, and pay him a visit; or the tuneful nine may strike up their harps in his praise; or, should it happen to be an actress, Venus, the beauteous queen of love, and the naked Graces, are ever in waiting: the lady must be herself a goddess bred and born; she must—but you shall have a specimen of one of these poems, which may convey a more precise idea.

ON SEEING MRS. ——— PERFORM IN THE CHARACTER OF ———.

“To you, bright fair, the nine address their lays,  
And tune my feeble voice to sing thy praise.  
'The heartfelt power of every charm divine,  
Who can withstand their all-commanding shine?  
See how she moves along with every grace,  
While soul-bought tears steal down each shining face!  
She speaks, 'tis rapture all and nameless bliss;  
Ye gods, what transport e'er compared to this?  
As when, in Paphian groves, the queen of love,  
With fond complaint address'd the list'ning Jove,  
'Twas joy and endless blisses all around,  
And rocks forgot their hardness at the sound.  
Then first, at last e'en Jove was taken in,  
And felt her charms, without disguise, within.”

And yet think not, my friend, that I have any particular animosity against the champions who are at the head of the present commotion; on the contrary, I could find pleasure in the music if served up at proper intervals; if I heard it only on proper occasions, and not about it wherever I go. In fact, I could patronise them both; and, as an instance of my condescension in this particular, they may come and give me a song at my lodgings on any evening when I'm at leisure, provided they keep a becoming distance, and stand, while they continue to entertain me, with decent humility, at the door.

You perceive I have not read the seventeen books of Chinese ceremonies to no purpose. I know the



proper share of respect due to every rank of society. Stage-players, fire-eaters, singing-women, dancing-dogs, wild beasts, and wire-walkers, as their efforts are exerted for our amusement, ought not entirely to be despised. The laws of every country should allow them to play their tricks at least with impunity. They should not be branded with the ignominious appellation of vagabonds ; at least, they deserve a rank in society equal to the mystery of barbers or undertakers ; and, could my influence extend so far, they should be allowed to earn even forty or fifty pounds a year, if eminent in their profession.

I am sensible, however, that you will censure me of profusion in this respect, bred up, as you are, in the narrow prejudices of Eastern frugality. You will undoubtedly assert that such a stipend is too great for so useless an employment. Yet how will your surprise increase when told that, though the law holds them as vagabonds, many of them earn more than a thousand a year ! You are amazed. There is cause for amazement. A vagabond with a thousand a year is indeed a curiosity in nature ; a wonder far surpassing the flying fish, petrified crab, or travelling lobster. However, from my great love to the profession, I would willingly have them divested of their contempt and part of their finery ; the law should kindly take them under the wing of protection, fix them into a corporation like that of the barbers, and abridge their ignominy and their pensions. As to their abilities in other respects, I would leave that entirely to the public, who are certainly, in this case, the properest judges, whether they despise them or not.

Yes, my Fum, I would abridge their pensions. A theatrical warrior, who conducts the battles of the stage, should be cooped up with the same caution as a Bantam cock that is kept for fighting. When one

of those animals is taken from its native dunghill, we retrench it both in the quantity of its food and the number of its seraglio : players should in the same manner be fed, not fattened ; they should be permitted to get their bread, but not eat the people's into the bargain.

Were stage-players thus brought into bonds, perhaps we should find their admirers less sanguine, and, consequently, less ridiculous in patronising them. We should be no longer struck with the absurdity of seeing the same people, whose valour makes such a figure abroad, apostrophizing in the praise of a bouncing blockhead, and wrangling in the defence of a copper-tailed actress at home.

I shall conclude my letter with the sensible admonition of Mé the philosopher. "You love harmony," says he, "and are charmed with music. I do not blame you for hearing a fine voice when you are in your closet, with a lovely parterre under your eye, or in the night-time, while perhaps the moon diffuses her silver rays. But is a man to carry this passion so far as to let a company of comedians, musicians, and singers grow rich upon his exhausted fortune ? If so, he resembles one of those dead bodies whose brains the embalmers have picked out through its ears." Adieu.

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FROM THE SAME.

The Races of Newmarket ridiculed.—The Description of a Cartrace.

OF all the places of amusement where gentlemen and ladies are entertained, I have not been yet to visit Newmarket. This, I am told, is a large field, where, upon certain occasions, three or four horses

are brought together, then set a running, and that horse which runs the swiftest wins the wager.

This is reckoned a very polite and fashionable amusement here, much more followed by the nobility than partridge fighting at Java, or paper-kites in Madagascar. Several of the great here, I am told, understand as much of farriery as their grooms; and a horse with any share of merit can never want a patron among the nobility.

We have a description of this entertainment almost every day in some of the gazettes, as for instance: "On such a day the Give and Take Plate was run for between his grace's Crab, his lordship's Periwinkle, and Squire Smackem's Slamerkin. All rode their own horses. There was the greatest concourse of nobility that has been known here for several seasons. The odds were in favour of Crab in the beginning; but Slamerkin, after the first heat, seemed to have the match hollow: however, it was soon seen that Periwinkle improved in wind, which at last turned out accordingly; Crab was run to a stand still, Slamerkin was knocked up, and Periwinkle was brought in with universal applause." Thus, you see, Periwinkle received universal applause; and no doubt his lordship came in for some share of that praise which was so liberally bestowed upon Periwinkle. Sun of China! how glorious must the senator appear in his cap and leather breeches, his whip crossed in his mouth, and thus coming to the goal among the shouts of grooms, jockeys, pimps, stable-bred dukes, and degraded generals!

From the description of this princely amusement, now transcribed, and from the great veneration I have for the characters of its principal promoters, I make no doubt but I shall look upon a horserace with becoming reverence, predisposed as I am by a similar amusement of which I have lately been a spectator, for just now I happened to have an opportunity of being present at a cartrace.

Whether this contention between three carts of different parishes was promoted by a subscription among the nobility, or whether the grand jury, in council assembled, had gloriously combined to encourage plaustral merit, I cannot take upon me to determine ; but, certain it is, the whole was conducted with the utmost regularity and decorum ; and the company, which made a brilliant appearance, were universally of opinion that the sport was high, the running fine, and the riders influenced by no bribe.

It was run on the road from London to a village called Brentford, between a turnip-cart, a dust-cart, and a dung-cart, each of the owners condescending to mount and be his own driver. The odds at starting were Dust against Dung five to four ; but, after half a mile's going, the knowing ones found themselves all on the wrong side, and it was Turnip against the field, brass to silver.

Soon, however, the contest became more doubtful ; Turnip indeed kept the way, but it was perceived that Dung had better bottom. The road re-echoed with the shouts of the spectators. "Dung against Turnip ! Turnip against Dung !" was now the universal cry ; neck and neck ; one rode lighter, but the other had more judgment. I could not but particularly observe the ardour with which the fair sex espoused the cause of the different riders on this occasion ; one was charmed with the unwashed beauties of Dung ; another was captivated with the patibulary aspect of Turnip ; while, in the mean time, unfortunate, gloomy Dust, who came whipping behind, was cheered by the encouragement of some, and pity of all.

The contention now continued for some time, without a possibility of determining to whom victory designed the prize. The winning-post appeared in view, and he who drove the turnip-cart assured himself of success ; and successful he might have been

had his horse been as ambitious as he ; but, upon approaching a turn from the road which led homeward, the horse fairly stood still, and refused to move a foot farther. The dung-cart had scarcely time to enjoy this temporary triumph, when it was pitched headlong into a ditch by the wayside, and the rider left to wallow in congenial mud. Dust, in the mean time, soon came up ; and, not being far from the post, came in amid the shouts and acclamations of all the spectators, and greatly caressed by all the quality of Brentford. Fortune was kind only to one, who ought to have been favourable to all ; each had peculiar merit, each laboured hard to earn the prize, and each richly deserved the cart he drove.

I do not know whether this description may not have anticipated that which I intended giving of Newmarket. I am told there is little else to be seen even there. There may be some minute differences in the dress of the spectators, but none at all in their understandings ; the quality of Brentford are as remarkable for politeness and delicacy as the breeders of Newmarket. The quality of Brentford drive their carts, and the honourable fraternity of Newmarket ride their own horses. In short, the matches in one place are as rational as those in the other ; and it is more than probable that turnips, dust, and dung are all that can be found to furnish out description in either.

Forgive me, my friend ; but a person like me, bred up in a philosophic seclusion, is apt to regard, perhaps, with too much asperity, those occurrences which sink man below his station in nature, and diminish the intrinsic value of humanity. Adieu.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

The Ladies Advised to get Husbands.—A Story to the purpose.

As the instruction of the fair sex in this country is entirely committed to the care of foreigners ; as their language-masters, music-masters, hair-frizzers, and governesses are all from abroad, I had some intentions of opening a female academy myself, and made no doubt, as I was quite a foreigner, of meeting a favourable reception.

In this I intended to instruct the ladies in all the conjugal mysteries. Wives should be taught the art of managing husbands, and maids the skill of properly choosing them. I would teach a wife how far she might venture to be sick without giving disgust : she should be acquainted with the great benefits of the colic in the stomach, and all the thorough-bred insolence of fashion. Maids should learn the secret of nicely distinguishing every competitor : they should be able to know the difference between a pedant and a scholar, a citizen and a prig, a squire and his horse, a beau and his monkey ; but, chiefly, they should be taught the art of managing their smiles, from the contemptuous simper to the long, laborious laugh.

But I have discontinued the project ; for what would signify teaching ladies the manner of governing or choosing husbands, when marriage is at present so much out of fashion, that a lady is very well off who can get any husband at all. Celibacy now prevails in every rank of life ; the streets are crowded with old bachelors, and the houses with ladies who have refused good offers, and are never likely to receive any for the future.

The only advice, therefore, I could give the fair sex, as things stand at present, is to get husbands as



fast as they can. There is certainly nothing in the whole creation, not even Babylon in ruins, more truly deplorable than a lady in the virgin bloom of sixty-three, or a battered unmarried beau, who squibs about from place to place, showing his pigtail wig and his ears. The one appears to my imagination in the form of a double nightcap or a roll of pomatum, the other in the shape of an electuary or a box of pills.

I would once more, therefore, advise the ladies to get husbands. I would desire them not to discard an old lover without very sufficient reasons, nor treat the new with ill-nature till they know him false. Let not prudes allege the falseness of the sex, coquettes the pleasures of long courtship, or parents the necessary preliminaries of penny for penny. I have reasons that would silence even a casuist in this particular. In the first place, therefore, I divide the subject into fifteen heads, and then, "*sic argumentor*;" but, not to give you and myself the spleen, be contented at present with an Indian tale.

In a winding of the river Amidar, just before it falls into the Caspian Sea, there lies an island unfrequented by the inhabitants of the Continent. In this seclusion, blessed with all that wild, uncultivated nature could bestow, lived a princess and her two daughters. She had been wrecked upon the coast while her children as yet were infants, who, of consequence, though grown up, were entirely unacquainted with man. Yet, unexperienced as the young ladies were in the opposite sex, both early discovered symptoms, the one of prudery, the other of being a coquette. The eldest was ever learning maxims of wisdom and discretion from her mamma, while the youngest employed all her hours in gazing at her own face in a neighbouring fountain.

Their usual amusement in this solitude was fishing: their mother had taught them all the secrets of the art: she showed them which were the most like-

ly places to throw out the line ; what baits were most proper for the various seasons ; and the best manner to draw up the finny prey when they had hooked it. In this manner they spent their time, easy and innocent, till one day the princess, being indisposed, desired them to go and catch her a sturgeon or a shark for supper, which she fancied might sit easy on her stomach. The daughters obeyed ; and, clapping on a goldfish, the usual bait on these occasions, went and sat upon one of the rocks, letting the gilded hook glide down with the stream.

On the opposite shore, farther down, at the mouth of the river, lived a diver for pearls, a youth who, by long habit in his trade, was almost grown amphibious, so that he could remain whole hours at the bottom of the water without ever fetching breath. He happened to be at that very instant diving when the ladies were fishing with the gilded hook. Seeing, therefore, the bait, which to him had the appearance of real gold, he was resolved to seize the prize ; but, both hands being already filled with pearl oysters, he found himself obliged to snap at it with his mouth. The consequence is easily imagined ; the hook, before unperceived, was instantly fastened in his jaw ; nor could he, with all his efforts or his floundering, get free.

“ Sister,” cries the youngest princess, “ I have certainly caught a monstrous fish ; I never perceived anything struggle so at the end of my line before ; come and help me to draw it in.” They both now, therefore, assisted in fishing up the diver on shore ; but nothing could equal their surprise upon seeing him. “ Bless my eyes,” cries the prude, “ what have we got here ? This is a very odd fish, to be sure ! I never saw anything in my life so queer ! What eyes ! what terrible claws ! what a monstrous snout ! I have read of this monster somewhere before : it certainly must be a tanglang, that eats women. Let us throw it back into the sea where we found it.”

The diver, in the mean time, stood upon the beach at the end of the line, with the hook in his mouth, using every art that he thought could best excite pity, and particularly looking extremely tender, which is usual in such circumstances. The coquette, therefore, in some measure influenced by the innocence of his looks, ventured to contradict her companion. "Upon my word, sister," says she, "I see nothing in the animal so very terrible as you are pleased to apprehend. I think it may serve well enough for a change. Always sharks, and sturgeons, and lobsters, and crawfish make me quite sick. I fancy a slice of this, nicely grilladed, and dressed up with shrimp-sauce, would be very pretty eating. I fancy mamma would like a bit with pickles above all things in the world: and, if it should not sit easy on her stomach, it will be time enough to discontinue it when found disagreeable, you know." "Horrid!" cries the prude; "would the girl be poisoned. I tell you it is a taglang. I have read of it in twenty places. It is everywhere described as the most pernicious animal that ever infested the ocean. I am certain it is the most insidious, ravenous creature in the world; and is certain destruction if taken internally." The youngest sister was now, therefore, obliged to submit: both assisted in drawing the hook, with some violence, from the diver's jaw; and he, finding himself at liberty, bent his breast against the broad wave, and disappeared in an instant.

Just at this juncture the mother came down to the beach to know the cause of her daughters' delay. They told her every circumstance, describing the monster they had caught. The old lady was one of the most discreet women in the world. She was called the black-eyed princess, from two black eyes she had received in her youth, being a little addicted to boxing in her liquor. "Alas, my children!" cries she, "what have you done? The fish you caught

was a manfish; one of the most tame domestic animals in the world. We could have let him run and play about the garden, and he would have been twenty times more entertaining than our squirrel or monkey." "If that be all," says the young coquette, "we will fish for him again. If that be all, I will hold three toothpicks to one pound of snuff I catch him whenever I please." Accordingly, they threw in their line once more; but, with all their gilding, and paddling, and assiduity, they could never after catch the diver. In this state of solitude and disappointment they continued for many years, still fishing, but without success; till, at last, the genius of the place, in pity for their distress, changed the prude into a shrimp and the coquette into an oyster. Adieu.

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## FROM THE SAME.

The Folly of remote or useless Distinctions among the Learned.

I AM amused, my dear Fum, with the labours of some of the learned here. One shall write you a whole folio on the dissection of a caterpillar. Another shall swell his works with a description of the plumage on the wing of a butterfly; a third shall see a little world on a peach-leaf, and publish a book to describe what his readers might see more clearly in two minutes, only by being furnished with eyes and a microscope.

I have frequently compared the understandings of such men to their own glasses. Their field of vision is too contracted to take in the whole of any but minute objects; they view all nature bit by bit; now the proboscis, now the antennæ, now the pinnæ of—a flea. Now the polypus comes to breakfast upon a worm; now it is kept up to see how long it will live without eating; now it is turned inside outward;

and now it sickens and dies. Thus they proceed, laborious in trifles, constant in experiment, without one single abstraction, by which alone knowledge may be properly said to increase ; till, at last, their ideas, ever employed upon minute things, contract to the size of the diminutive object, and a single mite shall fill their whole mind's capacity.

Yet, believe me, my friend, ridiculous as these men are to the world, they are set up as objects of esteem for each other. They have particular places appointed for their meetings, in which one shows his cockle-shell, and is praised by all the society ; another produces his powder, makes some experiments that result in nothing, and comes off with admiration and applause ; a third comes out with the important discovery of some new process in the skeleton of a mole, and is set down as the accurate and sensible ; while one, still more fortunate than the rest, by pickling, potting, and preserving monsters, rises into unbounded reputation.

The labours of such men, instead of being calculated to amuse the public, are laid out only for diverting each other. The world becomes very little the better or the wiser for knowing what is the peculiar food of an insect, that is itself the food of another, which, in its turn, is eaten by a third. But there are men who have studied themselves into a habit of investigating and admiring such minutiae. To these such objects are pleasing, as there are some who contentedly spend whole days in endeavouring to solve enigmas, or disentangle the puzzling sticks of children.

But, of all the learned, those who pretend to investigate remote antiquity have least to plead in their own defence when they carry this passion to a faulty excess. They are generally found to supply by conjecture the want of record ; and then, by perseverance, are wrought up into a confidence of the truth of opinions, which even to themselves appeared founded only in imagination.

The Europeans have heard much of the kingdom of China : its politeness, arts, commerce, laws, and morals are, however, but very imperfectly known among them. They have even now in their Indian warehouses numberless utensils, plants, minerals, and machines, of the use of which they are entirely ignorant ; nor can any among them even make a probable guess for what they might have been designed. Yet, though this people be so ignorant of the present real state of China, the philosophers I am describing have entered into long, learned, laborious disputes about what China was two thousand years ago. China and European happiness are but little connected even at this day ; but European happiness, and China two thousand years ago, have certainly no connexion at all. However, the learned have written on and pursued the subject through all the labyrinths of antiquity ; though the early dews and the tainted gale be passed away, though no footsteps remain to direct the doubtful chase, yet still they run forward, open upon the uncertain scent, and though, in fact, they follow nothing, are earnest in the pursuit. In this chase, however, they all take different ways. One, for example, confidently assures us that China was peopled by a colony from Egypt. Sesostris, he observes, led his army as far as the Ganges ; therefore, if he went so far, he might still have gone as far as China, which is but a thousand miles from thence ; therefore he did go to China ; therefore China was not peopled before he went there ; therefore it was peopled by him. Besides, the Egyptians have pyramids ; the Chinese have, in like manner, their porcelain tower : the Egyptians used to light up candles upon every rejoicing, the Chinese have lanterns upon the same occasion : the Egyptians had their great river, so have the Chinese ; but what serves to put the matter past a doubt is, that the ancient kings of China and those of Egypt were called by the same names. The Emperor Ki



is certainly the same with King Atoes ; for, if we only change K into A, and i into toes, we shall have the name Atoes ; and, with equal ease, Menes may be proved to be the same with the Emperor Yu ; therefore the Chinese are a colony from Egypt.

But another of the learned is entirely different from the last : and he will have the Chinese to be a colony planted by Noah just after the deluge. First, from the vast similitude there is between the name of Fohi, the founder of the Chinese monarchy, and that of Noah, the preserver of the human race ; Noah, Fohi, very like each other, truly ; they have each but four letters, and only two of the four happen to differ. But, to strengthen the argument, Fohi, as the Chinese chronicle asserts, had no father. Noah, it is true, had a father, as the European Bible tells us ; but, then, as this father was probably drowned in the flood, it is just the same as if he had no father at all ; therefore Noah and Fohi are the same. Just after the flood, the earth was covered with mud ; if it was covered with mud, it must have been incrustated mud ; if it was incrustated, it was clothed with verdure ; this was a fine, unembarrassed road for Noah to fly from his wicked children ; he therefore did fly from them, and took a journey of two thousand miles for his own amusement ; therefore Noah and Fohi are the same.

Another sect of literati—for they all pass among the vulgar for very great scholars—assert that the Chinese came neither from the colony of Sesostris nor from Noah, but are descended from Magog, Meshec, and Tubal ; and, therefore, neither Sesostris, nor Noah, nor Fohi is the same.

It is thus, my friend, that indolence assumes the airs of wisdom ; and, while it tosses the cup and ball with infantine folly, desires the world to look on, and calls the stupid pastime philosophy and learning. Adieu.

## FROM THE SAME.

The English subject to the Spleen.

WHEN the men of this country are once turned of thirty, they regularly retire every year at proper intervals to lie in of the spleen. The vulgar, unfurnished with the luxurious comforts of the soft cushion, down bed, and easy chair, are obliged, when the fit is on them, to nurse it up by drinking, idleness, and ill-humour. In such dispositions, unhappy is the foreigner who happens to cross them; his long chin, tarnished coat, or pinched hat are sure to receive no quarter. If they meet no foreigner, however, to fight with, they are in such cases generally content with beating each other.

The rich, as they have more sensibility, are operated upon with greater violence by this disorder. Different from the poor, instead of becoming more insolent, they grow totally unfit for opposition. A general here, who would have faced a culverin when well, if the fit be on him, shall hardly find courage to snuff a candle. An admiral, who could have opposed a broadside without shrinking, shall sit whole days in his chamber, mobbed up in double night-caps, shuddering at the intrusive breeze, and distinguishable from his wife only by his black beard and heavy eyebrows.

In the country this disorder mostly attacks the fair sex; in town it is most unfavourable to the men. A lady, who has pined whole years amid cooing doves and complaining nightingales in rural retirement, shall resume all her vivacity in one night at a city gaming-table; her husband, who roared, hunted, and got drunk at home, shall grow splenetic in town in proportion to his wife's good-humour. Upon their arrival in London they change their disorders. In consequence of her parties and

excursions, he puts on the furred cap and scarlet stomacher, and perfectly resembles an Indian husband, who, when his wife is safely delivered, permits her to transact business abroad, while he undergoes all the formality of keeping his bed, and receiving all the condolence in her place.

But those who reside constantly in town owe this disorder mostly to the influence of the weather. It is impossible to describe what a variety of transmutations an east wind shall produce. It has been known to change a lady of fashion into a parlour couch; an alderman into a plate of custard; and a dispenser of justice into a rattrap. Even philosophers themselves are not exempt from its influence. It has often converted a poet into a coral and bells, and a patriot senator into a dumb waiter.

Some days ago I went to visit the man in black, and entered his house with that cheerfulness which the certainty of a favourable reception always inspires. Upon opening the door of his apartment, I found him with the most rueful face imaginable, in a morning-gown and flannel nightcap, earnestly employed in learning to blow the German flute. Struck with the absurdity of a man in the decline of life thus blowing away all his constitution and spirits, even without the consolation of being musical, I ventured to ask what could induce him to attempt learning so difficult an instrument so late in life. To this he made no reply; but, groaning, and still holding the flute to his lips, continued to gaze at me for some moments very angrily, and then proceeded to practise his gamut as before. After having produced a variety of the most hideous tones in nature, at last, turning to me, he demanded whether I did not think he made a surprising progress in two days. "You see," continues he, "I have got the ambusheer already; and, as for fingering, my master tells me I shall have that in a few lessons more." I was so much astonished with this instance of in-

verted ambition, that I knew not what to reply, but soon discerned the cause of all his absurdities ; my friend was under a metamorphosis by the power of spleen, and flute-blowing was unluckily become his adventitious passion.

In order, therefore, to banish his anxiety imperceptibly by seeming to indulge it, I began to descant on those gloomy topics by which philosophers often get rid of their own spleen by communicating it ; the wretchedness of a man in this life, the happiness of some wrought out of the miseries of others, the necessity that some should expire under punishment, that rogues might enjoy affluence in tranquillity. I led him on from the inhumanity of the rich to the ingratitude of the beggar ; from the insincerity of refinement to the fierceness of rusticity ; and at last had the good fortune to restore him to his usual serenity of temper, by permitting him to expatiate upon all the modes of human misery.

“ Some nights ago,” says my friend, “ sitting alone by my fire, I happened to look into an account of the detection of a set of men called the thieftakers. I read over the many hideous cruelties of those haters of mankind ; of their pretended friendship to wretches they meant to betray ; of their sending out men to rob, and then hanging them. I could not avoid sometimes interrupting the narrative by crying out, Yet these are men ! As I went on, I was informed that they had lived by this practice several years, and had been enriched by the price of blood ; and yet, cried I, I have been sent into this world, and am desired to call these my brothers ! I read that the very man who led the condemned wretch to the gallows was he who falsely swore his life away ; and yet, continued I, that perjurer had just such a nose, such lips, such hands, and such eyes as Newton. I at last came to the account of the wretch that was searched after robbing one of the thieftakers of half

a crown. Those of the confederacy knew that he had got but that single half crown in the world ; after a long search, therefore, which they knew would be fruitless, and taking from him half a crown, which they knew was all he had, one of the gang compassionately cried out, Alas ! poor creature, let him keep all the rest he has got ; it will do him service in Newgate, where we are sending him. This was an instance of such complicated guilt and hypocrisy, that I threw down the book in an agony of rage, and began to think with malice of all the human kind. I sat silent for some minutes, and, soon perceiving the ticking of my watch beginning to grow noisy and troublesome, I quickly placed it out of hearing, and strove to resume my serenity. But the watchman soon gave me a second alarm. I had scarcely recovered from this, when my peace was assaulted by the wind at my window ; and when that ceased to blow, I listened for death-watches in the wainscot. I now found my whole system discomposed. I strove to find a resource in philosophy and reason ; but what could I oppose, or where direct my blow, when I could see no enemy to combat. I saw no misery approaching, nor knew any I had to fear, yet still I was miserable. Morning came ; I sought for tranquillity in dissipation ; sauntered from one place of public resort to another, but found myself disagreeable to my acquaintance, and ridiculous to others. I tried, at different times, dancing, fencing, and riding. I resolved geometrical problems, shaped tobacco-stoppers, wrote verses, and cut paper. At last I placed my affections on music, and find that earnest employment, if it cannot cure, at least will palliate every anxiety." Adieu.

## FROM THE SAME.

The Influence of Climate and Soil upon the Temper and Disposition of the English.

It is no unpleasing contemplation to consider the influence which soil and climate have upon the disposition of the inhabitants, the animals, and vegetables of different countries. That among the brute creation is much more visible than in man, and that in vegetables more than either. In some places, those plants which are entirely poisonous at home, lose their deleterious quality by being carried abroad. There are serpents in Macedonia so harmless as to be used as playthings for children; and we are told that, in some parts of Fez, there are lions so very timorous as to be scared away, though coming in herds, by the cries of women.

I know of no country where the influence of climate and soil is more visible than in England. The same hidden cause which gives courage to their dogs and cocks, gives also fierceness to their men. But chiefly this ferocity appears among the vulgar. The polite of every country pretty nearly resemble each other. But, as in simpling, it is among the uncultivated productions of nature we are to examine the characteristic differences of climate and soil, so, in an estimate of the genius of the people, we must look among the sons of unpolished rusticity. The vulgar English, therefore, may be easily distinguished from all the rest of the world by superior pride, impatience, and a peculiar hardness of soul.

Perhaps no qualities in the world are more susceptible of a fine polish than these: artificial complaisance and easy deference being superinduced over these, generally forms a great character; something at once elegant and majestic; affable, yet sincere. Such, in general, are the better sort; but they



who are left in primitive rudeness, are the least disposed for society with others, or comfort internally, of any people under the sun.

The poor, indeed, of every country are but little prone to treat each other with tenderness; their own miseries are too apt to engross all their pity; and perhaps, too, they give but little commiseration, as they find but little from others. But in England the poor treat each other upon every occasion with more than savage animosity, and as if they were in a state of open war by nature. In China, if two porters should meet in a narrow street, they would lay down their burdens, make a thousand excuses to each other for the accidental interruption, and beg pardon on their knees; if two men of the same occupation should meet here, they would first begin to scold, and at last to beat each other. One would think they had miseries enough resulting from penury and labour, not to increase them by ill-nature among themselves, and subjection to new penalties; but such considerations never weigh with them.

But, to recompense this strange absurdity, they are, in the main, generous, brave, and enterprising. They feel the slightest injuries with a degree of ungoverned impatience, but resist the greatest calamities with surprising fortitude. Those miseries under which any other people in the world would sink, they have often showed they were capable of enduring: if accidentally cast upon some desolate coast, their perseverance is beyond what any other nation is capable of sustaining; if imprisoned for crimes, their efforts to escape are greater than among others. The peculiar strength of their prisons, when compared to those elsewhere, argues their hardiness; even the strongest prisons I have ever seen in other countries would be very insufficient to confine the untameable spirit of an Englishman. In short, what man dares do in circumstances of danger, an Englishman will. His virtues seem to

sleep in the calm, and are called out only to combat the kindred storm.

But the greatest eulogy of this people is the generosity of their miscreants; the tenderness, in general, of their robbers and highwaymen. Perhaps no people can produce instances of the same kind, where the desperate mix pity with injustice, still showing that they understand a distinction in crimes, and even in acts of violence have still some tincture of remaining virtue. In every other country, robbery and murder go almost always together; here it seldom happens, except upon ill-judged resistance or pursuit. The banditti of other countries are unmerciful to a supreme degree; the highwayman and robber here are generous, at least in their intercourse among each other. Taking, therefore, my opinion of the English from the virtues and vices practised among the vulgar, they at once present to a stranger all their faults, and keep their virtues up only for the inquiring eye of a philosopher.

Foreigners are generally shocked at their insolence upon first coming among them; they find themselves ridiculed and insulted in every street; they meet with none of those trifling civilities so frequent elsewhere, which are instances of mutual good-will, without previous acquaintance; they travel through the country either too ignorant or too obstinate to cultivate a closer acquaintance; meet every moment something to excite their disgust, and return home to characterize this as the region of spleen, insolence, and ill-nature. In short, England would be the last place in the world I would travel to by way of amusement, but the first for instruction. I would choose to have others for my acquaintance, but Englishmen for my friends.

## TO THE SAME.

The Manner in which some Philosophers make Artificial Misery.

THE mind is ever ingenious in making its own distress. The wandering beggar, who has none to protect, to feed, or to shelter him, fancies complete happiness in labour and a full meal. Take him from rags and want, feed, clothe, and employ him, his wishes now rise one step above his station: he could be happy were he possessed of raiment, food, and ease. Suppose his wishes gratified even in these, his prospects widen as he ascends. He finds himself in affluence and tranquillity, indeed, but indolence soon breeds anxiety, and he desires not only to be free from pain, but to be possessed of pleasure. Pleasure is granted him, and this but opens his soul to ambition, and ambition will be sure to taint his future happiness, either with jealousy, disappointment, or fatigue.

But of all the arts of distress found out by man for his own torment, perhaps that of a philosophic misery is most truly ridiculous: a passion nowhere carried to so extravagant an excess as in the country where I now reside. It is not enough to engage all the compassion of a philosopher here that his own globe is harassed with wars, pestilence, or barbarity; he shall grieve for the inhabitants of the moon if the situation of her imaginary mountains happens to alter; and dread the extinction of the sun if the spots on his surface happen to increase. One should imagine that philosophy was introduced to make men happy, but here it serves to make hundreds miserable.

My landlady, some days ago, brought me the diary of a philosopher of this desponding sort, who had lodged in the apartment before me. It contains the

history of a life which seems to be one continued tissue of sorrow, apprehension, and distress. A single week will serve as a specimen of the whole.

*Monday.*—In what a transient, decaying situation are we placed, and what various reasons does philosophy furnish to make mankind unhappy! A single grain of mustard shall continue to produce its similitude through numberless successions; yet what has been granted to this little seed has been denied to our planetary system; the mustard-seed is still unaltered, but the system is growing old, and must quickly fall to decay. How terrible will it be when the motions of all the planets have at last become so irregular as to need repairing; when the moon shall fall into frightful paroxysms of alteration; when the earth, deviating from its ancient track, and with every other planet forgetting its circular revolutions, shall become so eccentric that, unconfin'd by the laws of system, it shall fly off into boundless space, to knock against some distant world, or fall in upon the sun, either extinguishing his light, or burned up by his flames in a moment. Perhaps while I write this dreadful change is begun. Shield me from universal ruin! Yet idiot man laughs, sings, and rejoices in the very face of the sun, and seems no way touched with his situation.

*Tuesday.*—Went to bed in great distress, awakened, and was comforted by considering that this change was to happen at some indefinite time, and therefore, like death, the thought of it might easily be borne. But there is a revolution, a fixed, determined revolution, which must certainly come to pass; yet which, by good fortune, I shall never feel, except in my posterity. The obliquity of the equator with the ecliptic is now twenty minutes less than when it was observed two thousand years ago by Piteas. If this be the case, in six thousand the obliquity will be still less by a whole degree. This being supposed, it is evident that our earth, as Lou-

ville has clearly proved, has a motion, by which the climates must necessarily change place, and, in the space of about one million of years, England shall actually travel to the Antarctic Pole. I shudder at the change! How shall our unhappy grandchildren endure the hideous climate? A million of years will soon be accomplished; they are but a moment when compared to eternity: then shall our charming country, as I may say, in a moment of time, resemble the hideous wilderness of Nova Zembla.

*Wednesday.*—To-night, by my calculation, the long-predicted comet is to make its first appearance. Heavens, what terrors are impending over our little dim speck of earth! Dreadful visitation! Are we to be scorched in its fires, or only smothered in the vapour of its tail? That is the question! Thoughtless mortals, go build houses, plant orchards, purchase estates, for to-morrow you die. But what if the comet should not come? That would be equally fatal. Comets are servants, which periodically return to supply the sun with fuel. If our sun, therefore, should be disappointed of the expected supply, and all his fuel be in the mean time burned out, he must expire like an exhausted taper. What a miserable situation must our earth be in without his enlivening ray? Have we not seen several neighbouring suns entirely disappear? Has not a fixed star, near the tail of the Ram, lately been quite extinguished?

*Thursday.*—The comet has not yet appeared. I am sorry for it: first, sorry because my calculation is false; secondly, sorry lest the sun should want fuel; thirdly, sorry lest the wits should laugh at our erroneous predictions; and, fourthly, sorry because, if it appears to-night, it must necessarily come within the sphere of the earth's attraction; and Heaven help the unhappy country on which it happens to fall!

*Friday.*—Our whole society have been out, all

eager in search of the comet. We have seen not less than sixteen comets in different parts of the heavens. However, we are unanimously resolved to fix upon one only to be the comet expected. That near Virgo wants nothing but a tail to fit it out completely for terrestrial admiration.

*Saturday.*—The moon is, I find, at her old pranks. Her appulses, librations, and other irregularities indeed amaze me. My daughter, too, is this morning gone off with a grenadier. No way surprising. I was never able to give her a relish for wisdom. She ever promised to be a mere expletive in the creation. But the moon, the moon gives me real uneasiness: I fondly fancied I had fixed her. I had thought her constant, and constant only to me; but every night discovers her infidelity, and proves me a desolate and abandoned lover. Adieu.

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#### TO THE SAME.

The fondness of some to admire the Writings of Lords, &c.

It is surprising what an influence titles shall have upon the mind, even though these titles be of our own making. Like children, we dress up the puppets in finery, and then stand in astonishment at the plastic wonder. I have been told of a rat-catcher here, who strolled for a long time about the villages near town without finding any employment; at last, however, he thought proper to take the title of his majesty's rat-catcher in ordinary, and this succeeded beyond his expectations: when once it was known he caught rats at court, all were ready to give him countenance and employment.

But of all the people, they who make books seem most perfectly sensible of the advantage of titular dignity. All seem convinced that a book written by vulgar hands can neither instruct nor improve;



none but kings, chams, and mandarines can write with any probability of success. If the titles inform me right, not only kings and courtiers, but emperors themselves, in this country, periodically supply the press.

A man here who should write, and honestly confess that he wrote for bread, might as well send his manuscript to fire the baker's oven: not one creature will read him: all must be court-bred poets, or pretend, at least, to be court-bred, who can expect to please. Should the caitiff fairly avow a design of emptying our pockets and filling his own, every reader would instantly forsake him; even those who write for bread themselves would combine to worry him, perfectly sensible that his attempt only served to take the bread out of their mouths.

And yet this silly prepossession the more amazes me when I consider that almost all the excellent productions in wit that have appeared here were purely the offspring of necessity; their Drydens, Butlers, Otways, and Farquhars were all writers for bread. Believe me, my friend, hunger has a most amazing faculty for sharpening the genius; and he who, with a full belly, can think like a hero, after a course of fasting shall rise to the sublimity of a demi-god.

But what will most amaze us is, that this very set of men, who are now so much depreciated by fools, are, however, the very best writers they have among them at present. For my own part, were I to buy a hat, I would not have it from a stocking-maker, but a hatter; were I to buy shoes, I should not go to the tailor for that purpose. It is just so with regard to wit: did I, for my life, desire to be well served, I would apply only to those who made it their trade, and lived by it. You smile at the oddity of my opinion; but be assured, my friend, that wit is in some measure mechanical, and that a man long habituated to catch at even its resemblance,

will at last be happy enough to possess the substance; by a long habit of writing, he acquires a justness of thinking and a mastery of manner, which holyday writers, even with ten times his genius, may vainly attempt to equal.

How, then, are they deceived who expect from title, dignity, and exterior circumstance an excellence which is, in some measure, acquired by habit and sharpened by necessity; you have seen, like me, many literary reputations promoted by the influence of fashion, which have scarce survived the possessor; you have seen the poor hardly earn the little reputation they acquired, and their merit only acknowledged when they were incapable of enjoying the pleasures of popularity; such, however, is the reputation worth possessing, that which is hardly earned is hardly lost. Adieu.

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FROM HINGPO IN MOSCOW, TO LIEN CHI ALTANGI IN  
LONDON.

The Philosopher's Son is again separated from his beautiful  
Companion.

WHERE will my disappointments end? Must I still be doomed to accuse the severity of my fortune, and show my constancy in distress rather than moderation in prosperity? I had, at least, hopes of conveying my charming companion safe from the reach of every enemy, and of again restoring her to her native soil. But those hopes are now no more.

Upon leaving Terki, we took the nearest road to the dominions of Russia. We passed the Ural Mountains, covered in eternal snow, and traversed the forest of Ufa, where the prowling bear and shrieking hyena keep an undisputed possession. We next embarked upon the rapid river Bulija, and

made the best of our way to the banks of the Wolga, where it waters the fruitful valleys of Casan.

There were two vessels in company, properly equipped and armed, in order to oppose the Wolga pirates, who, we were informed, infested this river. Of all mankind, these pirates are the most terrible. They are composed of the criminals and outlawed peasants of Russia, who fly to the forests that lie along the banks of the Wolga for protection. Here they join in parties, lead a savage life, and have no other subsistence but plunder. Being deprived of houses, friends, or a fixed habitation, they become more terrible even than the tiger, and as insensible to all the feelings of humanity. They neither give quarter to those they conquer, nor receive it when overpowered themselves. The severity of the laws against them serves to increase their barbarity, and seems to make them a neutral species of beings, between the wildness of the lion and the subtlety of the man. When taken alive, their punishment is hideous. A floating gibbet is erected, which is run down with the stream; here, upon an iron hook stuck under their ribs, and upon which the whole weight of their body depends, they are left to expire in the most terrible agonies; some being thus found to linger several days successively.

We were but three days' voyage from the confluence of this river into the Wolga, when we perceived, at a distance behind us, an armed bark coming up, with the assistance of sails and oars, in order to attack us. The dreadful signal of death was hung upon the masts, and our captain, with his glass, could easily discern them to be pirates. It is impossible to describe our consternation on this occasion; the whole crew instantly came together to consult the properest means of safety. It was, therefore, soon determined to send off our women and valuable commodities in one of our vessels, and that the men should stay in the other and boldly oppose

the enemy. This resolution was soon put into execution ; and I now reluctantly parted from the beautiful Zelis for the first time since our retreat from Persia. The vessel in which she was disappeared to my longing eyes in proportion as that of the pirates approached us. They soon came up ; but, upon examining our strength, and perhaps sensible of the manner in which we sent off our most valuable effects, they seemed more eager to pursue the vessel we had sent away than attack us. In this manner they continued to harass us for three days, still endeavouring to pass us without fighting. But, on the fourth day, finding it entirely impossible, and despairing to seize the expected booty, they desisted from their endeavours, and left us to pursue our voyage without interruption.

Our joy on this occasion was great ; but soon a disappointment more terrible, because unexpected, succeeded. The bark in which our women and treasure were sent off was wrecked upon the banks of the Wolga for want of a proper number of hands to manage her, and the whole crew carried by the peasants up the country. Of this, however, we were not sensible till our arrival at Moscow ; where, expecting to meet our separated bark, we were informed of its misfortune and our loss. Need I paint the situation of my mind on this occasion ? Need I describe all I feel when I despair of beholding the beautiful Zelis more ! Fancy had dressed the future prospect of my life in the gayest colouring, but one unexpected stroke of fortune has robbed it of every charm. Her dear idea mixes with every scene of pleasure ; and, without her presence to enliven it, the whole becomes tedious, insipid, insupportable. I will confess, now that she is lost, I will confess I loved her ; nor is it in the power of time or of reason to erase her image from my heart. Adieu.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

The Condolence and Congratulation upon the Death of the late King ridiculed.—English Mourning described.

THE manner of grieving for our departed friends in China is very different from that of Europe. The mourning colour of Europe is black, that of China white. When a parent or relation dies here—for they seldom mourn for friends—it is only clapping on a suit of sables, grimacing it for a few days, and all, soon forgotten, goes on as before; not a single creature missing the deceased, except, perhaps, a favourite housekeeper or a favourite cat.

On the contrary, with us in China it is a very serious affair. The piety with which I have seen you behave on one of these occasions should never be forgotten. I remember it was upon the death of thy grandmother's maiden sister. The coffin was exposed in the principal hall, in public view. Before it was placed the figures of eunuchs, horses, tortoises, and other animals, in attitudes of grief and respect. The more distant relations of the old lady, and I among the number, came to pay our compliments of condolence, and to salute the deceased, after the manner of our country. We had scarce presented our wax candles and perfumes, and given the bowl of departure, when, crawling on his belly from under a curtain, out came the reverend Fum Hoam himself, in all the dismal solemnity of distress. Your looks were set for sorrow; your clothing consisted of a hempen bag tied round the neck with a string. For two long months did this mourning continue. By night you lay stretched on a single mat, and sat on the stool of discontent by day. Pious man, who could thus set an example of sorrow

and decorum to our country. Pious country, where, if we do not grieve at the departure of our friends for their sakes, at least we are taught to regret them for our own.

All is very different here ; amazement all. What sort of people am I got among ! Fum, thou son of Fo, what sort of people am I got among ? No crawling round the coffin ; no dressing up in hempen bags ; no lying on mats nor sitting on stools. Gentlemen here shall put on first mourning with as sprightly an air as if preparing for a birthnight ; and widows shall actually dress for another husband in their weeds for the former. The best jest of all is, that our merry mourners clap bits of muslin on their sleeves, and these are called weepers. Weeping muslin ! alas ! alas ! very sorrowful, truly ! These weepers, then, it seems, are to bear the whole burden of the distress.

But I have had the strongest instance of this contrast—this tragi-comical behaviour in distress—upon a recent occasion. Their king, whose departure, though sudden, was not unexpected, died after a reign of many years. His age and uncertain state of health served, in some measure, to diminish the sorrow of his subjects, and their expectations from his successor seemed to balance their minds between uneasiness and satisfaction. But how ought they to have behaved on such an occasion ? Surely they ought rather to have endeavoured to testify their gratitude to their deceased friend, than to proclaim their hopes of the future. Sure even his successor must suppose their love to wear the face of adulation, which so quickly changed the object. However, the very same day on which the old king died, they made rejoicings for the new.

For my part, I have no conception of this new manner of mourning and rejoicing in a breath ; of being merry and sad ; of mixing a funeral procession with a jig and a bonfire. At least it would



have been just that they who flattered the king while living for virtues which he had not, should lament him dead for those he really had.

In this universal cause for national distress, as I had no interest myself, so it is but natural to suppose I felt no real affliction. "In all the losses of our friends," says a European philosopher, "we first consider how much our own welfare is affected by their departure, and moderate our real grief just in the same proportion." Now, as I had neither received nor expected to receive favours from kings or their flatterers; as I had no acquaintance in particular with their late monarch; as I knew that the place of a king is soon supplied; and, as the Chinese proverb has it, that, though the world may sometimes want cobblers to mend their shoes, there is no danger of its wanting emperors to rule their kingdoms; from such considerations, I could bear the loss of a king with the most philosophic resignation. However, I thought it my duty at least to appear sorrowful; to put on a melancholy aspect, or to set my face by that of the people.

The first company I came among, after the news became general, was a set of jolly companions, who were drinking prosperity to the ensuing reign. I entered the room with looks of despair, and even expected applause for the superlative misery of my countenance. Instead of that, I was universally condemned by the company for a grimacing son of Belial, and desired to take away my penitential phiz to some other quarter. I now corrected my former mistake, and, with the most sprightly air imaginable, entered a company where they were talking over the ceremonies of the approaching funeral. Here I sat for some time with an air of pert vivacity, when one of the chief mourners, immediately observing my good-humour, desired me, if I pleased, to go and grin somewhere else; they wanted no disaffected scoundrels there. Leaving this

company, therefore, I was resolved to assume a look perfectly neutral; and have ever since been studying the fashionable air, something between jest and earnest; a complete virginity of face, uncontaminated with the smallest symptom of meaning.

But, though grief be a very slight affair here, the mourning, my friend, is a very important concern. When an emperor dies in China, the whole expense of the solemnities is defrayed from the royal coffers. When the great die here, mandarines are ready enough to order mourning, but I do not see they are so ready to pay for it. If they send me down from court the gray undress frock, or the black cut without pocket-holes, I am willing enough to comply with their commands, and wear both; but, by the head of Confucius! to be obliged to wear black, and buy it into the bargain, is more than my tranquillity of temper can bear. What! order me to wear mourning before they know whether I can buy it or no! Fum, thou son of Fo, what sort of a people am I got among, where being out of black is a certain symptom of poverty; where those who have miserable faces cannot have mourning, and those who can have mourning will not wear a miserable face?

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#### FROM THE SAME.

##### A Description of the Courts of Justice in Westminster Hall.

I HAD some intentions lately of going to visit Bedlam, the place where those who go mad are confined. I went to wait upon the man in black to be my conductor; but I found him preparing to go to Westminster Hall, where the English hold their courts of justice. It gave me some surprise to find my friends engaged in a lawsuit, but more so when he informed me that it had been depending for several years.

"How is it possible," cried I, "for a man who knows the world to go to law! I am well acquainted with the courts of justice in China; they resemble rat-traps, every one of them; nothing more easy than to get in, but to get out again is attended with some difficulty, and more cunning than rats are generally found to possess!"

"Faith," replied my friend, "I should not have gone to law but that I was assured of success before I began; things were presented to me in so alluring a light, that I thought, by barely declaring myself a candidate for the prize, I had nothing more to do but to enjoy the fruits of the victory. Thus have I been upon the eve of an imaginary triumph every term these ten years; have travelled forward with victory ever in my view, but ever out of reach: however, at present, I fancy we have hampered our antagonist in such a manner, that, without some unforeseen demur, we shall this very day lay him fairly on his back."

"If things be so situated," said I, "I don't care if I attend you to the courts, and partake in the pleasure of your success. But prithee," continued I, as we set forward, "what reasons have you to think an affair at last concluded which has given you so many former disappointments?" "My lawyer tells me," returned he, "that I have Salkeld and Ventris strong in my favour, and that there are no less than fifteen cases in point." "I understand," said I, "those are two of your judges who have already declared their opinions." "Pardon me," replied my friend; "Salkeld and Ventris are lawyers who, some hundred years ago, gave their opinion on cases similar to mine: these opinions which make for me my lawyer is to cite, and those opinions which look another way are cited by the lawyer employed by my antagonist; as I observed, I have Salkeld and Ventris for me, he has Coke and Hale for him, and he that has most opinions is most likely to carry his

cause." "But where is the necessity," cried I, "of prolonging a suit by citing the opinions and reports of others, since the same good sense which determined lawyers in former ages may serve to guide your judges at this day? They at that time gave their opinions only from the light of reason; your judges have the same light at present to direct them; let me even add, a greater, as in former ages there were many prejudices from which the present is happily free. If arguing from authorities be exploded from every other branch of learning, why should it be particularly adhered to in this? I plainly foresee how such a method of investigation must embarrass every suit, and even perplex the student; ceremonies will be multiplied, formalities must increase, and more time will thus be spent in learning the arts of litigation than in the discovery of right."

"I see," cries my friend, "that you are for a speedy administration of justice; but all the world will grant, that the more time that is taken up in considering any subject, the better it will be understood. Besides, it is the boast of an Englishman that his property is secure, and all the world will grant that a deliberate administration of justice is the best way to secure his property. Why have we so many lawyers but to secure our property? why so many formalities but to secure our property? Not less than one hundred thousand families live in opulence, elegance, and ease merely by securing our property."

"To embarrass justice," returned I, "by a multiplicity of laws, or to hazard it by a confidence in our judges, are, I grant, the opposite rocks on which legislative wisdom has ever split; in one case, the client resembles that emperor who is said to have been suffocated with the bedclothes which were only designed to keep him warm; in the other, to that town which let the enemy take possession of its walls, in order to show the world how little they de-

pended on aught but courage for safety. But, bless me! what numbers do I see here; all in black! how is it possible that half this multitude find employment?" "Nothing so easily conceived," returned my companion; "they live by watching each other. For instance, the catchpole watches the man in debt, the attorney watches the catchpole, the counsellor watches the attorney, the solicitor the counsellor, and all find sufficient employment." "I conceive you," interrupted I, "they watch each other, but it is the client that pays them all for watching: it puts me in mind of a Chinese fable, which is entitled, Five Animals at a Meal."

"A grasshopper, filled with dew, was merrily singing under a shade; a whangam, that eats grasshoppers, had marked it for its prey, and was just stretching forth to devour it; a serpent, that had for a long time fed only on whangams, was coiled up to fasten on the whangam; a yellow-bird was just upon the wing to dart upon the serpent; a hawk had just stooped from above to seize the yellow-bird; all were intent on their prey and unmindful of their danger. So the whangam ate the grasshopper, the serpent ate the whangam, the yellow-bird the serpent, and the hawk the yellow-bird; when, sousing from on high, a vulture gobbled up the hawk, grasshopper, whangam, and all, in a moment."

I had scarce finished my fable, when the lawyer came to inform my friend that his cause was put off till another term; that money was wanted to retain, and that all the world was of opinion that the very next hearing would bring him off victorious. "If so, then," cries my friend, "I believe it will be my wisest way to continue the cause for another term; and, in the mean time, my friend here and I will go and see Bedlam." Adieu.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO HINGPO, BY THE WAY OF  
MOSCOW.

A Life of Independence Praised.

Few virtues have been more praised by moralists than generosity; every practical treatise of ethics tends to increase our sensibility of the distresses of others, and to relax the grasp of frugality. Philosophers that are poor praise it because they are gainers by its effects; and the opulent Seneca himself has written a treatise on benefits, though he was known to give nothing away.

But, among many who have enforced the duty of giving, I am surprised there are none to inculcate the ignominy of receiving; to show that, by every favour we accept, we in some measure forfeit our native freedom, and that a state of continual dependance on the generosity of others is a life of gradual debasement.

Were men taught to despise the receiving obligations with the same force of reasoning and declamation that they are instructed to confer them, we might then see every person in society filling up the requisite duties of his station with cheerful industry, neither relaxed by hope nor sullen from disappointment.

Every favour a man receives in some measure sinks him below his dignity, and, in proportion to the value of the benefit or the frequency of its acceptance, he gives up so much of his natural independence. He, therefore, who thrives upon the unmerited bounty of another, if he has any sensibility, suffers the worst of servitude: the shackled slave may murmur without reproach, but the humble dependant is taxed with ingratitude upon every symptom of discontent; the one may rave round the walls of his cell, but the other lingers in all the silence of



mental confinement. To increase his distress, every new obligation but adds to the former load which kept the vigorous mind from rising ; till at last, elastic no longer, it shapes itself to constraint, and puts on habitual servility.

It is thus with the feeling mind ; but there are some who, born without any share of sensibility, receive favour after favour, and still cringe for more ; who accept the offer of generosity with as little reluctance as the wages of merit, and even make thanks for past benefits and indirect petitions for new ; such, I grant, can suffer no debasement from dependance, since they were originally as vile as was possible to be ; dependance degrades only the ingenuous, but leaves the sordid mind in pristine meanness. In this manner, therefore, long-continued generosity is misplaced or it is injurious ; it either finds a man worthless, or it makes him so ; and true it is, that the person who is contented to be often obliged ought not to be obliged at all.

Yet, while I describe the meanness of a life of continued dependance, I would not be thought to include those natural or political subordinations which subsist in every society ; for in such, though dependance is exacted from the inferior, yet the obligation on either side is mutual. The son must rely upon his parent for support, but the parent lies under the same obligations to give that the other has to expect ; the subordinate officer must receive the commands of his superior, but for this obedience the former has a right to demand an intercourse of favour : such is not the dependance I would depreciate, but that where every expected favour must be the result of mere benevolence in the giver ; where the benefit can be kept without remorse, or transferred without injustice. The character of a legacy-hunter, for instance, is detestable in some countries, and despicable in all : this universal contempt of a man who infringes upon none of the laws of society, some mor-

alists have arraigned as a popular and unjust prejudice ; never considering the necessary degradations a wretch must undergo who previously expects to grow rich by benefits, without having either natural or social claims to enforce his petitions.

But this intercourse of benefaction and acknowledgment is often injurious even to the giver as well as the receiver : a man can gain but little knowledge of himself or of the world amid a circle of those whom hope or gratitude has gathered round him : their unceasing humiliations must necessarily increase his comparative magnitude, for all men measure their own abilities by those of their company : thus, being taught to overrate his merit, he in reality lessens it : increasing in confidence, but not in power, his professions end in empty boast, his undertakings in shameful disappointment.

It is, perhaps, one of the severest misfortunes of the great, that they are, in general, obliged to live among men whose real value is lessened by dependance, and whose minds are enslaved by obligation. The humble companion may at first have accepted patronage with generous views, but soon he feels the mortifying influence of conscious inferiority, by degrees sinks into a flatterer, and from flattery at last degenerates into stupid veneration. To remedy this, the great often dismiss their old dependants and take new. Such changes are falsely imputed to levity, falsehood, or caprice in the patron, since they may be more justly ascribed to the client's gradual deterioration.

No, my son, a life of independence is generally a life of virtue. It is that which fits the soul for every generous flight of humanity, freedom, and friendship. To give should be our pleasure, but to receive our shame ; serenity, health, and affluence attend the desire of rising by labour ; misery, repentance, and disrespect that of succeeding by extorted benevolence. The man who can thank himself alone for

the happiness he enjoys is truly blessed ; and lovely, far more lovely the sturdy gloom of laborious indigence than the fawning simper of thriving adulation. Adieu.

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FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT  
OF THE CERMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

The People must be contented to be Guided by those whom they have appointed to Govern.—A Story to this Effect.

IN every society, some men are born to teach, and others to receive instruction ; some to work, and others to enjoy in idleness the fruits of their industry ; some to govern, and others to obey. Every people, how free soever, must be contented to give up part of their liberty and judgment to those who govern, in exchange for their hopes of security ; and the motives which first influenced their choice in the election of their governors, should ever be weighed against the succeeding apparent inconsistency of their conduct. All cannot be rulers, and men are generally best governed by a few. In making way through the intricacies of business, the smallest obstacles are apt to retard the execution of what is to be planned by a multiplicity of counsels ; the judgment of one alone being always fittest for winding through the labyrinths of intrigue and the obstructions of disappointment. A serpent, which, as the fable observes, is furnished with one head and many tails, is much more capable of subsistence and expedition than another which is furnished with but one tail and many heads.

Obvious as these truths are, the people of this country seem insensible of their force. Not satisfied with the advantages of internal peace and opulence, they still murmur at their governors, and interfere in the execution of their designs, as if they

wanted to be something more than happy. But as the Europeans instruct by argument, and the Asiatics mostly by narration, were I to address them, I should convey my sentiments in the following story.

Takupi had long been prime minister of Tipartala, a fertile country that stretches along the western confines of China. During his administration, whatever advantages could be derived from arts, learning, and commerce, were seen to bless the people; nor were the necessary precautions of providing for the security of the state forgotten. It often happens, however, that when men are possessed of all they want, they then begin to find torment from imaginary afflictions, and lessen their present enjoyment by foreboding that those enjoyments are to have an end. The people now, therefore, endeavoured to find out grievances; and, after some search, actually began to think themselves aggrieved. A petition against the enormities of Takupi was carried to the throne in due form; and the queen who governed the country, willing to satisfy her subjects, appointed a day in which his accusers should be heard, and the minister should stand upon his defence.

The day being arrived and the minister brought before the tribunal, a carrier, who supplied the city with fish, appeared among the number of his accusers. He exclaimed that it was the custom, time immemorial, for carriers to bring their fish upon a horse in a hamper; which being placed on one side, and balanced by a stone on the other, was thus conveyed with ease and safety; but that the prisoner, moved either by a spirit of innovation, or perhaps bribed by the hamper-makers, had obliged all carriers to use the stone no longer, but balance one hamper with another; an order entirely repugnant to the customs of all antiquity, and those of the kingdom of Tipartala in particular.

The carrier finished, and the whole court shook their heads at the innovating minister; when a sec-

ond witness appeared. He was inspector of the city buildings, and accused the disgraced favourite of having given orders for the demolition of an ancient ruin which obstructed the passage through one of the principal streets. He observed that such buildings were noble monuments of barbarous antiquity; contributed finely to show how little their ancestors understood of architecture, and for that reason such monuments should be held sacred, and suffered gradually to decay.

The last witness now appeared. This was a widow who had laudably attempted to burn herself upon her husband's funeral pile. But the innovating minister had prevented the execution of her design, and was insensible to her tears, protestations, and entreaties.

The queen could have pardoned the two former offences, but this last was considered as so gross an injury to the sex, and so directly contrary to all the customs of antiquity, that it called for immediate justice. "What!" cried the queen, "not suffer a woman to burn herself when she thinks proper! The sex are to be very prettily tutored, no doubt, if they must be restrained from entertaining their female friends now and then with a fried wife or roasted acquaintance. I sentence the criminal to be banished my presence for ever for this injurious treatment of the sex."

Takupi had been hitherto silent, and spoke only to show the sincerity of his resignation. "Great queen," cried he, "I acknowledge my crime; and, since I am to be banished, I beg it may be to some ruined town or ruined village in the country I have governed. I shall find some pleasure in improving the soil, and bringing back a spirit of industry among the inhabitants." His request appearing reasonable, it was immediately complied with, and a courtier had orders to fix upon a place of banishment answering the minister's description. After some

months' search, however, the inquiry proved fruitless; neither a desolate village nor a ruined town was found in the whole kingdom. "Alas!" said Takupi to the queen, "how can that country be ill-governed which has neither a desolate village nor a ruined town in it?" The queen perceived the justice of his expostulation, and the minister was received into more than former favour.

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FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO \*\*\*\*, MERCHANT IN AMSTERDAM.

The Chinese Philosopher begins to think of quitting England.

I HAVE just received a letter from my son, in which he informs me of the fruitlessness of his endeavours to recover the lady with whom he fled from Persia. He strives to cover, under the appearance of fortitude, a heart torn with anxiety and disappointment. I have offered little consolation, since that but too frequently feeds the sorrow which it pretends to deplore, and strengthens the impression which nothing but the external rubs of time and accident can thoroughly efface.

He informs me of his intentions of quitting Moscow the first opportunity, and travelling by land to Amsterdam. I must, therefore, upon his arrival, entreat the continuance of your friendship, and beg of you to provide him with proper directions for finding me in London. You can scarcely be sensible of the joy I expect upon seeing him once more: the ties between the father and the son, among us of China, are much more closely drawn than with you of Europe.

The remittances sent me from Argun to Moscow came in safety. I cannot sufficiently admire that spirit of honesty which prevails through the whole country of Siberia: perhaps the savages of that



desolate region are the only untutored people of the globe that cultivate the moral virtues, even without knowing that their actions merit praise. I have been told surprising things of their goodness, benevolence, and generosity ; and the uninterrupted commerce between China and Russia serves as a collateral confirmation.

"Let us," says the Chinese lawgiver, "admire the rude virtues of the ignorant, but rather imitate the delicate morals of the polite." In the country where I reside, though honesty and benevolence be not so congenial, yet art supplies the place of nature. Though here every vice is carried to excess, yet every virtue is practised also with unexampled superiority. A city like this is the soil for great virtues and great vices ; the villain can soon improve here in the deepest mysteries of deceiving ; and the practical philosopher can every day meet new incitements to mend his honest intentions. There are no pleasures, sensual or sentimental, which this city does not produce ; yet I know not how, I could not be content to reside here for life. There is something so seducing in that spot in which we first had existence, that nothing but it can please : whatever vicissitudes we experience in life, however we toil, or wheresoever we wander, our fatigued wishes still recur to home for tranquillity ; we long to die in that spot which gave us birth, and in that pleasing expectation opiate every calamity.

You now, therefore, perceive that I have some intentions of leaving this country ; and yet my designed departure fills me with reluctance and regret. Though the friendships of travellers are generally more transient than vernal snows, still I feel an uneasiness at breaking the connexions I have formed since my arrival ; particularly I shall have no small pain in leaving my usual companion, guide, and instructor.

I shall wait for the arrival of my son before I set

out. He shall be my companion in every intended journey for the future ; in his company I can support the fatigues of the way with redoubled ardour, pleased at once with conveying instruction and exacting obedience. Adieu.

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FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

The Arts some make use of to appear Learned.

OUR scholars of China have a most profound veneration for forms. A first-rate beauty never studied the decorums of dress with more assiduity. They may properly enough be said to be clothed with wisdom from head to foot ; they have their philosophical caps and philosophical whiskers, their philosophical slippers and philosophical fans ; there is even a philosophical standard for measuring the nails ; and yet, with all this seeming wisdom, they are often found to be mere empty pretenders.

A philosophical beau is not so frequent in Europe, yet I am told that such characters are found here. I mean such as punctually support all the decorums of learning without being really very profound, or naturally possessed of a fine understanding ; who labour hard to obtain the titular honours attending literary merit ; who flatter others in order to be flattered in turn, and only study to be thought students.

A character of this kind generally receives company in his study, in all the pensive formality of slippers, nightgown, and easy-chair. The table is covered with a large book, which is always kept open and never read ; his solitary hours being dedicated to dozing, mending pens, feeling his pulse, peeping through the microscope, and sometimes reading amusing books which he condemns in com-

pany. His library is preserved with the most religious neatness, and is generally a repository of scarce books, which bear a high price, because too dull or useless to become common by the ordinary methods of publication.

Such men are generally candidates for admittance into literary clubs, academies, and institutions, where they regularly meet to give and receive a little instruction and a great deal of praise. In conversation they never betray ignorance, because they never seem to receive information. Offer a new observation, they have heard it before; pinch them in an argument, and they reply with a sneer.

Yet, how trifling soever these little arts may appear, they answer one valuable purpose—of gaining the practisers the esteem they wish for. The bounds of a man's knowledge are easily concealed, if he has but prudence; but all can readily see and admire a gilt library, a set of long nails, a silver standish, or a well-combed whisker, who are incapable of distinguishing a dunce.

When father Matthew, the first European missionary, entered China, the court was informed that he possessed great skill in astronomy; he was therefore sent for and examined. The established astronomers of state undertook this task, and made their report to the emperor that his skill was but very superficial, and no way comparable to their own. The missionary, however, appealed from their judgment to experience, and challenged them to calculate an eclipse of the moon that was to happen a few nights following. "What!" said some, "shall a barbarian without nails pretend to vie with men in astronomy who have made it the study of their lives; with men who know half the knowable characters of words; who wear scientific caps and slippers, and who have gone through every literary degree with applause?" They accepted the challenge, confident of success. The eclipse began: the

Chinese produced a most splendid apparatus, and were fifteen minutes wrong; the missionary, with a single instrument, was exact to a second. This was convincing; but the court astronomers were not to be convinced; instead of acknowledging their error, they assured the emperor that their calculations were certainly exact, but that the stranger without nails had actually bewitched the moon. "Well, then," cries the good emperor, smiling at their ignorance, "you shall still continue to be servants of the moon, but I constitute this man her controller."

China is thus replete with men whose only pretensions to knowledge arise from external circumstances; and in Europe every country abounds with them in proportion to its ignorance. Spain and Flanders, which are behind the rest of Europe in learning at least three centuries, have twenty literary titles and marks of distinction unknown in France or England: they have their *clarissimi* and *preclarissimi*, their *accuratissimi* and *minutissimi*; a round cap entitles one student to argue, and a square cap permits another to teach; while a cap with a tassel almost sanctifies the head it happens to cover. But, where true knowledge is cultivated, these formalities begin to disappear; the ermined cowl, the solemn beard, and sweeping train are laid aside; philosophers dress, and talk, and think like other men; and lambskin dressers, and capmakers, and tail-carriers now deplore a literary age.

For my own part, my friend, I have seen enough of presuming ignorance never to venerate wisdom but where it actually appears. I have received literary titles and distinctions myself; and, by the quantity of my own wisdom, know how very little wisdom they can confer. Adieu.

## FROM THE SAME.

The intended Coronation described.

THE time for the young king's coronation approaches ; the great and the little world look forward with impatience. A knight from the country, who has brought up his family to see and be seen on this occasion, has taken all the lower part of the house where I lodge. His wife is laying in a large quantity of silks, which the mercer tells her are to be fashionable next season ; and miss, her daughter, has actually had her ears bored previous to the ceremony. In all this bustle of preparation I am considered as mere lumber, and have been shoved up two stories higher to make room for others my landlady seems perfectly convinced are my betters ; but whom, before me, she is contented with only calling very good company.

The little beau, who has now forced himself into my intimacy, was yesterday giving me a most minute detail of the intended procession. All men are eloquent upon their favourite topic : and this seemed peculiarly adapted to the size and turn of his understanding. His whole mind was blazoned over with a variety of glittering images ; coronets, escutcheons, lace, fringe, tassels, stones, bugles, and spun glass. " Here," cried he, " Garter is to walk ; and there Rouge Dragon marches with the escutcheons on his back. Here Clarencieux moves forward ; and there Blue Mantle disdains to be left behind. Here the aldermen march two and two ; and there the undaunted champion of England, no way terrified at the very numerous appearance of gentlemen and ladies, rides forward in complete armour, and, with an intrepid air, throws down his glove. Ah !" continues he, " should any be so hardy as to take up that fatal glove, and so accept the challenge,

we should see fine sport ; the champion would show him no mercy ; he would soon teach him all his passes with a witness. However, I am afraid we shall have none willing to try it with him upon the approaching occasion, for two reasons : first, because his antagonist would stand a chance of being killed in the single combat ; and, secondly, because, if he escapes the champion's arm, he would certainly be hanged for treason. No, no, I fancy none will be so hardy as to dispute it with a champion like him inured to arms ; and we shall probably see him prancing unmolested away, holding his bridle thus in one hand, and brandishing his dram-cup in the other."

Some men have a manner of describing which only wraps the subject in more than former obscurity : thus I was unable, with all my companion's volubility, to form a distinct idea of the intended procession. I was certain that the inauguration of a king should be conducted with solemnity and religious awe ; and I could not be persuaded that there was much solemnity in his description. "If this be true," cried I to myself, "the people of Europe surely have a strange manner of mixing solemn and fantastic images together ; pictures at once replete with burlesque and the sublime. At a time when the king enters into the most solemn compact with his people, nothing surely should be admitted to diminish from the real majesty of the ceremony. A ludicrous image brought in at such a time throws an air of ridicule upon the whole. It some way resembles a picture I have seen, designed by Albert Durer, where, amid all the solemnity of that awful scene, a deity judging, and a trembling world awaiting the decree, he has introduced a merry mortal trundling his scolding wife to hell in a wheelbarrow."

My companion, who mistook my silence during this interval of reflection for the rapture of astonish-



ment, proceeded to describe those frivolous parts of the show that mostly struck his imagination; and to assure me that, if I stayed in this country some months longer, I should see fine things. "For my own part," continued he, "I know already of fifteen suits of clothes that would stand on one end with gold lace, all designed to be first shown there; and as for diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls, we shall see them as thick as brass nails in a sedan chair. And then we are all to walk so majestically, thus; this foot always behind the foot before. The ladies are to fling nosegays; the court poets to scatter verses; the spectators are to be all in full dress; Mrs. Tibbs in a new sacque, ruffles, and Frenched hair: look where you will, one thing finer than another: Mrs. Tibbs courtesies to the duchess; her grace returns the compliment with a bow. 'Largess,' cries the herald. 'Make room,' cries the gentleman usher. 'Knock him down,' cries the guard. Ah!" continued he, amazed at his own description, "what an astonishing scene of grandeur can art produce from the smallest circumstance, when it thus actually turns to wonder one man putting on another man's hat."

I now found his mind was entirely set upon the fopperies of the pageant, and quite regardless of the real meaning of such costly preparations. "Pageants," says Bacon, "are pretty things; but we should rather study to make them elegant than expensive;" processions, cavalcades, and all that fund of gay frippery furnished out by tailors, barbers, and tirewomen, mechanically influence the mind into veneration: an emperor in his nightcap would meet with half the respect of an emperor with a glittering crown. Politics resemble religion; attempting to divest either of ceremony is the most certain method of bringing either into contempt. The weak must have their inducements to admiration as well as the wise; and it is the business of a sensi-

ble government to impress all ranks with a sense of subordination, whether this be effected by a diamond buckle or a virtuous edict, a sumptuary law or a glass necklace.

This interval of reflection only gave my companion spirits to begin his description afresh; and, as a greater inducement to raise my curiosity, he informed me of the vast sums that were given by the spectators for places. "That the ceremony must be fine," cries he, "is very evident from the fine price that is paid for seeing it. Several ladies have assured me they could willingly part with one eye rather than be prevented from looking on with the other. Come, come," continues he, "I have a friend who, for my sake, will supply us with places at the most reasonable rates; I'll take care you shall not be imposed upon; and he will inform you of the use, finery, rapture, splendour, and enchantment of the whole ceremony better than I."

Follies often repeated lose their absurdity, and assume the appearance of reason: his arguments were so often and so strongly enforced, that I had actually some thoughts of becoming a spectator. We accordingly went together to bespeak a place; but guess my surprise when the man demanded a purse of gold for a single seat! I could hardly believe him serious upon making the demand. "Prithee, friend," cried I, "after I have paid twenty pounds for sitting here an hour or two, can I bring a part of the coronation back?" "No, sir." "How long can I live upon it after I am come away?" "Not long, sir." "Can a coronation clothe, feed, or fatten me?" "Sir," replied the man, "you seem to be under a mistake; all that you can bring away is the pleasure of having it to say that you saw the coronation." "Blast me!" cries Tibbs, "if that be all, there is no need of paying for that, since I am resolved to have that pleasure whether I am there or no!"

I am conscious, my friend, that this is but a very confused description of the intended ceremony. You may object that I neither settle rank, precedence, nor place; that I seem ignorant whether Gules walks before or behind Garter; that I have neither mentioned the dimensions of a lord's cap, nor measured the length of a lady's tail. I know your delight is in minute description, and this I am, unhappily, unqualified from furnishing; yet, upon the whole, I fancy it will be no way comparable to the magnificence of our late Emperor Whangti's procession when he was married to the moon, at which Fum Hoam himself presided in person. Adieu.

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TO THE SAME.

An Election described.

THE English are at present engaged in celebrating a feast which becomes general every seventh year; the Parliament of the nation being then dissolved, and another appointed to be chosen. This solemnity falls infinitely short of our feast of the lanterns in magnificence and splendour; it is also surpassed by others of the East in unanimity and pure devotion: but no festival in the world can compare with it for eating. Their eating, indeed, amazes me. Had I five hundred heads, and were each head furnished with brains, yet would they all be insufficient to compute the number of cows, pigs, geese, and turkeys which upon this occasion die for the good of their country!

To say the truth, eating seems to make a grand ingredient in all English parties of zeal, business, or amusement. When a church is to be built or a hospital endowed, the directors assemble, and, instead of consulting upon it, they eat upon it; by which means the business goes forward with suc-

cess. When the poor are to be relieved, the officers appointed to deal out public charity assemble and eat upon it: nor has it ever been known that they filled the bellies of the poor till they had previously satisfied their own. But in the election of magistrates the people seem to exceed all bounds; the merits of a candidate are often measured by the number of his treats; his constituents assemble, eat upon him, and lend their applause, not to his integrity or sense, but to the quantities of his beef and brandy.

And yet I could forgive this people their plentiful meals on this occasion, as it is extremely natural for every man to eat a great deal when he gets it for nothing; but what amazes me most is, that all this good living no way contributes to improve their good-humour. On the contrary, they seem to lose their temper as they lose their appetites; every morsel they swallow, and every glass they pour down, serves to increase their animosity. Many an honest man, before as harmless as a tame rabbit, when loaded with a single election dinner, has become more dangerous than a charged culverin. Upon one of these occasions, I have actually seen a bloody-minded man-milliner sally forth at the head of a mob, determined to face a desperate pastry-cook who was general of the opposite party.

But you must not suppose they are without a pretext for thus beating each other. On the contrary, no man here is so uncivilized as to beat his neighbour without producing very sufficient reasons. One candidate, for instance, treats with gin, a spirit of their own manufacture; another always drinks brandy, imported from abroad. Brandy is a wholesome liquor, gin a liquor wholly their own. This, then, furnishes an obvious cause of quarrel: Whether it be most reasonable to get drunk with gin or get drunk with brandy? The mob meet upon the debate, fight themselves sober, and then draw off to

get drunk again, and charge for another encounter. So that the English may now properly be said to be engaged in war; since, while they are subduing their enemies abroad, they are breaking each others' heads at home.

I lately made an excursion to a neighbouring village in order to be a spectator of the ceremonies practised upon this occasion. I left town in company with three fiddlers, nine dozen of hams, and a corporation poet, which were designed as re-enforcements to the gin-drinking party. We entered the town with a very good face; the fiddlers, no way intimidated by the enemy, kept handling their arms up the principal street. By this prudent manœuvre they took peaceable possession of their headquarters, amid the shouts of multitudes, who seemed perfectly rejoiced at hearing their music, but, above all, at seeing their bacon.

I must own I could not avoid being pleased to see all ranks of people on this occasion levelled into an equality, and the poor, in some measure, enjoying the primitive privileges of nature. If there was any distinction shown, the lowest of the people seemed to receive it from the rich. I could perceive a cobbler with a levee at his door, and a haberdasher giving audience from behind his counter. But my reflections were soon interrupted by a mob, who demanded whether I was for the distillery or the brewery. As these were terms with which I was totally unacquainted, I chose at first to be silent; however, I know not what might have been the consequence of my reserve, had not the attention of the mob been called off to a skirmish between a brandy-drinker's cow and a gin-drinker's mastiff, which turned out, greatly to the satisfaction of the mob, in favour of the mastiff.

This spectacle, which afforded high entertainment, was at last ended by the appearance of one of the candidates, who came to harangue the mob; he

made a very pathetic speech upon the late excessive importation of foreign drams, and the downfall of the distillery : I could see some of the audience shed tears. He was accompanied in his procession by Mrs. Deputy and Mrs. Mayoress. Mrs. Deputy was not the least in liquor ; and as for Mrs. Mayoress, one of the spectators assured me in the ear that “she was a very fine woman before she had the smallpox.”

Mixing with the crowd, I was now conducted to the hall where the magistrates are chosen ; but what tongue can describe this scene of confusion : the whole crowd seemed equally inspired with anger, jealousy, politics, patriotism, and punch. I remarked one figure that was carried up by two men upon this occasion. I at first began to pity his infirmities as natural, but soon found the fellow so drunk that he could not stand : another made his appearance to give his vote, but, though he could stand, he actually lost the use of his tongue, and remained silent : a third, who, though excessively drunk, could both stand and speak, being asked the candidate's name for whom he voted, could be prevailed upon to make no other answer but tobacco and brandy. In short, an election-hall seems to be a theatre, where every passion is seen without disguise ; a school where fools may readily become worse, and where philosophers may gather wisdom. Adieu.

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TO THE SAME.

A City Night-piece.

THE clock just struck two : the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket ; the watchman forgets the hour in slumber ; the laborious and the happy are at rest ; and nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills



the destroying bowl, the robber walks his midnight round, and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity or the sallies of contemporary genius ; but pursue the solitary walk, where vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past, walked before me ; where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a froward child, seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around ! The dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam ; no sound is heard but of the chiming clock or the distant watch-dog. All the bustle of human pride is forgotten : an hour like this may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away and leave a desert in its room.

What cities as great as this have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great, joy as just and as unbounded, and, with short-sighted presumption, promised themselves immortality ! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some. The sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others ; and, as he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the transience of every sublunary possession.

“ Here,” he cries, “ stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds ; there their senate-house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile : temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruin. They are fallen, for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of the state were conferred on amusing, and not on useful members of society. Their riches and opulence invited the invaders, who, though at first repulsed, returned again, conquered by perseverance, and at last swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction !”

How few appear in those streets which but some few hours ago were crowded! and those who appear now no longer wear their daily mask, nor attempt to hide their lewdness or their misery!

But who are these who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? These are strangers, wanderers, and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Their wretchedness excites rather horror than pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease; the world has disclaimed them; society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into ruin. They have been prostituted to the gay luxurious villain, and are now turned out to meet the severity of winter. Perhaps, now lying at the doors of their betrayers, they sue to wretches whose hearts are insensible, or debauchees who may curse, but will not relieve them.

Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve? Poor houseless creatures! the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortunes of the great, the most imaginary uneasinesses of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny, and every law which gives others security becomes an enemy to them.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility? or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse? Tenderness, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the man who feels it more wretched than the object which sues for assistance. Adieu.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT  
OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

On the Distresses of the Poor, exemplified in the life of a Private Sentinel.

THE misfortunes of the great, my friend, are held up to engage our attention, are enlarged upon in tones of declamation, and the world is called to gaze upon the noble sufferers; they have at once the comfort of admiration and pity.

Yet where is the magnanimity of bearing misfortunes when the whole world is looking on? Men in such circumstances can act bravely even from motives of vanity. He only who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his distresses, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great; whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

The miseries of the poor are, however, entirely disregarded, though some undergo more real hardships in one day than the great in their whole lives. It is indeed inconceivable what difficulties the meanest English sailor or soldier endures without murmuring or regret. Every day to him is a day of misery, and yet he bears his hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear the heroes of tragedy complain of misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity is founded in arrogance and pride. Their severest distresses are pleasures compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day sustain without murmuring. These may eat, drink, and sleep, have slaves to attend them, and are sure of subsistence for life, while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander, with-

out a friend to comfort or assist them, find enmity in every law, and are too poor to obtain even justice.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow begging at one of the outlets of the town with a wooden-leg. I was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation; and, after giving him what I thought proper, desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, with an intrepidity truly British, leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows:

“As for misfortunes, sir, I can’t pretend to have gone through more than others. Except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don’t know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain; there are some who have lost both legs and an eye; but, thank Heaven, it is not quite so bad with me.

“My father was a labourer in the country, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born; so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third; till at last it was thought I belonged to no parish at all. At length, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and had actually learned my letters; but the master of the work-house put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet.

“Here I lived an easy kind of a life for five years. I only worked ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true I was not suffered to stir far from the house, for fear I should run away; but what of that? I had the lib-

erty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me.

“I was next bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well till he died. Being then obliged to provide for myself, I was resolved to go and seek my fortune. Thus I lived, and went from town to town, working when I could get employment, and starving when I could get none, and might have lived so still; but, happening one day to go through a field belonging to a magistrate, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me. I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my stick at it. Well, what will you have on’t? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away in triumph, when the justice himself met me; he called me a villain, and, collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I began immediately to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation; but, though I gave a very long account, the justice said I could give no account of myself; so I was endicted, and found guilty of being poor, and sent to Newgate in order to be transported to the plantations.

“People may say this and say that of being in jail, but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in in all my life. I had my bellyful to eat and drink, and did no work; but, alas! this kind of life was too good to last for ever! I was taken out of prison after five months, put on board of a ship, and sent off with two hundred more. Our passage was but indifferent, for we were all confined in the hold, and died very fast for want of sweet air and provisions; but, for my part, I did not want meat, because I had a fever all the way. Providence was kind: when provisions grew short, it took away my desire of eating. When we came on shore we were sold to the planters. I was bound for seven years; and, as I was no scholar—for

I had forgot my letters—I was obliged to work among the negroes, and served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

“When my time was expired I worked my passage home; and glad I was to see Old England again, because I loved my country. Oh, liberty! liberty! liberty! that is the property of every Englishman, and I will die in its defence! I was afraid, however, that I should be endicted for a vagabond once more, so I did not much care to go into the country, but kept about town, and did little jobs when I could get them. I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand still. They belonged to a pressgang; I was carried before the justice, and, as I could give no account of myself—that was the thing that always hobbled me—I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man-of-war or list for a soldier. I chose to be a soldier; and in this post of a gentleman I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound through the breast, which is troublesome to this day.

“When the peace came on, I was discharged; and, as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes painful, I listed for a landman in the East India Company’s service. I here fought the French in six pitched battles; and verily believe that, if I could read or write, our captain would have given me promotion, and made me a corporal. But that was not my good fortune; I soon fell sick, and, when I became good for nothing, got leave to return home again, with forty pounds in my pocket, which I saved in the service. This was at the beginning of the present war; so I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and I was pressed again before ever I could set foot on shore.

“The boatswain found me, as he said, an obsti-



nate fellow. He swore that I understood my business perfectly well, but that I shammed Abraham merely to be idle ; but, God knows ! I knew nothing of sea-business. He beat me without considering what he was about. But still my forty pounds was some comfort to me under every beating ; the money was my comfort, and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost it all !

“ Our crew was carried into a French prison, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail ; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, however, as I was sleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me—for I always loved to lie well—I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand. ‘ Jack,’ says he to me, ‘ will you knock out the French sentry’s brains ? ’ ‘ I don’t care,’ says I, striving to keep myself awake, ‘ if I lend a hand.’ ‘ Then follow me,’ says he, ‘ and I hope we shall do his business.’ So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. We had no arms ; but one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time ; so we went down to the door, where both the sentries were posted, and, rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay, and, seizing the first open boat we met, got out of the harbour and put to sea ; we had not been here three days before we were taken up by an English privateer, who was glad of so many good hands, and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not so much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with a French man-of-war, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three ; so to it we went. The fight lasted for three hours ; and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, but, unfortu-

nately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory. I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to my old jail in Brest ; but, by good fortune, we were retaken, and carried to England once more.

“I had almost forgot to tell you, that in this last engagement I was wounded in two places ; I lost four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was shot off. Had I had the good fortune to have lost my leg and the use of my hand on board a king’s ship and not a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life ; but that was not my chance. One man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and have no enemy in this world that I know of but the French and the justice of peace.”

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving my friend and me in admiration of his intrepidity and content ; nor could we avoid acknowledging that an habitual acquaintance with misery is the truest school of fortitude and philosophy. Adieu.

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FROM THE SAME.

On the Absurdity of some late English Titles.

THE titles of European princes are rather more numerous than those of Asia, but by no means so sublime. The King of Visapour or Pegu, not satisfied with claiming the globe and all its appurtenances to him and his heirs, asserts a property even in the firmament, and extends his orders to the Milky Way. The monarchs of Europe, with more modesty, confine their titles to earth, but make up by number what is wanting in their sublimity. Such is their passion for a long list of these splendid trifles,

that I have known a German prince with more titles than subjects, and a Spanish nobleman with more names than shirts.

Contrary to this, "the English monarchs," says a writer of the last century, "disdain to accept of such titles which tend only to increase their pride without improving their glory; they are above depending on the feeble helps of heraldry for respect, perfectly satisfied with the consciousness of acknowledged power." At present, however, these maxims are laid aside; the English monarchs have assumed new titles, and have impressed their coins with the names and arms of obscure dukedoms, petty states, and subordinate employments. Their design in this, I make no doubt, was laudably to add new lustre to the British throne; but, in reality, paltry claims only serve to diminish that respect they are designed to secure.

There is, in the honours assumed by kings, as in the decorations of architecture, a majestic simplicity, which best conduces to inspire our reverence and respect; numerous and trifling ornaments in either are strong indications of meanness in the designer, or of concealed deformity: should, for instance, the Emperor of China, among other titles, assume that of deputy mandarine of Maccan; or the monarch of Great Britain, France, and Ireland desire to be acknowledged as Duke of Brentford, Lunenburg, or Lincoln, the observer revolts at this mixture of important and paltry claims, and forgets the emperor in his familiarity with the duke or the deputy.

I remember a similar instance of this inverted ambition in the illustrious King of Manacabo, upon his first treaty with the Portuguese. Among the presents that were made him by the ambassador of that nation, was a sword with a brass hilt, which he seemed to set a peculiar value upon. This he thought too great an acquisition to his glory to be forgotten among the number of his titles. He there-

fore gave orders that his subjects should style him, for the future, "Talipot, the immortal potentate of Manacabo, Messenger of the Morning, Enlightener of the Sun, Possessor of the whole Earth, and mighty Monarch of the Brass-handled Sword."

This method of mixing majestic and paltry titles, of quartering the arms of a great empire and an obscure province upon the same medal here, had its rise in the virtuous partiality of their late monarchs. Willing to testify an affection to their native country, they gave its name and ensigns a place upon their coins, and thus, in some measure, ennobled its obscurity. It was indeed but just, that a people which had given England up their king should receive some honorary equivalent in return; but, at present, these motives are no more. England has now a monarch wholly British, and it has some reason to hope for British titles upon British coins.

However, were the money of England designed to circulate in Germany, there would be no flagrant impropriety in impressing it with German names and arms; but, though this might have been so on former occasions, I am told there is no danger of it for the future. As England, therefore, designs to keep back its gold, I candidly think Lunenburg, Oldenburg, and the rest of them may very well keep back their titles.

It is a mistaken prejudice in princes to think that a number of loud-sounding names can give new claims to respect. The truly great have ever disdained them. When Timur the Lame had conquered Asia, an orator by profession came to compliment him upon the occasion. He began his harangue by styling him the most omnipotent and the most glorious object of the creation; the emperor seemed displeased with his paltry adulation, yet still he went on complimenting him as the most mighty, the most valiant, and the most perfect of beings. "Hold, there, my friend!" cries the lame emperor; "hold,

there, till I have got another leg!" In fact, the feeble or the despotic alone find pleasure in multiplying these pageants of vanity; but strength and freedom have nobler aims, and often find the finest adulations in majestic simplicity.

The young monarch of this country has already testified a proper contempt for several unmeaning appendages on royalty; cooks and scullions have been obliged to quit their fires; gentlemen's gentlemen, and the whole tribe of necessary people who did nothing, have been dismissed from farther services. A youth who can thus bring back simplicity and frugality to a court, will soon, probably, have a true respect for his own glory; and, while he has dismissed all useless employments, may disdain to accept of empty or degrading titles. Adieu.

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#### TO THE SAME.

The Manner of Travellers in their usual Relations ridiculed.

My long residence here begins to fatigue me. As every object ceases to be new, it no longer continues to be pleasing. Some minds are so fond of variety, that pleasure itself, if permanent, would be insupportable; and we are thus obliged to solicit new happiness even by courting distress. I only, therefore, wait the arrival of my son to vary this trifling scene, and borrow new pleasure from danger and fatigue. A life, I own, thus spent in wandering from place to place, is at best but empty dissipation. But to pursue trifles is the lot of humanity; and, whether we bustle in a pantomime or strut at a coronation; whether we shout at a bonfire or harangue in a senate-house; whatever object we follow, it will at last surely conduct us to futility and disappointment. The wise bustle and laugh as they walk in the pageant, but fools bustle and are important;

and this, probably, is all the difference between them.

This may be an apology for the levity of my former correspondence. I talked of trifles, and I knew that they were trifles; to make the things of this life ridiculous, it is only sufficient to call them by their names.

In other respects I have omitted several striking circumstances in the description of this country, as supposing them either already known to you, or as not being thoroughly known to myself; but there is one omission for which I expect no forgiveness, namely, my being totally silent upon their buildings, roads, rivers, and mountains. This is a branch of science on which all other travellers are so very prolix, that my deficiency will appear the more glaring. With what pleasure, for instance, do some read of a traveller in Egypt measuring a fallen column with his cane, and finding it exactly five feet nine inches long; of his creeping through the mouth of a catacomb, and coming out by a different hole from that he entered; of his stealing the finger of an antique statue, in spite of the janizary that watched him; or his adding a new conjecture to the hundred and fourteen conjectures already published upon the names of Osiris and Isis.

Methinks I hear some of my friends in China demanding a similar account of London and the adjacent villages; and, if I remain here much longer, it is probable I may gratify their curiosity. I intend, when run dry on other topics, to make a serious survey of the city wall; to describe that beautiful building, the Mansion House; I will enumerate the magnificent squares in which the nobility chiefly reside, and the royal palace appointed for the reception of the English monarch; nor will I forget the beauties of Shoe Lane, in which I myself have resided since my arrival. You shall find me no way inferior to many of my brother travellers in the art



of description. At present, however, as a specimen of this way of writing, I send you a few hasty remarks, collected in a late journey I made to Kentish-town, and this in the modern voyagers' style.

"Having heard much of Kentish-town, I conceived a strong desire to see that celebrated place, I could have wished, indeed, to satisfy my curiosity without going thither; but that was impracticable, and therefore I resolved to go. Travellers have two methods of going to Kentish-town: they take coach, which costs ninepence, or they may go afoot, which costs nothing; in my opinion, a coach is by far the most eligible convenience; but I was resolved to go on foot, having considered with myself that going in that manner would be the cheapest way.

"As you set out from Doghouse Bar, you enter upon a fine level road, railed in on both sides, commanding on the right a fine prospect of groves and fields, enamelled with flowers, which would wonderfully charm the sense of smelling were it not for a dunghill on the left, which mixes its effluvia with their odours. This dunghill is of much greater antiquity than the road; and I must not omit a piece of injustice I was going to commit upon this occasion. My indignation was levelled against the makers of the dunghill for having brought it so near the road, whereas it should have fallen upon the makers of the road for having brought that so near the dunghill.

"After proceeding in this manner for some time, a building, resembling somewhat a triumphal arch, salutes the traveller's view. This structure, however, is peculiar to this country, and vulgarly called a turnpike gate. I could perceive a long inscription in large characters on the front, probably upon the occasion of some triumph; but, being in haste, I left it to be made out by some subsequent adventurer who may happen to travel this way; so, continuing

my course to the west, I soon arrived at an unwall-ed town called Islington.

“Islington is a pretty, neat town, mostly built of brick, with a church and bells : it has a small lake, or, rather, pond in the midst, though at present very much neglected. I am told it is dry in summer : if this be the case, it can be no very proper receptacle for fish, of which the inhabitants themselves seem sensible, by bringing all that is eaten there from London.

“After having surveyed the curiosities of this fair and beautiful town, I proceeded forward, leaving a fair stone building, called the White Conduit House, on my right. Here the inhabitants of London often assemble to celebrate a feast of hot rolls and butter : seeing such numbers, each with their little tables before them, employed on this occasion, must no doubt be a very pleasing sight to the looker-on, but still more so to those who perform in the solemnity.

“From hence I parted with reluctance to Pancras, as it is written, or Pancridge, as it is pronounced ; but which should be both pronounced and written Pangrace. This emendation I will venture *meo arbitrio* ; *Pan*, in the Greek language, signifies *all*, which, added to the English word *grace*, maketh all-grace, or pan-grace ; and, indeed, this is a very proper appellation to a place of so much sanctity as Pangrace is universally esteemed. However this may be, if you except the parish church and its fine bells, there is little in Pangrace worth the attention of the curious observer.

“From Pangrace to Kentish-town is an easy journey of one mile and a quarter ; the road lies through a fine champaign country, well watered with beautiful drains, and enamelled with flowers of all kinds, which might contribute to charm every sense, were it not that the odoriferous gales are often more impregnated with dust than perfume.

“As you enter Kentish-town, the eye is at once

presented with the shops of artificers, such as vendors of candles, small-coal, and hair-brooms; there are also several august buildings of red brick, with numberless signposts, or, rather, pillars, in a peculiar order of architecture. I send you a drawing of several. vide A. B. C. This pretty town probably borrows its name from its vicinity to the county of Kent; and, indeed, it is not unnatural that it should, as there are only London and the adjacent villages that lie between them. Be this as it will, perceiving night approach, I made a hasty repast on roasted mutton and a certain dried fruit called potatoes, resolving to protract my remarks upon my return: and this I would very willingly have done, but was prevented by a circumstance which, in truth, I had for some time foreseen; for, night coming on, it was impossible to take a proper survey of the country, as I was obliged to return home in the dark." Adieu.

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TO THE SAME.

The Conclusion.

AFTER a variety of disappointments, my wishes are at length fully satisfied. My son, so long expected, is arrived, at once by his presence banishing my anxiety, and opening a new scene of unexpected pleasure. His improvements in mind and person have far surpassed even the sanguine expectations of a father. I left him a boy, but he is returned a man; pleasing in his person, hardened by travel, and polished by adversity. His disappointment in love, however, had infused an air of melancholy into his conversation, which seemed, at intervals, to interrupt our mutual satisfaction. I expected that this could find a cure only from time; but Fortune, as if will-

ing to load us with her favours, has, in a moment, repaid uneasiness with rapture.

Two days after his arrival, the man in black, with his beautiful niece, came to congratulate us upon this pleasing occasion; but guess our surprise, when my friend's lovely kinswoman was found to be the very captive my son had rescued from Persia, and who had been wrecked on the Wolga, and was carried by the Russian peasants to the port of Archangel. Were I to hold the pen of a novelist, I might be prolix in describing their feelings at so unexpected an interview; but you may conceive their joy without my assistance; words were unable to express their transports, then how can words describe it?

When two young persons are sincerely enamoured of each other, nothing can give such pleasure as seeing them married; whether I know the parties or not, I am happy at thus binding one link more in the universal chain. Nature has, in some measure, formed me for a matchmaker, and given me a soul to sympathize with every mode of human felicity. I instantly, therefore, consulted the man in black, whether we might not crown their mutual wishes by marriage; his soul seems formed of similar materials with mine: he instantly gave his consent, and the next day was appointed for the solemnization of their nuptials.

All the acquaintances which I had made since my arrival were present at this gay solemnity. The little beau was constituted master of the ceremonies, and his wife, Mrs. Tibbs, conducted the entertainment with proper decorum. The man in black and the pawnbroker's widow were very sprightly and tender upon this occasion. The widow was dressed up under the direction of Mr. Tibbs; and as for her lover, his face was set off by the assistance of a pigtail wig, which was lent by the little beau, to fit him for making love with proper formal-

ity. The whole company easily perceived that it would be a double wedding before all was over, and, indeed, my friend and the widow seemed to make no secret of their passion; he even called me aside, in order to know my candid opinion whether I did not think him a little too old to be married. "As for my own part," continued he, "I know I am going to play the fool; but all my friends will praise my wisdom, and produce me as the very pattern of discretion to others."

At dinner everything seemed to run on with good-humour, harmony, and satisfaction. Every creature in company thought themselves pretty, and every jest was laughed at; the man in black sat next his mistress, helped her plate, chimed her glass, and, jogging her knees and her elbow, he whispered something arch in her ear, on which she patted his cheek; never was antiquated passion so playful, so harmless, and amusing, as between this reverend couple.

The second course was now called for, and, among a variety of other dishes, a fine turkey was placed before the widow. The Europeans, you know, carve as they eat; my friend, therefore, begged his mistress to help him to a part of the turkey. The widow, pleased with an opportunity of showing her skill in carving, an art upon which, it seems, she piqued herself, began to cut it up by first taking off the leg. "Madam," cries my friend, "if I may be permitted to advise, I would begin by first cutting off the wing, and then the leg will come off more easily." "Sir," replies the widow, "give me leave to understand cutting up a fowl; I always begin with the leg." "Yes, madam," replies the lover; "but, if the wing be the most convenient manner, I would begin with the wing." "Sir," interrupts the lady, "when you have fowls of your own, begin at the wing if you please; but give me leave to take off the leg. I hope I am not to be taught at this time of the day." "Madam," interrupts he, "we are nev-

er too old to be instructed." "Old, sir!" interrupts the other; "who is old, sir? When I die of age, I know some that will quake for fear: if the leg does not come off, take the turkey to yourself." "Madam," replied the man in black, "I don't care a farthing whether the leg or the wing comes off: if you are for the leg first, why you shall have the argument, even though it be as I say." "As for the matter of that," cries the widow, "I don't care a fig whether you are for the leg off or on; and, friend, for the future, keep your distance." "Oh," replied the other, "that is easily done; it is only moving to the other end of the table; and so, madam, your most obedient, humble servant."

Thus was this courtship of an age destroyed in one moment; for this dialogue effectually broke off the match between this respectable couple, that had been but just concluded. The smallest accidents disappoint the most important treaties: However, though it in some measure interrupted the general satisfaction, it in nowise lessened the happiness of the youthful couple; and, by the young lady's looks, I could perceive she was not entirely displeased with this interruption.

In a few hours the whole transaction seemed entirely forgotten, and we have all since enjoyed those satisfactions which result from a consciousness of making each other happy. My son and his fair partner are fixed here for life: the man in black has given them up a small estate in the country, which, added to what I was able to bestow, will be capable of supplying all the real, but not the fictitious demands of happiness. As for myself, the world being but one city to me, I don't much care in which of the streets I reside. I shall therefore spend the remainder of my life in examining the manners of the different countries, and have prevailed upon the man in black to be my companion. "They must often change," says Confucius, "who would be constant in happiness or wisdom." Adieu.





MISCELLANEOUS.



## MISCELLANEOUS.

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### THE HISTORY OF HYPASIA.

MAN, when secluded from society, is not a more solitary being than the woman who leaves the duties of her own sex to invade the privileges of ours. She seems, in such circumstances, like one in banishment; she appears like a neutral being between the sexes; and, though she may have the admiration of both, she finds true happiness from neither.

Of all the ladies of antiquity I have read of, none was ever more justly celebrated than the beautiful Hypasia, the daughter of Leon the philosopher. This most accomplished of women was born at Alexandria, in the reign of Theodosius the younger. Nature was never more lavish of its gifts than it had been to her, endued as she was with the most exalted understanding, and the happiest turn to science. Education completed what nature had begun, and made her the prodigy not only of her own age, but the glory of her sex.

From her father she learned geometry and astronomy; she collected from the conversation and schools of the other philosophers, for which Alexandria was at that time famous, the principles of the rest of the sciences.

What cannot be conquered by natural penetration and a passion for study? The boundless knowledge which, at that period of time, was required to form the character of a philosopher, no way discouraged her: she delivered herself up to the study of Aristotle and Plato, and soon not one in all Alexan-

drea understood so perfectly as she all the difficulties of these two philosophers.

But not their systems alone, but those of every other sect, were quite familiar to her; and to this knowledge she added that of polite learning, and the art of oratory. All the learning which it was possible for the human mind to contain, being joined to a most enchanting eloquence, rendered this lady the wonder, not only of the populace, who easily admire, but of philosophers themselves, who are seldom fond of admiration.

The city of Alexandria was every day crowded with strangers, who came from all parts of Greece and Asia to see and hear her. As for the charms of her person, they might not probably have been mentioned, did she not join to a beauty the most striking, a virtue that might repress the most assuming; and though in the whole capital, famed for charms, there was not one who could equal her in beauty; though in a city, the resort of all the learning then existing in the world, there was not one who could equal her in knowledge, yet, with such accomplishments, Hypasia was the most modest of her sex. Her reputation for virtue was not less than her virtues; and, though in a city divided between two factions, though visited by the wits and philosophers of the age, calumny never dared to suspect her morals or attempt her character. Both the Christians and the heathens who have transmitted her history and her misfortunes, have but one voice when they speak of her beauty, her knowledge, and her virtue. Nay, so much harmony reigns in their accounts of this prodigy of perfection, that, in spite of the opposition of their faith, we should never have been able to judge of what religion was Hypasia, were we not informed from other circumstances that she was a heathen. Providence had taken so much pains in forming her, that we are almost induced to complain of its not having endeavoured to

make her a Christian ; but from this complaint we are deterred by a thousand contrary observations, which lead us to reverence its inscrutable mysteries.

This great reputation, of which she so justly was possessed, was at last, however, the occasion of her ruin.

The person who then possessed the patriarchate of Alexandria was equally remarkable for his violence, cruelty, and pride. Conducted by an ill-grounded zeal for the Christian religion, or, perhaps, desirous of augmenting his authority in the city, he had long meditated the banishment of the Jews. A difference arising between them and the Christians with respect to some public games, seemed to him a proper juncture for putting his ambitious design into execution. He found no difficulty in exciting the people, naturally disposed to revolt. The prefect who at that time commanded the city interposed on this occasion, and thought it just to put one of the chief creatures of the patriarch to the torture, in order to discover the first promoter of the conspiracy. The patriarch, enraged at the injustice he thought offered to his character and dignity, and piqued at the protection which was offered to the Jews, sent for the chiefs of the synagogue, and enjoined them to renounce their designs, upon the pain of incurring his highest displeasure.

The Jews, far from fearing his menaces, excited new tumults, in which several citizens had the misfortune to fall. The patriarch could no longer contain : at the head of a numerous body of Christians, he flew to the synagogues, which he demolished, and drove the Jews from a city of which they had been possessed since the times of Alexander the Great. It may easily be imagined that the prefect could not behold, without pain, his jurisdiction thus insulted, and the city deprived of a number of its most industrious inhabitants.

The affair was therefore brought before the em-



peror. The patriarch complained of the excesses of the Jews, and the prefect of the outrages of the patriarch. At this very juncture five hundred monks of Mount Nitria, imagining the life of their chief to be in danger, and that their religion was threatened in his fall, flew into the city with ungovernable rage, attacked the prefect in the streets, and, not content with loading him with reproaches, wounded him in several places.

The citizens had, by this time, notice of the fury of the monks; they therefore assembled in a body, put the monks to flight, seized on him who had been found throwing a stone, and delivered him to the prefect, who caused him to be put to death without farther delay.

The patriarch immediately ordered the dead body which had been exposed to view to be taken down, procured for it all the pomp and rites of burial, and went even so far as himself to pronounce the funeral oration, in which he classed a seditious monk among the martyrs. This conduct was by no means generally approved of; the most moderate even among the Christians perceived and blamed his indiscretion; but he was now too far advanced to retire. He had made several overtures towards a reconciliation with the prefect, which not succeeding, he bore all those an implacable hatred whom he imagined to have had any hand in traversing his designs; but Hypasia was particularly destined to ruin. She could not find pardon, as she was known to have a most refined friendship for the prefect; wherefore the populace were incited against her. Peter, a reader of the principal church, one of those vile slaves by which men in power are too frequently attended—wretches ever ready to commit any crime which they hope may render them agreeable to their employer—this fellow, I say, attended by a crowd of villains, waited for Hypasia, as she was returning from a visit, at her own door, seized her as she

was going in, and dragged her to one of the churches called Cesarea, where, stripping her in a most inhuman manner, they exercised the most inhuman cruelties upon her, cut her into pieces, and burned her remains to ashes. Such was the end of Hypasia, the glory of her own sex and the astonishment of ours.

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## ON JUSTICE AND GENEROSITY.

LYSIPPUS is a man whose greatness of soul the whole world admires. His generosity is such that it prevents a demand, and saves the receiver the trouble and confusion of a request. His liberality, also, does not oblige more by its greatness than by his inimitable grace in giving. Sometimes he even distributes his bounties to strangers, and has been known to do good offices to those who professed themselves his enemies. All the world are unanimous in the praise of his generosity; there is only one sort of people who complain of his conduct: Lysippus does not pay his debts.

It is no difficult matter to account for a conduct so seemingly incompatible with itself. There is greatness in being generous, and there is only simple justice in satisfying his creditors. Generosity is the part of a soul raised above the vulgar. There is in it something of what we admire in heroes, and praise with a degree of rapture. Justice, on the contrary, is a mere mechanic virtue, fit only for tradesmen, and what is practised by every broker in 'Change Alley.

In paying his debts a man barely does his duty, and it is an action attended with no sort of glory. Should Lysippus satisfy his creditors, who would be at the pains of telling it to the world? Generosity is a virtue of a very different complexion. It is

raised above duty, and from its elevation attracts the attention and the praises of us little mortals below.

In this manner do men generally reason upon justice and generosity. The first is despised, though a virtue essential to the good of society; and the other attracts our esteem, which too frequently proceeds from an impetuosity of temper, rather dictated by vanity than reason. Lysippus is told that his banker asks a debt of forty pounds, and that a distressed acquaintance petitions for the same sum. He gives it without hesitating to the latter; for he demands as a favour what the former requires as a debt.

Mankind in general are not sufficiently acquainted with the import of the word justice: it is commonly believed to consist only in a performance of those duties to which the laws of society can oblige us. This, I allow, is sometimes the import of the word, and in this sense justice is distinguished from equity; but there is a justice still more extensive, and which can be shown to embrace all the virtues united.

Justice may be defined to be that virtue which impels us to give to every person what is his due. In this extended sense of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reason prescribes or society should expect. Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourselves is fully answered if we give them what we owe them. Thus justice, properly speaking, is the only virtue, and all the rest have their origin in it.

The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity, and generosity, for instance, are not, in their own nature, virtues; and, if ever they deserve the title, it is owing only to justice, which impels and directs them. Without such a moderator, candour might become indiscretion, fortitude obstinacy, charity imprudence, and generosity mistaken profusion.

A disinterested action, if it be not conducted by justice, is at best indifferent in its nature, and not unfrequently even turns to vice. The expenses of society, of presents, of entertainments, and the other helps to cheerfulness, are actions merely indifferent when not repugnant to a better method of disposing of our superfluities; but they become vicious when they obstruct or exhaust our abilities from a more virtuous disposition of our circumstances.

True generosity is a duty as indispensably necessary as those imposed upon us by law. It is a rule imposed upon us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being. But this generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind passion for our guide, and impairing our circumstances by present benefactions, so as to render us incapable of future ones.

Misers are generally characterized as men without honour or without humanity; who live only to accumulate, and to this passion sacrifice every other happiness. They have been described as madmen, who, in the midst of abundance, banish every pleasure, and make from imaginary wants real necessities. But few, very few, correspond to this exaggerated picture; and perhaps there is not one in whom all these circumstances are found united. Instead of this, we find the sober and the industrious branded by the vain and the idle with this odious appellation; men who, by frugality and labour, raise themselves above their equals, and contribute their share of industry to the common stock.

Whatever the vain or the ignorant may say, well were it for society had we more of this character among us. In general, these close men are found, at last, the true benefactors of society. With an avaricious man we seldom lose in our dealings, but too frequently in our commerce with prodigality.

A French priest, whose name was Godinot, went for a long time by the name of the Griper. He re-

fused to relieve the most apparent wretchedness, and, by a skilful management of his vineyard, had the good fortune to acquire immense sums of money. The inhabitants of Rheims, who were his fellow-citizens, detested him; and the populace, who seldom love a miser, wherever he went, received him with contempt. He still, however, continued his former simplicity of life, his amazing and unremitted frugality. This good man had long perceived the wants of the poor in the city, particularly in having no water but what they were obliged to buy at an advanced price; wherefore, that whole fortune which he had been amassing he laid out in an aqueduct, by which he did the poor more useful and lasting service than if he had distributed his whole income in charity every day at his door.

Among men long conversant with books, we too frequently find those misplaced virtues of which I have been now complaining. We find the studious animated with a strong passion for the great virtues, as they are mistakenly called, and utterly forgetful of the ordinary ones.

The declamations of philosophy are generally rather exhausted on these supererogatory duties than on such as are indispensably necessary. A man, therefore, who has taken his ideas of mankind from study alone, generally comes into the world with a heart melting at every fictitious distress. Thus he is induced, by misplaced liberality, to put himself into the indigent circumstances of the person he relieves.

I shall conclude this paper with the advice of one of the ancients to a young man whom he saw giving away all his subsistence to pretended distress. "It is possible that the person you relieve may be an honest man, and I know that you who relieve him are such. You see, then, by your generosity you only rob a man who is certainly deserving, to bestow it on one who may possibly be a rogue; and,

while you are unjust in rewarding uncertain merit, you are doubly guilty by stripping yourself."

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## THE STORY OF ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.

TRANSLATED FROM A BYZANTINE HISTORIAN.

ATHENS, even long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. The emperors and generals who, in those periods of approaching ignorance, still felt a passion for science, from time to time added to its buildings or increased its professorships. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, was of the number: he repaired those schools which barbarity was suffering to decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning which avaricious governors had monopolized to themselves.

In this city and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together; the one the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum, the other the most eloquent speaker in the Academic Grove. Mutual admiration soon begot an acquaintance, and a similitude of disposition made them perfect friends. Their fortunes were nearly equal, their studies the same, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this mutual harmony they lived for some time together, when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought, at length, of entering into the busy world; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. Hypatia showed no dislike to his addresses. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed, the previous ceremonies were performed, and nothing now remained but her



being conducted in triumph to the apartment of her intended bridegroom.

An exultation in his own happiness, or his being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce his mistress to his fellow-student, which he did with all the gayety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the peace of both. Septimius no sooner saw her than he was smit with an involuntary passion. He used every effort, but in vain, to suppress desires at once imprudent and unjust. He retired to his apartment in inexpressible agony; and the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by this means, soon discovered the cause of their patient's disorder; and Alcander, being apprized of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant, dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at this time arrived to such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance; and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents of which he was so eminently possessed, he in a few years arrived at the highest dignities of the state and was constituted the city judge or prætor.

Meanwhile, Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia for his having basely given her up, as was suggested, for money. Neither his innocence of the crime laid to his charge, nor his eloquence in his own defence, was able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. Unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, himself stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed in the market-place, and sold as a slave to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into the regions of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master; and his skill in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply a precarious subsistence. Condemned to a hopeless servitude, every morning waked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. Nothing but death or flight was left him, and almost certain death was the consequence of his attempting to fly. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered: he embraced it with ardour, and, travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The day of Alcander's arrival Septimius sat in the forum administering justice; and hither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known and publicly acknowledged. Here he stood the whole day among the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but, so much was he altered by a long succession of hardships, that he passed entirely without notice; and in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally re-

pulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another. Night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness, and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger: in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, or despair.

In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and virtue found on this flinty couch more ease than down can supply to the guilty.

It was midnight when two robbers came to make this cave their retreat; but, happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning, and this naturally induced a farther inquiry. The alarm was spread, the cave was examined, Alcander was found sleeping, and immediately apprehended and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty, and was determined to make no defence. Thus lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. The proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication; the judge, therefore, was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when, as if illuminated by a ray from heaven, he discovered, through all his misery, the features, though dim with sorrow, of his long-lost, loved Alcander.

It is impossible to describe his joy and his pain on this strange occasion ; happy in once seeing the person he most loved on earth, distressed at finding him in such circumstances. Thus agitated by contending passions, he flew from his tribunal, and, falling on the neck of his dear benefactor, burst into an agony of distress. The attention of the multitude was soon, however, divided by another object. The robber who had been really guilty was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any participation in his guilt. Need the sequel be related ? Alcander was acquitted, shared the friendship and honours of his friend Septimius, lived afterward in happiness and ease, and left it to be engraved on his tomb, "That no circumstances are so desperate which Providence may not relieve."

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### ON FRIENDSHIP.

THERE are few subjects which have been more written upon and less understood than that of friendship. To follow the dictates of some, this virtue, instead of being the assuager of pain, becomes the source of every inconvenience. Such speculatists, by expecting too much from friendship, dissolve the connexion, and by drawing the bands too closely, at length break them. Almost all our romance and novel writers are of this kind ; they persuade us to friendships which we find it impossible to sustain to the last ; so that this sweetener of life, under proper regulations, is, by their means, rendered inaccessible or uneasy. It is certain, the best method to cultivate this virtue is by letting it, in some measure, make itself ; a similitude of minds or studies, and even, sometimes, a diversity of pursuits, will produce

all the pleasures that arise from it. The current of tenderness widens as it proceeds; and two men imperceptibly find their hearts affected with good-nature for each other, when they were at first only in pursuit of mirth or relaxation.

Friendship is like a debt of honour; the moment it is talked of, it loses its real name, and assumes the more ungrateful form of obligation. From hence we find, that those who regularly undertake to cultivate friendship find ingratitude generally repays their endeavours. That circle of beings which dependance gathers round us is almost ever unfriendly; they secretly wish the terms of their connexions more nearly equal; and, where they even have the most virtue, are prepared to reserve all their affections for their patron only in the hour of his decline. Increasing the obligations which are laid upon such minds only increases their burden; they feel themselves unable to repay the immensity of their debt, and their bankrupt hearts are taught a latent resentment at the hand that is stretched out with offers of service and relief.

Plautinus was a man that thought that every good was to be brought from riches; and as he was possessed of great wealth, and had a mind naturally formed for virtue, he resolved to gather a circle of the best men round him. Among the number of his dependants was Musidorus, with a mind just as fond of virtue, yet not less proud than his patron's. His circumstances, however, were such as forced him to stoop to the good offices of his superior, and he saw himself daily, among a number of others, loaded with benefits and protestations of friendship. These, in the usual course of the world, he thought it prudent to accept; but, while he gave his esteem, he could not give his heart. A want of affection breaks out in the most trifling instances, and Plautinus had skill enough to observe the minutest actions of the man he wished to make his friend. In these he even

found his aim disappointed; Musidorus claimed an exchange of hearts, which Plautinus, solicited by a variety of claims, could never think of bestowing.

It may be easily supposed that the reserve of our poor proud man was soon construed into ingratitude; and such, indeed, in the common acceptance of the world, it was. Wherever Musidorus appeared, he was remarked as the ungrateful man; he had accepted favours, it was said, and still had the insolence to pretend to independence. The event, however, justified his conduct. Plautinus, by misplaced liberality, at length became poor, and it was then that Musidorus first thought of making a friend of him. He flew to the man of falling fortune with an offer of all he had; wrought under his direction with assiduity; and, by uniting their talents, both were at length placed in that state of life from which one of them had formerly fallen.

To this story, taken from modern life, I shall add one more, taken from a Greek writer of antiquity. Two Jewish soldiers, in the time of Vespasian, had made many campaigns together, and a participation of danger at length bred a union of hearts. They were remarked throughout the whole army as the two friendly brothers: they felt and fought for each other. Their friendship might have continued without interruption till death, had not the good fortune of the one alarmed the pride of the other, which was in his promotion to be a centurion, under the famous John, who headed a particular part of the Jewish malecontents.

From this moment their former love was converted into the most inveterate enmity. They attached themselves to opposite factions, and sought each other's lives in the conflict of adverse party. In this manner they continued for more than two years vowing mutual revenge, and animated with an unconquerable spirit of aversion. At length, however, that party of the Jews to which the mean soldier



belonged, joining with the Romans, became victorious, and drove John, with all his adherents, into the temple. History has given us more than one picture of the dreadful conflagration of that superb edifice. The Roman soldiers were gathered round it! the whole temple was in flames, and thousands were seen amid them within its sacred circuit. It was in this situation of things that the now successful soldier saw his former friend upon the battlements of the highest tower, looking round with horror, and just ready to be consumed with the flames. All his former tenderness now returned; he saw the man of his bosom just going to perish; and, unable to withstand the impulse, he ran, spreading his arms, and cried out to his friend to leap down from the top and find safety with him. The centurion from above heard and obeyed; and, casting himself from the top of the tower into his fellow-soldier's arms, both fell a sacrifice on the spot; one being crushed to death by the weight of his companion, and the other dashed to pieces by the greatness of his fall.

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### ASEM, THE MAN-HATER.

WHERE Tauris lifts its head above the storm, and presents nothing to the sight of the distant traveller but a prospect of nodding rocks, falling torrents, and all the variety of tremendous nature—on the bleak bosom of this frightful mountain, secluded from society, and detesting the ways of men, lived Asem, the man-hater.

Asem had spent his youth with men; had shared in their amusements; and had been taught to love his fellow-creatures with the most ardent affection; but, from the tenderness of his disposition, he exhausted all his fortune in relieving the wants of the distressed. The petitioner never sued in vain; the

weary traveller never passed his door; he only desisted from doing good when he had no longer the power of relieving.

For a fortune thus spent in benevolence, he expected a grateful return from those he had formerly relieved, and made his application with confidence of redress: the ungrateful world soon grew weary of his importunity, for pity is but a short-lived passion. He soon, therefore, began to view mankind in a very different light from that in which he had before beheld them: he perceived a thousand vices he had never before suspected to exist; wherever he turned, ingratitude, dissimulation, and treachery contributed to increase his detestation of them. Resolved, therefore, to continue no longer in a world which he hated, and which repaid his detestation with contempt, he retired to this region of sterility in order to brood over his resentment in solitude, and converse with the only honest heart he knew, namely, with his own.

A cave was his only shelter from the inclemency of the weather; fruits gathered with difficulty from the mountain's side his only food; and his drink was fetched with danger and toil from the headlong torrent. In this manner he lived, sequestered from society, passing the hours in meditation, and sometimes exulting that he was able to live independently of his fellow-creatures.

At the foot of the mountain an extensive lake displayed its glassy bosom, reflecting on its broad surface the impending horrors of the mountain. To this capacious mirror he would sometimes descend, and, reclining on its steep banks, cast an eager look on the smooth expanse that lay before him. "How beautiful," he often cried, "is nature! how lovely, even in the wildest scenes! How finely contrasted is the level plain that lies beneath me, with yon awful pile that hides its tremendous heads in clouds! But the beauty of these scenes is no way

comparable with their utility ; from hence a hundred rivers are supplied, which distribute health and verdure to the various countries through which they flow. Every part of the universe is beautiful, just, and wise ; but man, vile man, is a solecism in nature ; the only monster in the creation. Tempests and whirlwinds have their use ; but vicious, ungrateful man is a blot in the fair page of universal beauty. Why was I born of that detested species, whose vices are almost a reproach to the wisdom of the Divine Creator ! Were men entirely free from vice, all would be uniformity, harmony, and order. A world of moral rectitude should be the result of a perfectly moral agent. Why, why then, oh Alla ! must I be thus confined in darkness, doubt, and despair !”

Just as he uttered the word despair he was going to plunge into the lake beneath him, at once to satisfy his doubts and put a period to his anxiety, when he perceived a most majestic being walking on the surface of the water, and approaching the bank on which he stood. So unexpected an object at once checked his purpose ; he stopped, contemplated, and fancied he saw something awful and divine in his aspect.

“ Son of Adam !” cried the genius, “ stop thy rash purpose : the father of the faithful has seen thy justice, thy integrity, thy miseries, and has sent me to afford and administer relief. Give me thine hand, and follow, without trembling, wherever I shall lead ; in me behold the Genius of Conviction, kept by the great Prophet to turn from their errors those who go astray, not from curiosity, but a rectitude of intention. Follow me, and be wise.”

Asem immediately descended upon the lake, and his guide conducted him along the surface of the water, till, coming near the centre of the lake, they both began to sink ; the waters closed over their heads ; they descended several hundred fathoms, till

Asem, just ready to give up his life as inevitably lost, found himself, with his celestial guide, in another world at the bottom of the waters, where human foot had never trod before. His astonishment was beyond description when he saw a sun like that he had left, a serene sky over his head, and blooming verdure under his feet.

"I plainly perceive your amazement," said the genius; "but suspend it for a while. This world was formed by Alla, at the request and under the inspection of our great Prophet, who once entertained the same doubts which filled your mind when I found you, and from the consequence of which you were so lately rescued. The rational inhabitants of this world are formed agreeably to your own ideas; they are absolutely without vice. In other respects it resembles your earth, but differs from it in being wholly inhabited by men who never do wrong. If you find this world more agreeable than that you so lately left, you have free permission to spend the remainder of your days in it; but permit me for some time to attend you, that I may silence your doubts, and make you better acquainted with your new habitation."

"A world without vice! Rational beings without immorality!" cried Asem, in a rapture; "I thank thee, oh Alla! who hast at length heard my petitions: this, this indeed will produce happiness, ecstasy, and ease. Oh for an immortality to spend it among men who are incapable of ingratitude, injustice, fraud, violence, and a thousand other crimes that render society miserable."

"Cease thine acclamations," replied the genius. "Look around thee; reflect on every object and action before us, and communicate to me the result of thine observations. Lead wherever you think proper, I shall be your attendant and instructor." Asem and his companion travelled on in silence for some time, the former being entirely lost in astonishment;

but, at last, recovering his former serenity, he could not help observing that the face of the country bore a near resemblance to that he had left, except that this subterranean world still seemed to retain its primeval wildness.

“Here,” cried Asem, “I perceive animals of prey, and others that seem only designed for their subsistence; it is the very same in the world over our heads. But, had I been permitted to instruct our Prophet, I would have removed this defect, and formed no voracious or destructive animals, which only prey on the other parts of the creation.” “Your tenderness for inferior animals is, I find, remarkable,” said the genius, smiling. “But, with regard to meaner creatures, this world exactly resembles the other; and, indeed, for obvious reasons: for the earth can support a more considerable number of animals by their thus becoming food for each other, than if they had lived entirely on her vegetable productions. So that animals of different natures, thus formed, instead of lessening their multitude, subsist in the greatest number possible. But let us hasten on to the inhabited country before us, and see what that offers for instruction.”

They soon gained the utmost verge of the forest, and entered the country inhabited by men without vice; and Asem anticipated in idea the rational delight he hoped to experience in such an innocent society. But they had scarce left the confines of the wood, when they beheld one of the inhabitants flying with hasty steps, and terror in his countenance, from an army of squirrels that closely pursued him. “Heavens!” cried Asem, “why does he fly? What can he fear from animals so contemptible?” He had scarce spoken when he perceived two dogs pursuing another of the human species, who, with equal terror and haste, attempted to avoid them. “This,” cried Asem to his guide, “is truly surprising; nor can I conceive the reason for so strange an action.”

"Every species of animals," replied the genius, "has of late grown very powerful in this country; for the inhabitants, at first, thinking it unjust to use either fraud or force in destroying them, they have insensibly increased, and now frequently ravage their harmless frontiers." "But they should have been destroyed," cried Asem; "you see the consequence of such neglect." "Where is, then, that tenderness you so lately expressed for subordinate animals?" replied the genius, smiling; "you seem to have forgotten that branch of justice." "I must acknowledge my mistake," returned Asem; "I am now convinced that we must be guilty of tyranny and injustice to the brute creation if we would enjoy the world ourselves. But let us no longer observe the duty of man to these irrational creatures, but survey their connexions with one another."

As they walked farther up the country, the more he was surprised to see no vestiges of handsome houses, no cities, nor any mark of elegant design. His conductor, perceiving his surprise, observed that the inhabitants of this new world were perfectly content with their ancient simplicity: each had a house, which, though homely, was sufficient to lodge his little family: they were too good to build houses, which could only increase their own pride and the envy of the spectator; what they built was for convenience, and not for show. "At least, then," said Asem, "they have neither architects, painters, nor statuaries in their society; but these are idle arts, and may be spared. However, before I spend much more time here, you should have my thanks for introducing me into the society of some of their wisest men: there is scarce any pleasure to me equal to a refined conversation; there is nothing of which I am so enamoured as wisdom." "Wisdom," replied his instructor, "how ridiculous! We have no wisdom here, for we have no occasion for it. True wisdom is only a knowledge of our own duty, and the



duty of others to us ; but of what use is such wisdom here ? each intuitively performs what is right in himself, and expects the same from others. If by wisdom you should mean vain curiosity and empty speculation, as such pleasures have their origin in vanity, luxury, or avarice, we are too good to pursue them." "All this may be right," says Asem, "but methinks I observe a solitary disposition prevailing among the people ; each family keeps separately within their own precincts, without society, or without intercourse." "That, indeed, is true," replied the other ; "here is no established society ; nor should there be any : all societies are made either through fear or friendship : the people we are among are too good to fear each other, and there are no motives to private friendship where all are equally meritorious." "Well, then," said the skeptic, "as I am to spend my time here, if I am to have neither the fine arts, nor wisdom, nor friendship in such a world, I should be glad, at least, of an easy companion, who may tell me his thoughts, and to whom I may communicate mine." "And to what purpose should either do this ?" says the genius ; "flattery or curiosity are vicious motives, and never allowed of here ; and wisdom is out of the question."

"Still, however," said Asem, "the inhabitants must be happy : each is contented with his own possessions, nor avariciously endeavours to heap up more than is necessary for his own subsistence ; each has, therefore, leisure for pitying those that stand in need of his compassion." He had scarce spoken when his ears were assaulted with the lamentations of a wretch who sat by the wayside, and, in the most deplorable distress, seemed gently to murmur at his own misery. Asem immediately ran to his relief, and found him in the last stage of a consumption. "Strange," cried the son of Adam, "that men who are free from vice should thus suffer

so much misery without relief!" "Be not surprised," said the wretch, who was dying; "would it not be the utmost injustice for beings who have only just sufficient to support themselves, and are content with a bare subsistence, to take it from their own mouths to put it into mine? They never are possessed of a single meal more than is necessary; and what is barely necessary cannot be dispensed with." "They should have been supplied with more than is necessary," cried Asem; "and yet I contradict my own opinion but a moment before: all is doubt, perplexity, and confusion. Even the want of ingratitude is no virtue here, since they never received a favour. They have, however, another excellence yet behind; the love of their country is still, I hope, one of their darling virtues." "Peace, Asem," replied the guardian, with a countenance not less severe than beautiful, "nor forfeit all thy pretensions to wisdom: the same selfish motives by which we prefer our own interest to that of others, induce us to regard our country preferably to that of another. Nothing less than universal benevolence is free from vice, and that, you see, is practised here." "Strange!" cries the disappointed pilgrim, in an agony of distress; "what sort of a world am I now introduced to? There is scarce a single virtue but that of temperance which they practise, and in that they are no way superior to the brute creation. There is scarce an amusement which they enjoy: fortitude, liberality, friendship, wisdom, conversation, and love of country, all are virtues entirely unknown here; thus it seems that to be unacquainted with vice is not to know virtue. Take me, oh my genius, back to that very world which I have despised: a world which has Alla for its contriver is much more wisely formed than that which has been projected by Mohammed. Ingratitude, contempt, and hatred I can now suffer, for perhaps I have deserved them. When I arraigned

the wisdom of Providence, I only showed my own ignorance ; henceforth let me keep from vice myself, and pity it in others."

He had scarce ended, when the genius, assuming an air of terrible complacency, called all his thunders around him, and vanished in a whirlwind. Asem, astonished at the terror of the scene, looked for his imaginary world ; when, casting his eyes around, he perceived himself in the very situation and in the very place where he first began to repine and despair ; his right foot had been just advanced to take the final plunge, nor had it been yet withdrawn ; so instantly did Providence strike the series of truths just imprinted on his soul. He now departed from the water-side in tranquillity, and, leaving his horrid mansion, travelled to Segestan, his native city, where he diligently applied himself to commerce, and put in practice that wisdom he had learned in solitude. The frugality of a few years soon produced opulence ; the number of his domestics increased ; his friends came to him from every part of the city ; nor did he receive them with disdain ; and a youth of misery was concluded with an old age of elegance, affluence, and ease.

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### SABINUS AND OLINDA.

In a fair, rich, and flourishing country, whose cliffs are washed by the German Ocean, lived Sabinus, a youth formed by nature to make a conquest wherever he thought proper ; but the constancy of his disposition fixed him only with Olinda. He was indeed superior to her in fortune, but that defect on her side was so amply supplied by her merit, that none was thought more worthy of his regards than she. He loved her, he was beloved by her ; and, in a short time, by joining hands publicly, they avowed

the union of their hearts. But, alas! none, however fortunate, however happy, are exempt from the shafts of envy and the malignant effects of ungoverned appetite. How unsafe, how detestable are they who have this fury for their guide! How certainly will it lead them from themselves, and plunge them in errors they would have shuddered at, even in apprehension! Ariana, a lady of many amiable qualities, very nearly allied to Sabinus, and highly esteemed by him, imagined herself slighted and injuriously treated since his marriage with Olinda. By incautiously suffering this jealousy to corrode in her breast, she began to give a loose to passion; she forgot those many virtues for which she had been so long and so justly applauded. Causeless suspicion and mistaken resentment betrayed her into all the gloom of discontent; she sighed without ceasing; the happiness of others gave her intolerable pain; she thought of nothing but revenge. How unlike what she was, the cheerful, the prudent, the compassionate Ariana.

She continually laboured to disturb a union so firmly, so affectionately founded, and planned every scheme which she thought most likely to disturb it.

Fortune seemed willing to promote her unjust intentions: the circumstances of Sabinus had been long embarrassed by a tedious lawsuit, and the court determining the cause unexpectedly in favour of his opponent, it sunk his fortune to the lowest pitch of penury from the highest affluence. From the nearness of relationship, Sabinus expected from Ariana those assistances his present situation required; but she was insensible to all his entreaties and the justice of every remonstrance, unless he first separated from Olinda, whom she regarded with detestation. Upon a compliance with her desires in this respect, she promised that her fortune, her interest, and her all should be at his command. Sabinus was shocked at the proposal: he loved his wife with inex-

pressible tenderness, and refused those offers with indignation which were to be purchased at so high a price. Ariana was no less displeased to find her offers rejected, and gave a loose to all that warmth which she had long endeavoured to suppress. Reproach generally produces recrimination; the quarrel rose to such a height that Sabinus was marked for destruction; and the very next day, upon the strength of an old family debt, he was sent to jail, with none but Olinda to comfort him in his miseries. In this mansion of distress, they lived together with resignation and even with comfort. She provided the frugal meal, and he read to her while employed in the little offices of domestic concern. Their fellow-prisoners admired their contentment, and, whenever they had a desire of relaxing into mirth, and enjoying those little comforts that a prison affords, Sabinus and Olinda were sure to be of the party. Instead of reproaching each other for their mutual wretchedness, they both lightened it by bearing each a share of the load imposed by Providence. Whenever Sabinus showed the least concern on his dear partner's account, she conjured him by the love he bore her, by those tender ties which now united them for ever, not to discompose himself; that, so long as his affection lasted, she defied all the ills of fortune, and every loss of fame or friendship; that nothing could make her miserable but his seeming to want happiness; nothing pleased but his sympathizing with her pleasure. A continuance in prison soon robbed them of the little they had left, and famine began to make its horrid appearance; yet still was neither found to murmur: they both looked upon their little boy, who, insensible of their or his own distress, was playing about the room, with inexpressible yet silent anguish, when a messenger came to inform them that Ariana was dead, and that her will in favour of a very distant relation, who was now in another country, might easily be pro-

cured and burned, in which case all her large fortune would revert to him, as being the next heir at law.

A proposal of so base a nature filled our unhappy couple with horror: they ordered the messenger out of the room, and, falling upon each other's neck, indulged an agony of sorrow, for now even all hopes of relief were banished. The messenger who made the proposal, however, was only a spy sent by Ariana to sound the dispositions of a man she at once loved and persecuted. This lady, though warped by strong passions, was naturally kind, judicious, and friendly. She found that all her attempts to shake the constancy of the integrity of Sabinus were ineffectual; she had, therefore, begun to reflect and to wonder how she could, so long and so unprovoked, injure such uncommon fortitude and affection.

She had from the next room herself heard the reception given to the messenger, and could not avoid feeling all the force of superior virtue: she therefore reassumed her former goodness of heart; she came into the room with tears in her eyes, and acknowledged the severity of her former treatment. She bestowed her first care in providing them all the necessary supplies, and acknowledged them as the most deserving heirs of her fortune. From this moment Sabinus enjoyed an uninterrupted happiness with Olinda, and both were happy in the friendship and assistance of Ariana, who, dying soon after, left them in possession of a large estate, and in her last moments confessed that virtue was the only path to true glory; and that, however innocence may for a time be depressed, a steady perseverance will in time lead it to a certain victory.



## ON THE DIFFERENT SCHOOLS OF MUSIC.

A SCHOOL in the polite arts properly signifies that succession of artists which has learned the principles of the art from some eminent master, either by hearing his lessons or studying his works, and, consequently, who imitate his manner either through design or from habit. Musicians seem agreed in making only three principal schools in music: namely, the school of Pergolese in Italy, of Lully in France, and of Handel in England; though some are for making Rameau the founder of a new school, different from those of the former, as he is the inventor of beauties peculiarly his own.

Without all doubt, Pergolese's music deserves the first rank: though excelling neither in variety of movements, number of parts, nor unexpected flights, yet he is universally allowed to be the musical Raphael of Italy. This great master's principal art consisted in knowing how to excite our passions by sounds, which seem frequently opposite to the passion they would express: by slow, solemn sounds he is sometimes known to throw us into all the rage of battle; and even by faster movements he excites melancholy in every heart that sounds are capable of affecting. This is a talent which seems born with the artist. We are unable to tell why such sounds affect us; they seem no way imitative of the passion they would express, but operate upon us by an inexpressible sympathy, the original of which is as inscrutable as the secret springs of life itself. To this excellence he adds another, in which he is superior to every other artist of the profession, the happy transition from one passion to another. No dramatic poet better knows how to prepare his incidents than he: the audience are pleased in those intervals of passion with the delicate, the simple

harmony, if I may so express it, in which the parts are all thrown into fugues, or often are barely unison. His melodies, also, where no passion is expressed, give equal pleasure from this delicate simplicity; and I need only instance that song in the *Serva Padrona*, which begins *Lo conosco a quegl'occelli*, as one of the finest instances of excellence in the duo.

The Italian artists, in general, have followed his manner, yet seem fond of embellishing the delicate simplicity of the original. Their style in music seems somewhat to resemble that of Seneca in writing, where there are some beautiful starts of thought; but the whole is filled with studied elegance and unaffected affectation.

Lully, in France, first attempted the improvement of their music, which, in general, resembled that of our old solemn chants in churches. It is worthy of remark, in general, that the music of every country is solemn in proportion as the inhabitants are merry; or, in other words, the merriest, sprightliest nations are remarked for having the slowest music; and those whose character it is to be melancholy are pleased with the most brisk and airy movements. Thus in France, Poland, Ireland, and Switzerland, the national music is slow, melancholy, and solemn; in Italy, England, Spain, and Germany, it is faster, proportionably as the people are grave. Lully only changed a bad manner which he found for a bad one of his own. His drowsy pieces are played still to the most sprightly audiences that can be conceived; and even though Rameau, who is at once a musician and a philosopher, has shown, both by precept and example, what improvements French music may still admit of, yet his countrymen seem little convinced by his reasonings; and the Pontneuf taste, as it is called, still prevails in their best performances.

The English school was planned by Purcel: he at-

tempted to unite the Italian manner that prevailed in his time with the ancient Celtic carol and the Scottish ballad, which probably had also its origin in Italy; for some of the best Scotch ballads ("The Broom of Cowden-knowes," for instance) are still ascribed to David Rizzio. But, be that as it will, his manner was something peculiar to the English; and he might have continued as head of the English school, had not his merits been entirely eclipsed by Handel. Handel, though originally a German, yet adopted the English manner: he had long laboured to please by Italian composition, but without success; and, though his English Oratorios are accounted inimitable, yet his Italian Operas are fallen into oblivion. Pergolese excelled in passionate simplicity: Lully was remarkable for creating a new species of music, where all is elegant, but nothing passionate or sublime: Handel's true characteristic is simplicity; he has employed all the variety of sounds and parts in all his pieces: the performances of the rest may be pleasing, though executed by a few performers; his require the full band. The attention is awakened, the soul is roused up at his pieces, but distinct passion is seldom expressed. In this particular he has seldom found success: he has been obliged, in order to express passion, to imitate words by sound, which, though it gives the pleasure which imitation always produces, yet it fails of exciting those lasting affections which it is in the power of sounds to produce. In a word, no man ever understood harmony so well as he; but in melody he has been exceeded by several.

[The following OBJECTIONS to the preceding ESSAY having been addressed to Dr. SMOLLETT (as EDITOR of the BRITISH MAGAZINE, in which it first appeared), that gentleman, with equal candour and politeness, communicated it to Dr. GOLDSMITH, who returned his answer to the objector in the notes annexed.]

**PERMIT** me to object against some things advanced

in the paper on the subject of THE DIFFERENT SCHOOLS OF Music. The author of this article seems too hasty in degrading the harmonious\* Purcel from the head of the English school, to erect in his room a foreigner (Handel), who has not yet formed any school.† The gentleman, when he comes to communicate his thoughts upon the different schools of painting, may as well place Rubens at the head of the English painters because he left some monuments of his art in England.‡ He says that Handel, though *originally*

\* Had the objector said *melodious* Purcel, it had testified at least a greater acquaintance with music, and Purcel's peculiar excellence. Purcel, in melody, is frequently great: his song, made in his last sickness, called Rosy Bowers, is a fine instance of this; but in harmony he is far short of the meanest of our modern composers, his fullest harmonies being exceedingly simple. His Opera of Prince Arthur, the words of which were Dryden's, is reckoned his finest piece. But what is that, in point of harmony, to what we every day hear from modern masters? In short, with respect to genius, Purcel had a fine one; he greatly improved an art but little known in England before his time: for this he deserves our applause; but the present prevailing taste in music is very different from what he left it, and who was the improver since his time we shall see by-and-by.

† Handel may be said, as justly as any man, not Pergolese excepted, to have founded a new school of music. When he first came into England his music was entirely Italian: he composed for the Opera; and, though even then his pieces were liked, they did not meet with universal approbation. In those he has too servilely imitated the modern vitiated Italian taste, by placing what foreigners call the *point d'orgue* too closely and injudiciously. But in his Oratorios he is perfectly an original genius. In these, by steering between the manners of Italy and England, he has struck out new harmonies, and formed a species of music different from all others. He has left some excellent and eminent scholars, particularly Worgan and Smith, who compose nearly in his manner; a manner as different from Purcel's as from that of modern Italy. Consequently, Handel may be placed at the head of the English school.

‡ The objector will not have Handel's school to be called an English school, because he was a German. Handel, in a great measure, found in England those essential differences which characterize his music; we have already shown that he had them not upon his arrival. Had Rubens come over to England

a German (as most certainly he was, and continued so to his last breath), yet adopted the English manner.\* Yes, to be sure, just as much as Rubens the painter did. Your correspondent, in the course of his discoveries, tells us, besides, that some of the best Scottish ballads, "The Broom of Cowden-knowes," for instance, are still ascribed to David Rizzio.† This Rizzio must have been a most original genius, or have possessed extraordinary imitative powers, to have come, so advanced in life as he did, from Italy, and strike so far out of the common road of his own country's music.

but moderately skilled in his art; had he learned here all his excellence in colouring and correctness of designing; had he left several scholars excellent in his manner behind him, I should not scruple to call the school erected by him the English school of painting. Not the country in which a man is born, but his peculiar style, either in painting or in music—that constitutes him of this or that school. Thus Champagne, who painted in the manner of the French school, is always placed among the painters of that school, though he was born in Flanders, and should consequently, by the objector's rule, be placed among the Flemish painters. Kneller is placed in the German school, and Ostade in the Dutch, though born in the same city. Primatis, who may be truly said to have founded the Roman school, was born in Bologna; though, if his country was to determine his school, he should have been placed in the Lombard. There might several other instances be produced; but these, it is hoped, will be sufficient to prove that Handel, though a German, may be placed at the head of the English school.

\* Handel was originally a German, but, by a long continuance in England, he might have been looked upon as naturalized to that country. I do not pretend to be a fine writer: however, if the gentleman dislikes the expression (although he must be convinced it is a common one), I wish it were mended.

† I said that they were ascribed to David Rizzio. That they are, the objector need only look into Mr. Oswald's Collection of Scottish Tunes, and he will there find not only "The Broom of Cowden-knowes," but also "The Black Eagle," and several other of the best Scottish tunes, ascribed to him. Though this might be a sufficient answer, yet I must be permitted to go farther, to tell the objector the opinion of our best modern musicians in this particular. It is the opinion of the melodious Germiniani, that we have in the dominions of Great Britain no

A mere fiddler,\* a shallow coxcomb, a giddy, insolent, worthless fellow, to compose such pieces as nothing but genuine sensibility of mind, and an exquisite feeling of those passions which animate only the finest souls could dictate; and in a manner, too, so extravagantly distant from that to which he had all his life been accustomed! It is impossible. He might, indeed, have had presumption enough to add some flourishes to a few favourite airs, like a cobbler of old plays when he takes it upon himself to mend Shakspeare. So far he might go; but farther it is impossible for any one to believe that has but just ear enough to distinguish between the Italian and Scottish music, and is disposed to consider the subject with the least degree of attention. S. R.

*March 18, 1860.*

original music except the Irish; the Scottish and the English being originally borrowed from the Italians. And that his opinion in this respect is just (for I would not be swayed merely by authorities), it is very reasonable to suppose, first, from the conformity between the Scottish and ancient Italian music. They who compare the old French vaudevilles, brought from Italy by Rinuccini, with those pieces ascribed to David Rizzio, who was pretty nearly contemporary with him, will find a strong resemblance, notwithstanding the opposite characters of the two nations which have preserved those pieces. When I would have them compared, I would have their bases compared, by which the similitude may be more exactly seen. Secondly, it is reasonable, from the ancient music of the Scotch, which is still preserved in the Highlands, and which bears no resemblance at all to the music of the Low Country. The Highland tunes are sung to Irish words, and flow entirely in the Irish manner. On the other hand, the Lowland music is always sung to English words.

\* David Rizzio was neither a mere fiddler, nor a shallow coxcomb, nor a worthless fellow, nor a stranger in Scotland. He had, indeed, been brought over from Piedmont, to be put at the head of a band of music, by King James V., one of the most elegant princes of his time, an exquisite judge of music, as well as of poetry, architecture, and all the fine arts. Rizzio, at the time of his death, had been above twenty years in Scotland: he was secretary to the queen, and, at the same time, an agent from the pope; so that he could not be so obscure as he has been represented.



## SHENSTONE AND HIS GARDENS.

OF all men who form gay allusions of distant happiness, perhaps a poet is the most sanguine. Such is the ardour of his hopes, that they often are equal to actual enjoyment; and he feels more in expectation than actual fruition. I have often regarded a character of this kind with some degree of envy. A man possessed of such warm imagination commands all nature, and arrogates possessions of which the owner has a blunter relish. While life continues, the alluring prospect lies before him; he travels in the pursuit with confidence, and resigns it only with his last breath.

It is this happy confidence which gives life its true relish, and keeps up our spirits amid every distress and disappointment. How much less would be done if a man knew how little he can do! how wretched a creature would he be if he saw the end as well as the beginning of his projects! He would have nothing left but to sit down in torpid despair, and exchange employment for actual calamity.

I was led into this train of thinking upon lately visiting\* the beautiful gardens of the late Mr. Shenstone, who was himself a poet, and possessed of that warm imagination which made him ever foremost in the pursuit of flying happiness. Could he but have foreseen the end of all his schemes, for whom he was improving, and what changes his designs were to undergo, he would have scarcely amused his innocent life with what, for several years, employed him in a most harmless manner, and abridged his scanty fortune. As the progress of this improvement is a true picture of sublunary vicissitude, I could not help calling up my imagination, which,

while I walked pensively along, suggested the following revery.

As I was turning my back upon a beautiful piece of water, enlivened with cascades and rock-work, and entering a dark walk, by which ran a prattling brook, the genius of the place appeared before me, but more resembling the god of Time than him more peculiarly appointed to the care of gardens. Instead of shears he bore a scythe ; and he appeared rather with the implements of husbandry than those of a modern gardener. Having remembered this place in its pristine beauty, I could not help condoling with him on its present ruinous situation. I spoke to him of the many alterations which had been made, and all for the worse ; of the many shades which had been taken away, of the bowers that were destroyed by neglect, and the hedgerows that were spoiled by clipping. The genius, with a sigh, received my condolment, and assured me that he was equally a martyr to ignorance and taste, to refinement and rusticity. Seeing me desirous of knowing farther, he went on :

“ You see, in the place before you, the paternal inheritance of a poet ; and, to a man content with little, fully sufficient for his subsistence ; but a strong imagination and a long acquaintance with the rich are dangerous foes to contentment. Our poet, instead of sitting down to enjoy life, resolved to prepare for its future enjoyment ; and set about converting a place of profit into a scene of pleasure. This he at first supposed could be accomplished at a small expense ; and he was willing for a while to stint his income, to have an opportunity of displaying his taste. The improvement in this manner went forward ; one beauty attained led him to wish for some other ; but he still hoped that every emendation would be the last. It was now, therefore, found that the improvement exceeded the subsidy ; that the place was grown too large and too fine for the in-

habitant. But that pride which was once exhibited could not retire; the garden was made for the owner, and, though it was become unfit for him, he could not willingly resign it to another. Thus the first idea of its beauties contributing to the happiness of his life was found unfaithful; so that, instead of looking within for satisfaction, he began to think of having recourse to the praises of those who came to visit his improvement.

“In consequence of this hope, which now took possession of his mind, the gardens were opened to the visits of every stranger; and the country flocked round to walk, to criticise, to admire, and to do mischief. He soon found that the admirers of his taste left by no means such strong marks of their applause as the envious did of their malignity. All the windows of his temples, and the walls of his retreats, were impressed with the characters of profaneness, ignorance, and obscenity; his hedges were broken, his statues and urns defaced, and his lawns worn bare. It was now, therefore, necessary to shut up the gardens once more, and to deprive the public of that happiness which had before ceased to be his own.

“In this situation the poet continued for a time in the character of a jealous lover, fond of the beauty he keeps, but unable to supply the extravagance of every demand. The garden, by this time, was completely grown and finished; the marks of art were covered up by the luxuriance of nature; the winding walks were grown dark; the brook assumed a natural silvage; and the rocks were covered with moss. Nothing now remained but to enjoy the beauties of the place, when the poor poet died, and his garden was obliged to be sold for the benefit of those who had contributed to its embellishment.

“The beauties of the place had now for some time been celebrated as well in prose as in verse: and all men of taste wished for so envied a spot,

where every turn was marked with the poet's pencil, and every walk awakened genius and meditation. The first purchaser was one Mr. 'Truepenny, a button-maker, who was possessed of three thousand pounds, and was willing also to be possessed of taste and genius.

"As the poet's ideas were for the natural wildness of the landscape, the button-maker's were for the more regular productions of art. He conceived, perhaps, that as it is a beauty in a button to be of a regular pattern, so the same regularity ought to obtain in a landscape. Be this as it will, he employed the shears to some purpose; he clipped up the hedges, cut down the gloomy walks, made vistas upon the stables and hogsties, and showed his friends that a man of taste should always be doing.

"The next candidate for taste and genius was a captain of a ship, who bought the garden because the former possessor could find nothing more to mend; but, unfortunately, he had taste too. His great passion lay in building; in making Chinese temples, and cagework summer-houses. As the place before had an appearance of retirement, and inspired meditation, he gave it a more peopled air; every turning presented a cottage, or icehouse, or a temple; the improvement was converted into a little city, and it only wanted inhabitants to give it the air of a village in the East Indies.

"In this manner, in less than ten years, the improvement has gone through the hands of as many proprietors, who were all willing to have taste, and to show their taste too. As the place had received its best finishing from the hand of the first possessor, so every innovator only lent a hand to do mischief. Those parts which were obscure have been enlightened; those walks which led naturally have been twisted into serpentine windings. The colour of the flowers of the field is not more various than the variety of tastes that have been employed here,

and all in direct contradiction to the original aim of the first improver. Could the original possessor but revive, with what a sorrowful heart would he look upon his favourite spot again! He would scarcely recollect a Dryad or a wood-nymph of his former acquaintance, and might perhaps find himself as much a stranger in his own plantation as in the deserts of Siberia."

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### POLITICAL FRUGALITY.

FRUGALITY has ever been esteemed a virtue, as well among pagans as Christians; there have been even heroes who have practised it. However, we must acknowledge that it is too modest a virtue, or, if you will, too obscure a one to be essential to heroism; few heroes have been able to attain to such a height. Frugality agrees much better with politics; it seems to be the base and support, and, in a word, the inseparable companion of a just administration.

However this be, there is not, perhaps, in the world a people less fond of this virtue than the English; and, of consequence, there is not a nation more restless, more exposed to the uneasiness of life, or less capable of providing for particular happiness. We are taught to despise this virtue from our childhood; our education is improperly directed; and a man who has gone through the politest institutions is generally the person who is least acquainted with the wholesome precepts of frugality. We every day hear the elegance of taste, the magnificence of some, and the generosity of others, made the subject of our admiration and applause. All this we see represented, not as the end and recompense of labour and desert, but as the actual result of genius, as the mark of a noble and exalted mind.

In the midst of these praises bestowed on luxury, for which elegance and taste are but another name, perhaps it may be thought improper to plead the cause of frugality. It may be thought low, or vainly declamatory, to exhort our youth from the follies of dress, and of every other superfluity; to accustom themselves, even with mechanic meanness, to the simple necessities of life. Such sort of instructions may appear antiquated; yet, however, they seem the foundations of all our virtues, and the most efficacious method of making mankind useful members of society. Unhappily, however, such discourses are not fashionable among us, and the fashion seems every day growing still more obsolete, since the press, and every other method of exhortation, seems disposed to talk of the luxuries of life as harmless enjoyments. I remember, when a boy, to have remarked, that those who in school wore the finest clothes, were pointed at as being conceited and proud. At present, our little masters are taught to consider dress betimes, and they are regarded, even at school, with contempt, who do not appear as genteel as the rest. Education should teach us to become useful, sober, disinterested, and laborious members of society; but does it not at present point out a different path? It teaches us to multiply our wants, by which means we become more eager to possess, in order to dissipate; a greater charge to ourselves, and more useless and obnoxious to society.

If a youth happens to be possessed of more genius than fortune, he is early informed that he ought to think of his advancement in the world; that he should labour to make himself pleasing to his superiors; that he should shun low company, by which is meant the company of his equals; that he should rather live a little above than below his fortune; that he should think of becoming great: but he finds none to admonish him to become frugal; to perse-



vere in one single design ; to avoid every pleasure and all flattery, which, however seeming to conciliate the favour of his superiors, never conciliate their esteem. There are none to teach him that the best way of becoming happy in himself and useful to others, is to continue in the state in which Fortune at first placed him, without making too hasty strides to advancement ; that greatness may be attained, but should not be expected ; and that they who most impatiently expect advancement are seldom possessed of their wishes. He has few, I say, to teach him this lesson, or to moderate his youthful passions ; yet this experience may say, that a young man who, but for six years of the early part of his life, could seem divested of all his passions, would certainly make, or considerably increase his fortune, and might indulge several of his favourite inclinations in manhood with the utmost security.

The efficaciousness of these means is sufficiently known and acknowledged ; but, as we are apt to connect a low idea with all our notions of frugality, the person who would persuade us to it might be accused of preaching up avarice.

Of all vices, however, against which morality dissuades, there is not one more undetermined than this of avarice. Misers are proscribed by some as men divested of honour, sentiment, or humanity ; but this is only an ideal picture, or the resemblance, at least, is found but in a few. In truth, they who are generally called misers are some of the very best members of society. The sober, the laborious, the attentive, the frugal, are thus styled by the gay, giddy, thoughtless, and extravagant. The first set of men do society all the good, and the latter all the evil that is felt. Even the excesses of the first no way injure the commonwealth ; those of the latter are the most injurious that can be conceived.

The ancient Romans, more rational than we in this particular, were very far from thus misplacing

their admiration or praise ; instead of regarding the practice of parsimony as low or vicious, they made it synonymous even with probity. They esteemed those virtues so inseparable, that the known expression of *Vir Frugis* signified, at one and the same time, a sober and managing man, an honest man, and a man of substance.

The Scriptures, in a thousand places, praise economy ; and it is everywhere distinguished from avarice. But, in spite of all its sacred dictates, a taste for vain pleasures and foolish expense is the ruling passion of the present times. Passion, did I call it ? rather the madness which at once possesses the great and the little, the rich and the poor ; even some are so intent upon acquiring the superfluities of life, that they sacrifice its necessities in this foolish pursuit.

To attempt the entire abolition of luxury, as it would be impossible, so it is not my intent. The generality of mankind are too weak, too much slaves to custom and opinion, to resist the torrent of bad example. But if it be impossible to convert the multitude, those who have received a more extended education, who are enlightened and judicious, may find some hints on this subject useful. They may see some abuses, the suppression of which by no means endanger public liberty ; they may be directed to the abolition of some unnecessary expenses, which have no tendency to promote happiness or virtue, and which might be directed to better purposes. Our fireworks, our public feasts and entertainments, our entries of ambassadors, &c.—what mummery all this ! what childish pageants ! what millions are sacrificed in paying tribute to custom ! what an unnecessary charge at times when we are pressed with real want, which cannot be satisfied without burdening the poor !

Were such suppressed entirely, not a single creature in the state would have the least cause to mourn

their suppression, and many might be eased of a load they now feel lying heavily upon them. If this were put in practice, it would agree with the advice of a sensible writer of Sweden, who, in the *Gazette de France*, 1753, thus expressed himself on that subject. "It were sincerely to be wished," says he, "that the custom were established among us, that, in all events which cause a public joy, we made our exultations conspicuous only by acts useful to society. We should then quickly see many useful monuments of our reason which would much better perpetuate the memory of things worthy of being transmitted to posterity, and would be much more glorious to humanity than all those tumultuous preparations of feasts, entertainments, and other rejoicings used upon such occasions."

The same proposal was long before confirmed by a Chinese emperor, who lived in the last century, who, upon an occasion of extraordinary joy, forbade his subjects to make the usual illuminations, either with a design of sparing their substance, or of turning them to some more durable indications of joy, more glorious for him, and more advantageous to his people.

After such instances of political frugality, can we then continue to blame the Dutch ambassador at a certain court, who, receiving at his departure the portrait of the king enriched with diamonds, asked what this fine thing might be worth? Being told that it might amount to about two thousand pounds, "And why," cries he, "cannot his majesty keep the picture and give the money!" The simplicity may be ridiculed at first; but, when we come to examine it more closely, men of sense will at once confess that he had reason in what he said, and that a purse of two thousand guineas is much more serviceable than a picture.

Should we follow the same method of state frugality in other respects, what numberless savings

might not be the result! How many possibilities of saving in the administration of justice, which now burdens the subject, and enriches some members of society, who are useful only from its corruption!

It were to be wished that they who govern kingdoms would imitate artisans. When at London a new stuff has been invented, it is immediately counterfeited in France. How happy were it for society if a first minister would be equally solicitous to transplant the useful laws of other countries into his own. We are arrived at a perfect imitation of porcelain; let us endeavour to imitate the good to society that our neighbours are found to practise, and let our neighbours also imitate those parts of duty in which we excel.

There are some men who in their garden attempt to raise those fruits which nature had adapted only to the sultry climes beneath the line. We have at our very doors a thousand laws and customs infinitely useful: these are the fruits we should endeavour to transplant; these the exotics that would speedily become naturalized to the soil. They might grow in every climate, and benefit every possessor.

The best and the most useful laws I have ever seen are generally practised in Holland. When two men are determined to go to law with each other, they are first obliged to go before the reconciling judges, called the *peacemakers*. If the parties come attended with an advocate or a solicitor, they are obliged to retire, as we take fuel from the fire we are desirous of extinguishing.

The peacemakers then begin advising the parties, by assuring them that it is the height of folly to waste their substance, and make themselves mutually miserable, by having recourse to the tribunals of justice; follow but our direction, and we will accommodate matters without any expense to either.

If the rage of debate is too strong upon either party, they are remitted back for another day, in order that time may soften their tempers, and produce a reconciliation. They are thus sent for twice or thrice ; if their folly happens to be incurable, they are permitted to go to law ; and as we give up to amputation such members as cannot be cured by art, justice is permitted to take its course.

It is unnecessary to make here long declamations, or calculate what society would save were this law adopted. I am sensible that the man who advises any reformation only serves to make himself ridiculous. What ! mankind will be apt to say, adopt the customs of countries that have not so much real liberty as our own ? Our present customs, what are they to any man ? We are very happy under them ; this must be a very pleasant fellow, who attempts to make us happier than we already are ! Does he not know that abuses are the patrimony of a great part of the nation ? Why deprive us of a malady by which such numbers find their account ? This, I must own, is an argument to which I have nothing to reply.

What numberless savings might there not be made in both arts and commerce, particularly in the liberty of exercising trade without the necessary perquisites of freedom ? Such useless obstructions have crept into every state from a spirit of monopoly, a narrow, selfish spirit of gain, without the least attention to general society. Such a clog upon industry frequently drives the poor from labour, and reduces them, by degrees, to a state of hopeless indigence. We have already a more than sufficient repugnance to labour ; we should by no means increase the obstacles, or make excuses in a state for idleness. Such faults have ever crept into a state under wrong or needy administrations.

Exclusive of the masters, there are numberless faulty expenses among the workmen ; clubs, gar-

nishes, freedoms, and such like impositions, which are not too minute even for law to take notice of, and which should be abolished without mercy, since they are ever the inlets to excess and idleness, and are the parent of all those outrages which naturally fall upon the more useful part of society. In the town and countries I have seen, I never saw a city or village yet whose miseries were not in proportion to the number of its public houses. In Rotterdam you may go through eight or ten streets without finding a public-house. In Antwerp almost every second house seems an alehouse. In the one city, all wears the appearance of happiness and warm influence; in the other, the young fellows walk about the streets in shabby finery, their fathers sit at the doors darning or knitting stockings, while their ports are filled with dunghills.

Alehouses are ever an occasion of debauchery and excess, and, either in a religious or political light, it would be our highest interest to have the greatest part of them suppressed. They should be put under laws of not continuing open beyond a certain hour, and harbouring only proper persons. These rules, it may be said, will diminish the necessary taxes; but this is false reasoning, since what was consumed in debauchery abroad, would, if such a regulation took place, be more justly, and, perhaps, more equitably for the workman's family, spent at home; and this cheaper to them, and without loss of time. On the other hand, our alehouses, being ever open, interrupt business; the workman is never certain who frequents them, nor can the master be sure of having what was begun, finished at the convenient time.

A habit of frugality among the lower orders of mankind is much more beneficial to society than the unreflecting might imagine. The pawnbroker, the attorney, and other pests of society might, by proper management, be turned into serviceable members; and, were trades abolished, it is possible the



same avarice that conducts the one, or the same chicanery that characterizes the other, might, by proper regulations, be converted into frugality and commendable prudence.

But some have made the eulogium of luxury, have represented it as the natural consequence of every country that is become rich. Did we not employ our extraordinary wealth in superfluities, say they, what other means would there be to employ it in? To which it may be answered, if frugality were established in the state, if our expenses were laid out rather in the necessities than the superfluities of life, there might be fewer wants, and even fewer pleasures, but infinitely more happiness. The rich and the great would be better able to satisfy their creditors; they would be better able to marry their children, and, instead of one marriage at present, there might be two if such regulations took place.

The imaginary calls of vanity, which, in reality, contribute nothing to our real felicity, would not then be attended to, while the real calls of nature might be always and universally supplied. The difference of employment in the subject is what, in reality, produces the good of society. If the subject be engaged in providing only the luxuries, the necessities must be deficient in proportion. If, neglecting the produce of our own country, our minds are set upon the productions of another, we increase our wants, but not our means; and every new-imported delicacy for our tables, or ornament in our equipage, is a tax upon the poor.

The true interest of every country is to cultivate the necessities, by which is always meant every happiness our own country can produce; and suppress all the luxuries, by which is meant, on the other hand, every happiness imported from abroad. Commerce has, therefore, its bounds; and every new import, instead of receiving encouragement, should be first examined whether it be conducive to the interest of society.

Among the many publications with which the press is every day burdened, I have often wondered why we never had, as in other countries, an Economical Journal, which might at once direct to all the useful discoveries in other countries, and spread those of our own. As other journals serve to amuse the learned, or, what is more often the case, to make them quarrel, while they only serve to give us the history of the mischievous world—for so may the learned be called—they never trouble their heads about the most useful part of mankind, our peasants and our artisans. Were such a work carried into execution, with proper management and just direction, it might serve as a repository for every useful improvement, and increase that knowledge which learning often serves to confound.

Sweden seems the only country where the science of economy appears to have fixed its empire. In other countries it is cultivated only by a few admirers, or by societies which have not received sufficient sanction to become completely useful; but here there is founded a royal academy destined to this purpose only, composed of the most learned and powerful members of the state; an academy which declines everything which only terminates in amusement, erudition, or curiosity, and admits only of observations tending to illustrate husbandry, agriculture, and every real physical improvement. In this country nothing is left to private rapacity: but every improvement is immediately diffused, and its inventor immediately recompensed by the state. Happy were it so in other countries: by this means every impostor would be prevented from ruining or deceiving the public with pretended discoveries or nostrums, and every real inventor would not, by this means, suffer the inconveniences of suspicion.

In short, the economy equally unknown to the prodigal and avaricious seems to be a just mean between both extremes; and to a transgression of this

at present decried virtue it is that we are to attribute a great part of the evils which infest society. A taste for superfluity, amusement, and pleasure, bring effeminacy, idleness, and expense in their train. But a thirst for riches is always proportioned to our debauchery, and the greatest is too frequently found to be the greatest miser : so that the vices which seem the most opposite are frequently found to produce each other ; and, to avoid both, it is only necessary to be frugal.

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### UPON UNFORTUNATE MERIT.

EVERY age seems to have its favourite pursuits, which serve to amuse the idle, and to relieve the attention of the industrious. Happy the man who is born excellent in the pursuit of vogue, and whose genius seems adapted to the times in which he lives. How many do we see who might have excelled in arts or sciences, and who seem furnished with talents equal to the greatest discoveries, had the road not been already beaten by their predecessors, and nothing left for them except trifles to discover, while others of very moderate abilities become famous, because happening to be first in the reigning pursuit.

Thus, at the renewal of letters in Europe, the taste was not to compose new books, but to comment on the old ones. It was not to be expected that new books should be written when there were so many of the ancients either not known or not understood. It was not reasonable to attempt new conquests while they had such an extensive region lying waste for want of cultivation. At that period, criticism and erudition were the reigning studies of the times ; and he who had only an inventive genius might have languished in hopeless obscurity. When the writers of antiquity were sufficiently explained and known,

the learned set about imitating them: hence proceeded the number of Latin orators, poets, and historians in the reigns of Clement VII. and Alexander VI. This passion for antiquity lasted for many years, to the utter exclusion of every other pursuit, till some began to find that those works which were imitated from nature were more like the writings of antiquity than even those written in express imitation. It was then modern language began to be cultivated with assiduity, and our poets and orators poured forth their wonders upon the world.

As writers become more numerous, it is natural for readers to become more indolent, whence must necessarily arise a desire of attaining knowledge with the greatest possible ease. No science or art offers its instruction and amusement in so obvious a manner as statuary and painting. Hence we see that a desire of cultivating these arts generally attends the decline of science. Thus the finest statues and the most beautiful paintings of antiquity preceded but a little the absolute decay of every science. The statues of Antoninus, Commodus, and their contemporaries are the finest productions of the chisel, and appeared but just before learning was destroyed by comment, criticism, and barbarous invasions.

What happened in Rome may probably be the case with us at home. Our nobility are now more solicitous in patronising painters and sculptors than those of any other light profession; and from the lord who has his gallery, down to the 'prentice who has his twopenny copperplate, all are admirers of this art. The great, by their caresses, seem insensible to all other merit but that of the pencil; and the vulgar buy every book rather from the excellence of the sculptor than the writer.

How happy were it now if men of real excellence in that profession were to arise! Were the paint-

ers of Italy now to appear who once wandered like beggars from one city to another, and produce their almost breathing figures, what rewards might they not expect ! But many of them lived without rewards, and therefore rewards alone will never produce their equals. We have often found the great exert themselves not only without promotion, but in spite of opposition. We have often found them flourishing, like medical plants, in a region of savageness and barbarity, their excellence unknown, and their virtues unheeded.

They who have seen the paintings of Caravaggio are sensible of the surprising impression they make ; bold, swelling, terrible to the last degree : all seems animated, and speaks him among the foremost of his profession ; yet this man's fortune and his fame seemed ever in opposition to each other.

Unknown how to flatter the great, he was driven from city to city in the utmost indigence, and might truly be said to paint for his bread.

Having one day insulted a person of distinction, who refused to pay him all the respect which he thought his due, he was obliged to leave Rome, and travel on foot, his usual method of going his journeys down into the country, without either money or friends to subsist him.

After he had travelled in this manner as long as his strength would permit, faint with famine and fatigue, he at last called at an obscure inn by the wayside. The host knew, by the appearance of his guest, his indifferent circumstances, and refused to furnish him a dinner without previous payment.

As Caravaggio was entirely destitute of money, he took down the innkeeper's sign and painted it anew for his dinner.

Thus refreshed, he proceeded on his journey, and left the innkeeper not quite satisfied with this method of payment. Some company of distinction, however, coming soon after, and struck with the beauty

of the new sign, bought it at an advanced price, and astonished the innkeeper with their generosity; he was resolved, therefore, to get as many signs as possible drawn by the same artist, as he found that he could sell them to good advantage, and accordingly set out after Caravagio in order to bring him back. It was nightfall before he came up to the place where the unfortunate Caravagio lay dead by the roadside, overcome by fatigue, resentment, and despair.

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## DECEIT AND FALSEHOOD.

THE following account is so judiciously conceived, that I am convinced the reader will be more pleased with it than anything of mine, so I shall make no apology for this new publication.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE BEE.

Sir,—Deceit and falsehood have ever been an overmatch for truth, and followed and admired by the majority of mankind. If we inquire after the reason of this, we shall find it in our own imaginations, which are amused and entertained with the perpetual novelty and variety that fiction affords, but find no manner of delight in the uniform simplicity of homely truth, which still sues them under the same appearance.

He, therefore, that would gain our hearts, must make his court to our fancy, which, being sovereign comptroller of the passions, lets them loose, and inflames them more or less, in proportion to the force and efficacy of the first cause, which is ever the more powerful the more new it is. Thus, in mathematical demonstrations themselves, though they seem to aim at pure truth and instruction, and to be addressed to our reason alone, yet I think it is pretty plain that our understanding is only made a drudge to gratify



our invention and curiosity, and we are pleased, not so much because our discoveries are certain as because they are new.

I do not deny but the world is still pleased with things that pleased it many ages ago, but it should not, at the same time, be considered that man is naturally so much of a logician as to distinguish between matters that are plain and easy, and others that are hard and inconceivable. What we understand, we overlook and despise; and what we know nothing of, we hug and delight in. Thus there are such things as perpetual novelties; for we are pleased no longer than we are amazed, and nothing so much contents us as that which confounds us.

This weakness in human nature gave occasion to a party of men to make such gainful markets as they have done of our credulity. All objects and facts whatsoever now ceased to be what they had been for ever before, and received what make and meaning it was found convenient to put upon them: what people ate, and drank, and saw, was not what they ate, and drank, and saw, but something farther, which they were fond of because they were ignorant of it. In short, nothing was itself, but something beyond itself; and by these artifices and amusements the heads of the world were so turned and intoxicated, that at last there was scarcely a sound set of brains left in it.

In this state of giddiness and infatuation, it was no very hard task to persuade the already deluded, that there was an actual society and communion between human creatures and spiritual demons. And when they had thus put people into the power and clutches of the devil, none but they alone could have either skill or strength to bring the prisoners back again.

But so far did they carry this dreadful drollery, and so fond were they of it, that, to maintain it and themselves in profitable repute, they literally sacrificed for it, and made impious victims of number-

less old women and other miserable persons, who, either through ignorance, could not say what they were bid to say, or, through madness, said what they should not have said. Fear and stupidity made them incapable of defending themselves, and phrensy and infatuation made them confess *guilty impossibilities*, which produced cruel sentences, and then inhuman executions.

Some of these wretched mortals, finding themselves either hateful or terrible to all, and befriended by none, and perhaps wanting the common necessities of life, came at last to abhor themselves as much as they were abhorred by others, and grew willing to be burned or hanged out of a world which was no other to them than a scene of persecution and anguish.

Others, of strong imaginations and little understandings, were, by positive and repeated charges against them, of committing mischievous and supernatural facts and villanies, deluded to judge of themselves by the judgment of their enemies, whose weakness or malice prompted them to be accusers. And many have been condemned as witches and dealers with the devil for no other reason but their knowing more than those who accused, tried, and passed sentence upon them.

In these cases, credulity is a much greater error than infidelity, and it is safer to believe nothing than too much. A man that believes little or nothing of witchcraft will destroy nobody for being under the imputation of it, and so far he certainly acts with humanity to others and safety to himself; but he that credits all, or too much, upon that article, is obliged, if he acts consistently with his persuasion, to kill all those whom he takes to be killers of mankind: and such are witches. It would be a jest and a contradiction to say that he is for sparing them who are harmless of that tribe, since the received notion of their supposed contract with the devil im-

plies that they are engaged, by covenant and inclination, to do all the mischief they possibly can.

I have heard many stories of witches, and read many accusations against them; but I do not remember any that would have induced me to have consigned over to the halter or the flame any of those deplorable wretches, who, as they share our likeness and nature, ought to share our compassion, as persons cruelly accused of impossibilities.

But we love to delude ourselves, and often fancy or forge an effect, and then set ourselves as gravely as ridiculously to find out the cause. Thus, for example, when a dream or the hyp has given us false terrors or imaginary pains, we immediately conclude that the infernal tyrant owes us a spite, and inflicts his wrath and stripes upon us by the hands of some of his sworn servants among us. For this end an old woman is promoted to a seat in Satan's privy-council, and appointed his executioner-in-chief within her district. So ready and civil are we to allow the devil the dominion over us, and even to provide him with butchers and hangmen of our own make and nature.

I have often wondered why we did not, in choosing our proper officers for Beelzebub, lay the lot rather upon men than women, the former being more bold and robust, and more equal to that bloody service; but, upon inquiry, I find it has been so ordered for two reasons: first, the men, having the whole direction of this affair, are wise enough to slip their own necks out of the collar; and, secondly, an old woman is grown by custom the most avoided and most unpitied creature under the sun, the very name carrying contempt and satire in it. And so far, indeed, we pay but an uncourtly sort of respect to Satan, in sacrificing to him nothing but dry sticks of human nature.

We have a *wondering quality* within us, which finds huge gratification when we see strange feats

done, and cannot, at the same time, see the doer or the cause. Such actions are sure to be attributed to some witch or demon; for, if we come to find they are slyly performed by artists of our own species, and by causes purely natural, our delight dies with our amazement.

It is, therefore, one of the most unthankful offices in the world to go about to expose the mistaken notions of withcraft and spirits; it is robbing mankind of a valuable imagination, and of the privilege of being deceived. Those who at any time undertook the task, have always met with rough treatment and ill language for their pains, and seldom escaped the imputation of atheism, because they would not allow the devil to be too powerful for the Almighty. For my part, I am so much a heretic as to believe that God Almighty, and not the devil, governs the world.

If we inquire what are the common marks and symptoms by which witches are discovered to be such, we shall see how reasonably and mercifully those poor creatures were burned and hanged who unhappily fell under that name.

In the first place, the old woman must be prodigiously ugly; her eyes hollow and red, her face shrivelled; she goes double, and her voice trembles. It frequently happens that this rueful figure frightens a child into the palpitation of the heart: home he runs, and tells his mamma that Goody Such a One looked at him, and he is very ill. The good woman cries out her dear baby is bewitched, and sends for the parson and the constable.

It is, moreover, necessary that she be very poor. It is true her master, Satan, has mines and hidden treasures in his gift; but no matter; she is, for all that, very poor, and lives on alms. She goes to Sisly the cookmaid for a dish of broth or the heel of a loaf, and Sisly denies them to her. The old woman goes away muttering, and perhaps, in less

than a month's time, Sisly hears the voice of a cat, and strains her ancles, which are certain signs that she is bewitched.

A farmer sees his cattle die of the murrain, and his sheep of the rot, and poor Goody is forced to be the cause of their death, because she was seen talking to herself the evening before such a ewe departed, and had been gathering sticks at the side of the wood where such a cow run mad.

The old woman has always for her companion an old gray cat, which is a disguised devil too, and confederate with Goody in works of darkness. They frequently go journeys into Egypt upon a broom-staff in half an hour's time, and now and then Goody and her cat change shapes. The neighbours often overhear them in deep and solemn discourse together, plotting some dreadful mischief, you may be sure.

There is a famous way of trying witches recommended by King James I. The old woman is tied hand and foot, thrown into the river, and, if she swims, she is guilty, and taken out and burned; if she is innocent, she sinks, and is only drowned.

The witches are said to meet their masters frequently in churches and churchyards. I wonder at the boldness of Satan and his congregation, in revelling and playing mountebank farces on consecrated ground; and I have as often wondered at the oversight and ill policy of some people in allowing it possible.

It would have been both dangerous and impious to have treated this subject at one certain time in this ludicrous manner. It used to be managed with all possible gravity, and even terror; and, indeed, it was made a tragedy in all its parts, and thousands were sacrificed, or, rather, murdered, by such evidence and colours as, God be thanked! we are this day ashamed of. An old woman may be *miserable now*, and not be *hanged* for it.

## SCHEME FOR RAISING AN ARMY OF AMAZONS PROPOSED.

I HAVE spent the greater part of my life in making observations on men and things, and in projecting schemes for the advantage of my country; and, though my labours have met with an ungrateful return, I will still persist in my endeavours for its service, like that venerable, unshaken, and neglected patriot, Mr. Jacob Henriquez, who, though of the Hebrew nation, hath exhibited a shining example of Christian fortitude and perseverance.\* And here my conscience urges me to confess, that the hint upon which the following proposals are built was taken from an advertisement of the said patriot Henriquez, in which he gave the public to understand that Heaven had indulged him with "seven blessed daughters." Blessed they are, no doubt, on account of their own and their father's virtues; but more blessed may they be if the scheme I offer should be adopted by the Legislature.

The proportion which the number of females born in these kingdoms bears to the male children, is, I think, supposed to be as thirteen to fourteen: but, as women are not so subject as the other sex to accidents and intemperance, in numbering adults we shall find the balance on the female side. If, in calculating the numbers of the people, we take in the multitudes that emigrate to the plantations, whence they never return; those that die at sea, and make their exit at Tyburn; together with the consump-

\* A man well-known at this period (1762), as well as during many preceding years, for the numerous schemes he was daily offering to various ministers for the purpose of raising money by loans, paying off the national encumbrances, &c., &c., none of which, however, were ever known to have received the smallest notice.



tion of the present war by sea and land; in the Atlantic, Mediterranean, in the German and Indian Oceans, in Old France, New France, North America, the Leeward Islands, Germany, Africa, and Asia, we may fairly state the loss of men during the war at one hundred thousand. If this be the case, there must be a superplus of the other sex amounting to the same number, and this superplus will consist of women able to bear arms; as I take it for granted that all those who are fit to bear children are likewise fit to bear arms. Now, as we have seen the nation governed by old women, I hope to make it appear that it may be defended by young women; and surely this scheme will not be rejected as unnecessary at such a juncture,\* when our armies in the four quarters of the globe are in want of recruits; when we find ourselves entangled in a new war with Spain, on the eve of a rupture in Italy, and, indeed, in a fair way of being obliged to make head against all the great potentates of Europe.

But, before I unfold my design, it may be necessary to obviate, from experience as well as argument, the objections which may be made to the delicate frame and tender disposition of the female sex, rendering them incapable of the toils, and insuperably averse to the horrors of war. All the world has heard of the nation of Amazons, who inhabited the banks of the river Thermodoon in Cappadocia, who expelled their men by force of arms, defended themselves by their own prowess, managed the reins of government, prosecuted the operations of war, and held the other sex in the utmost contempt. We are informed by Homer that Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons, acted as auxiliary to Priam, and fell, valiantly fighting in his cause, before the walls of Troy. Quintus Curtius tells us that Thalestris brought one hundred armed Amazons in a present to Alexander

\* In the year 1762.

the Great. Diodorus Siculus expressly says there was a nation of female warriors in Africa, who fought against the Libyan Hercules. We read in the voyages of Columbus that one of the Caribbee Islands was possessed by a tribe of female warriors, who kept all the neighbouring Indians in awe; but we need not go farther than our own age and country to prove that the spirit and constitution of the fair sex are equal to the dangers and fatigues of war. Every novice who has read the authentic and important History of the Pirates, is well acquainted with the exploits of two heroines called Mary Read and Anne Bonny. I myself have had the honour to drink with Anne Cassier, alias Mother Wade, who had distinguished herself among the Bucaniers of America, and in her old age kept a punch-house in Port Royal of Jamaica. I have likewise conversed with Moll Davis, who had served as a dragoon in all Queen Anne's wars, and was admitted on the pension of Chelsea. The late war with Spain, and even the present, hath produced instances of females enlisting, both in the land and sea service, and behaving with remarkable bravery in the disguise of the other sex. And who has not heard of the celebrated Jenny Cameron, and some other enterprising ladies of North Britain, who attended a certain adventurer in all his expeditions, and headed their respective clans in a military character? That strength of body is often equal to the courage of mind implanted in the fair sex, will not be denied by those who have seen the water-women of Plymouth; the female drudges of Ireland, Wales, and Scotland; the fishwomen of Billingsgate; the weeders, podders, and hoppers who swarm in the fields; and the bunters who swagger in the streets of London.

There is scarcely a street in this metropolis without one or more viragoes, who discipline their husbands and domineer over the whole neighbourhood. Many months are not elapsed since I was witness

to a pitched battle between two athletic females, who fought with equal skill and fury until one of them gave out, after having sustained seven falls on the hard stones. They were both stripped to their under petticoats ; their breasts were carefully swathed with handkerchiefs ; and, as no vestiges of features were to be seen in either when I came up, I imagined the combatants were of the other sex until a by-stander assured me of the contrary. When I see the avenues of the Strand beset every night with troops of fierce Amazons, who, with dreadful imprecations, stop, and beat, and plunder passengers, I cannot help wishing that such martial talents were converted to the benefit of the public ; and that those who are so loaded with temporal fire, and so little afraid of eternal fire, should, instead of ruining the souls and bodies of their fellow-citizens, be put in a way of turning their destructive qualities against the enemies of the nation.

Having thus demonstrated that the fair sex are not deficient in strength and resolution, I would humbly propose that, as there is an excess on their side in quantity to the amount of one hundred thousand, part of that number may be employed in recruiting the army, as well as in raising thirty new Amazonian regiments, to be commanded by females, and serve in regimentals adapted to their sex. The Amazons of old appeared with the left breast bare, an open jacket, and trousers that descended no farther than the knee ; the right breast was destroyed, that it might not impede them in bending the bow or darting the javelin : but there is no occasion for this cruel excision in the present discipline, as we have seen instances of women who handle the musket without feeling any inconvenience from that protuberance.

As the sex love gayety, they may be clothed in vests of pink satin, and open drawers of the same, with buskins on their feet and legs, their hair tied

behind and floating on their shoulders, and their hats adorned with white feathers : they may be armed with light carbines and long bayonets, without the encumbrance of swords or shoulder-belts. I make no doubt but many young ladies of figure and fashion will undertake to raise companies at their own expense, provided they like their colonels ; but I must insist upon it, if this scheme should be embraced, that Mr. Henriquez's seven blessed daughters may be provided with commissions, as the project is in some measure owing to the hints of that venerable patriot.

A female brigade, properly disciplined and accoutred, would not, I am persuaded, be afraid to charge a numerous body of the enemy, over whom they would have a manifest advantage ; for, if the barbarous Scythians were afraid to fight with the Amazons who invaded them, surely the French, who pique themselves on their sensibility and devotion to the fair sex, would not act upon the defensive against a band of female warriors, arrayed in all the charms of youth and beauty.

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## ON NATIONAL PREJUDICE.

As I am one of that sauntering tribe of mortals who spend the greatest part of their time in taverns, coffee-houses, and other places of public resort, I have thereby an opportunity of observing an infinite variety of characters, which, to a person of a contemplative turn, is a much higher entertainment than a view of all the curiosities of art or nature. In one of these my late rambles, I accidentally fell into company with half a dozen gentlemen who were engaged in a warm dispute about some political affair ; the decision of which, as they were equally divided in their sentiments, they thought

proper to refer to me, which naturally drew me in for a share of the conversation.

Among a multiplicity of other topics, we took occasion to talk of the different characters of the several nations of Europe; when one of the gentlemen, cocking his hat, and assuming such an air of importance as if he had possessed all the merit of the English nation in his own person, declared that the Dutch were a parcel of avaricious wretches; the French a set of flattering sycophants; that the Germans were drunken sots and beastly gluttons; and the Spaniards proud, haughty, and surly tyrants; but that in bravery, generosity, clemency, and in every other virtue, the English excelled all the rest of the world.

This very learned and judicious remark was received with a general smile of approbation by all the company—all, I mean, but your humble servant; who, endeavouring to keep my gravity as well as I could, and reclining my head upon my arm, continued for some time in a posture of affected thoughtfulness, as if I had been musing on something else, and did not seem to attend to the subject of conversation; hoping by these means to avoid the disagreeable necessity of explaining myself, and thereby depriving the gentleman of his imaginary happiness.

But my pseudo-patriot had no mind to let me escape so easily. Not satisfied that his opinion should pass without contradiction, he was determined to have it ratified by the suffrage of every one in the company; for which purpose, addressing himself to me with an air of inexpressible confidence, he asked me if I was not of the same way of thinking. As I am never forward in giving my opinion, especially when I have reason to believe that it will not be agreeable, so, when I am obliged to give it, I always hold it for a maxim to speak my real sentiments. I therefore told him that, for my own part, I should

not have ventured to talk in such a peremptory strain unless I had made the tour of Europe, and examined the manners of these several nations with great care and accuracy; that perhaps a more impartial judge would not scruple to affirm that the Dutch were more frugal and industrious, the French more temperate and polite, the Germans more hardy and patient of labour and fatigue, and the Spaniards more staid and sedate, than the English; who, though undoubtedly brave and generous, were, at the same time, rash, headstrong, and impetuous; too apt to be elated with prosperity, and to despond in adversity.

I could easily perceive that all the company began to regard me with a jealous eye before I had finished my answer, which I had no sooner done than the patriotic gentleman observed, with a contemptuous sneer, that he was greatly surprised how some people could have the conscience to live in a country which they did not love, and to enjoy the protection of a government to which, in their hearts, they were inveterate enemies. Finding that by this modest declaration of my sentiments I had forfeited the good opinion of my companions, and given them occasion to call my political principles in question, and well knowing that it was in vain to argue with men who were so very full of themselves, I threw down my reckoning and retired to my own lodgings, reflecting on the absurd and ridiculous nature of national prejudice and prepossession.

Among all the famous sayings of antiquity, there is none that does greater honour to the author, or affords greater pleasure to the reader (at least, if he be a person of a generous and benevolent heart), than that of the philosopher, who, being asked what "countryman he was," replied that he was "a citizen of the world." How few are there to be found in modern times who can say the same, or whose conduct is consistent with such a profession. We



are now become so much Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Spaniards, or Germans, that we are no longer citizens of the world ; so much the natives of one particular spot, or members of one petty society, that we no longer consider ourselves as the general inhabitants of the globe, or members of that grand society which comprehends the whole human kind.

Did these prejudices prevail only among the meanest and the lowest of the people, perhaps they might be excused, as they have few, if any, opportunities of correcting them by reading, travelling, or conversing with foreigners ; but the misfortune is, that they infect the minds and influence the conduct even of our gentlemen ; of those, I mean, who have every title to this appellation but an exemption from prejudice, which, however, in my opinion, ought to be regarded as the characteristical mark of a gentleman ; for, let a man's birth be ever so high, his station ever so exalted, or his fortune ever so large, yet, if he is not free from national and other prejudices, I should make bold to tell him that he had a low and vulgar mind, and had no just claim to the character of a gentleman. And, in fact, you will always find that those are most apt to boast of national merit who have little or no merit of their own to depend on ; than which, to be sure, nothing is more natural : the slender vine twists around the sturdy oak, for no other reason in the world but because it has not strength sufficient to support itself.

Should it be alleged in defence of national prejudice that it is the natural and necessary growth of love to our country, and that, therefore, the former cannot be destroyed without hurting the latter, I answer that this is a gross fallacy and delusion. That it is the growth of love to our country I will allow ; but that it is the natural and necessary growth of it I absolutely deny. Superstition and enthusiasm, too, are the growth of religion ; but who ever took it in his head to affirm that they are the necessary

growth of this noble principle? They are, if you will, the bastard sprouts of this heavenly plant, but not its natural and genuine branches, and may safely enough be lopped off without doing any harm to the parent stock; nay, perhaps, till once they are lopped off, this goodly tree can never flourish in perfect health and vigour.

Is it not very possible that I may love my own country without hating the natives of other countries; that I may exert the most heroic bravery, the most undaunted resolution, in defending its laws and liberty, without despising all the rest of the world as cowards and poltroons? Most certainly it is; and if it were not—but why need I suppose what is absolutely impossible?—but if it were not, I must own, I should prefer the title of the ancient philosopher, viz., a citizen of the world, to that of an Englishman, a Frenchman, a European, or to any other appellation whatever.

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### ON TASTE.

AMID the frivolous pursuits and pernicious dissipations of the present age, a respect for the qualities of the understanding still prevails to such a degree that almost every individual pretends to have a taste for the Belles Lettres. The spruce 'prentice sets up for a critic, and the puny beau piques himself upon being a connoisseur. Without assigning causes for this universal presumption, we shall proceed to observe, that if it was attended with no other inconvenience than that of exposing the pretender to the ridicule of the few who can sift his pretensions, it might be unnecessary to undeceive the public, or to endeavour at the reformation of innocent folly, productive of no evil to the commonwealth. But, in reality, this folly is productive of manifold evils to

the community. If the reputation of taste can be acquired without the least assistance of literature, by reading modern poems and seeing modern plays, what person will deny himself the pleasure of such an easy qualification? Hence the youth of both sexes are debauched to diversion, and seduced from much more profitable occupations into idle endeavours after literary fame; and a superficial false taste, founded on ignorance and conceit, takes possession of the public. The acquisition of learning, the study of nature, is neglected as superfluous labour, and the best faculties of the mind remain unexercised, and, indeed, unopened by the power of thought and reflection. False taste will not only diffuse itself through all our amusements, but even influence our moral and political conduct; for what is false taste but want of perception to discern propriety and distinguish beauty?

It has often been alleged that taste is a natural talent, as independent of art as strong eyes or a delicate sense of smelling; and, without all doubt, the principal ingredient in the composition of taste is a natural sensibility, without which it cannot exist; but it differs from the senses in this particular, that they are finished by Nature, whereas taste cannot be brought to perfection without proper cultivation; for taste pretends to judge not only of nature, but also of art; and that judgment is founded upon observation and comparison.

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Yet, even though Nature has done her part by implanting the seeds of taste, great pains must be taken, and great skill exerted, in raising them to a proper pitch of vegetation. The judicious tutor must gradually and tenderly unfold the mental faculties of the youth committed to his charge. He must cherish his delicate perception; store his mind with proper ideas; point out the different channels of observation; teach him to compare objects; to establish

the limits of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood; to distinguish beauty from tinsel, and grace from affectation; in a word, to strengthen and improve by culture, experience, and instruction, those natural powers of feeling and sagacity which constitute the faculty called taste, and enable the professor to enjoy the delights of the Belles Lettres.

We cannot agree in opinion with those who imagine that Nature has been equally favourable to all men, in conferring upon them a fundamental capacity which may be improved to all the refinement of taste and criticism. Every day's experience convinces us of the contrary. Of two youths educated under the same preceptor, instructed with the same care, and cultivated with the same assiduity, one shall not only comprehend, but even anticipate the lessons of his master by dint of natural discernment, while the other toils in vain to imbibe the least tincture of instruction. Such, indeed, is the distinction between genius and stupidity, which every man has an opportunity of seeing among his friends and acquaintance. Not that we ought too hastily to decide upon the natural capacities of children before we have maturely considered the peculiarity of disposition, and the bias by which genius may be strangely warped from the common path of education. A youth incapable of retaining one rule of grammar, or of acquiring the least knowledge of the classics, may nevertheless make great progress in mathematics; nay, he may have a strong genius for mathematics without being able to comprehend a demonstration of Euclid; because his mind conceives in a peculiar manner, and is so intent upon contemplating the object in one particular point of view, that it cannot perceive it in any other. We have known an instance of a boy, who, while his master complained that he had not capacity to comprehend the properties of a right-angled triangle, had actually, in private, by the power of his genius, formed a mathematical system of his

own, discovered a series of curious theorems, and even applied his deductions to practical machines of surprising construction. Besides, in the education of youth, we ought to remember that some capacities are like the *pyra praeoce*; they soon blow, and soon attain to all that degree of maturity which they are capable of acquiring; while, on the other hand, there are geniuses of slow growth, that are late in bursting the bud, and long in ripening. Yet the first shall yield a faint blossom and insipid fruit, whereas the produce of the other shall be distinguished and admired for their well-concocted juice and exquisite flavour. We have known a boy of five years of age surprise everybody by playing on the violin in such a manner as seemed to promise a prodigy in music. He had all the assistance that art could afford; by the age of ten his genius was at the *ακμή*; yet after that period, notwithstanding the most intense application, he never gave the least signs of improvement. At six he was admired as a miracle of music; at six-and-twenty he was neglected as an ordinary fiddler. The celebrated Dean Swift was a remarkable instance in the other extreme. He was long considered as an incorrigible dunce, and did not obtain his degree at the University but *ex speciali gratia*: yet, when his powers began to unfold, he signalized himself by a very remarkable superiority of genius. When a youth, therefore, appears dull of apprehension, and seems to derive no advantage from study and instruction, the tutor must exercise his sagacity in discovering whether the soil be absolutely barren, or sown with seed repugnant to its nature, or of such a quality as requires repeated culture and length of time to set its juices in fermentation. These observations, however, relate to capacity in general, which we ought carefully to distinguish from taste. Capacity implies the power of retaining what is received: taste is the power of relishing or rejecting whatever

is offered for the entertainment of the imagination. A man may have capacity to acquire what is called learning and philosophy ; but he must have also sensibility, before he feels those emotions with which taste receives the impression of beauty.

Natural taste is apt to be seduced and debauched by vicious precepts and bad example. There is a dangerous tinsel in false taste, by which the unwary mind and young imagination are often fascinated. Nothing has been so often explained, and yet so little understood, as simplicity in writing. Simplicity in this acceptation has a larger signification than either the *ἀπλοον* of the Greeks or the *simplex* of the Latins ; for it implies beauty. It is the *ἀπλοον και ἡδον* of Demetrius Phalereus, the *simplex munditiis* of Horace, and expressed by one word, *naïveté*, in the French language. It is, in fact, no other than beautiful Nature, without affectation or extraneous ornament. In statuary, it is the Venus of Medicis ; in architecture, the Pantheon. It would be an endless task to enumerate all the instances of this natural simplicity that occur in poetry and painting among the ancients and moderns. We shall only mention two examples of it, the beauty of which consists in the pathetic.

Anaxagoras the philosopher, and preceptor of Pericles, being told both his sons were dead, laid his hand upon his heart, and, after a short pause, consoled himself with a reflection, couched in three words, *ἦδειν θνητους γεγεννηκως* : "I knew they were mortal." The other instance we select from the tragedy of Macbeth. The gallant Macduff, being informed that his wife and children were murdered by order of the tyrant, pulls his hat over his eyes, and his internal agony bursts out into an exclamation of four words, the most expressive, perhaps, that ever were uttered : "He has no children." This is the energetic language of simple Nature, which is now grown into disrepute. By the present



mode of education we are forcibly warped from the bias of Nature, and all simplicity in manners is rejected. We are taught to disguise and distort our sentiments, until the faculty of thinking is diverted into an unnatural channel ; and we not only relinquish and forget, but also become incapable of our original dispositions. We are totally changed into creatures of art and affectation. Our perception is abused, and even our senses are perverted. Our minds lose their native force and flavour. The imagination, sweated by artificial fire, produces naught but vapid bloom. The genius, instead of growing like a vigorous tree, extending its branches on every side, and bearing delicious fruit, resembles a stunted yew, tortured into some wretched form, projecting no shade, displaying no flower, diffusing no fragrance, yielding no fruit, and affording nothing but a barren conceit for the amusement of the idle spectator.

Thus debauched from Nature, how can we relish her genuine productions ? As well might a man distinguish objects through a prism, that presents nothing but a variety of colours to the eye. It has been often alleged that the passions can never be wholly deposited ; and that, by appealing to these, a good writer will always be able to force himself into the hearts of his readers : but even the strongest passions are weakened, nay, sometimes totally extinguished, by mutual opposition, dissipation, and acquired insensibility. How often at the theatre is the tear of sympathy and the burst of laughter repressed by a ridiculous species of pride, refusing approbation to the author and actor, and renouncing society with the audience ! This seeming insensibility is not owing to any original defect. Nature has stretched the string, though it has long since ceased to vibrate. It may have been displaced and distracted by the violence of pride ; it may have lost its tone through long disuse, or be so twisted

or overstrained as to produce the most jarring discords.

If so little regard is paid to Nature when she knocks so powerfully at the breast, she must be altogether neglected and despised in the calmer mood of serene tranquillity, when nothing appears to recommend her but simplicity, propriety, and innocence. A man must have delicate feelings that can taste the celebrated reply of Terence: *Homo sum; nihil humani a me alienum puto*: "I am a man; therefore think I have an interest in everything that concerns humanity." A clear blue sky, spangled with stars, will prove an insipid object to eyes accustomed to the glare of torches and tapers, gilding and glitter; eyes that will turn with disgust from the green mantle of the spring, so gorgeously adorned with buds and foliage, flowers and blossoms, to contemplate a gaudy silken robe, striped and intersected with unfriendly tints, that fritter the masses of light and distract the vision, pinked into the most fantastic forms, flounced, and furbelowed, and fringed with all the littleness of art unknown to elegance.

Those ears that are offended by the notes of the thrush, the blackbird, and the nightingale, will be regaled and ravished by the squeaking fiddle, touched by a musician who has no other genius than that which lies in his fingers; they will even be entertained with the rattling of coaches, and the alarming knock by which the doors of fashionable people are so loudly distinguished. The sense of smelling, that delights in the scent of excrementitious animal juices, such as musk, civet, and urinous salts, will loathe the fragrance of new-mown hay, the sweetbrier, the honeysuckle, and the rose. The organs that are gratified with the taste of sickly veal bled into a palsy, crammed fowls, and dropsical brawn, pease without substance, peaches without taste, and pineapples without flavour, will certainly nauseate the native, genuine, and salutary taste of

Welsh beef, Banstead mutton, and barndoor fowls, whose juices are concocted by a natural digestion, and whose flesh is consolidated by free air and exercise. In such a total perversion of the senses, the ideas must be misrepresented; the powers of the imagination disordered; and the judgment, of consequence, unsound. The disease is attended with a false appetite, which the natural food of the mind will not satisfy.

It will prefer Ovid to Tibullus, and the rant of Lee to the tenderness of Otway. The soul sinks into a kind of sleepy idiotism, and is diverted by toys and bawbles which can only be pleasing to the most superficial curiosity. It is enlivened by a quick succession of trivial objects, that glisten and dance before the eye; and, like an infant, is kept awake and inspirited by the sound of a rattle. It must not only be dazzled and aroused, but also cheated, hurried, and perplexed by the artifice of deception, business, intricacy, and intrigue; a kind of low juggle, which may be termed the legerdemain of genius.

In this state of depravity the mind cannot enjoy, nor, indeed, distinguish the charms of natural and moral beauty and decorum. The ingenuous blush of native innocence, the plain language of ancient faith and sincerity, the cheerful resignation to the will of Heaven, the mutual affectation of the charities, the voluntary respect paid to superior dignity or station, the virtue of beneficence, extended even to the brute creation; nay, the very crimson glow of health and swelling lines of beauty are despised, detested, scorned, and ridiculed, as ignorance, rudeness, rusticity, and superstition. Thus we see how moral and natural beauty are connected; and of what importance it is, even to the formation of taste, that the manners should be severely superintended. This is a task which ought to take the lead of science; for we will venture to say that virtue is the

foundation of taste, or, rather, that virtue and taste are built upon the same foundation of sensibility, and cannot be disjoined without offering violence to both. But virtue must be informed and taste instructed, otherwise they will both remain imperfect and ineffectual.

Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, et quid amicis,  
Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, et hospes,  
Quod sit conscripti, quod judicis officium, quæ  
Partes in bellum missi ducis ; ille profecto  
Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.

The critic, who with nice discernment knows  
What to his country and his friend he owes ;  
How various nature warms the human breast,  
To love the parent, brother, friend, or guest ;  
What the great functions of our judges are,  
Of senators, and generals sent to war ;  
He can distinguish, with unerring art,  
The strokes peculiar to each different part.—HOR.

Thus we see taste is composed of nature improved by art, of feeling tutored by instruction.

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## ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF TASTE.

HAVING explained what we conceive to be true taste, and, in some measure, accounted for the prevalence of vitiated taste, we should proceed to point out the most effectual manner in which a natural capacity may be improved into a delicacy of judgment and an intimate acquaintance with the Belles Lettres. We shall take it for granted that proper means have been used to form the manners and attach the mind to virtue. The heart, cultivated by precept and warmed by example, improves in sensibility, which is the foundation of taste. By distinguishing the influence and scope of morality, and cherishing the ideas of benevolence, it acquires a habit of sympathy, which tenderly feels responsive,

like the vibration of unisons, every touch of moral beauty. Hence it is that a man of a social heart, entended by the practice of virtue, is awakened to the most pathetic emotions by every uncommon instance of generosity, compassion, and greatness of soul. Is there any man so dead to sentiment, so lost to humanity, as to read unmoved the generous behaviour of the Romans to the states of Greece, as it is recounted by Livy, or embellished by Thomson in his poem of Liberty? Speaking of Greece in the decline of her power, when her freedom no longer existed, he says :

As at her Isthmian games, a fading pomp !  
Her full assembled youth innumerable swarm'd,  
On a tribunal raised FLAMINIUS\* sat ;  
A victor he from the deep phalanx pierced  
Of iron-coated Macedon, and back  
The Grecian tyrant to his bounds repell'd :  
In the high, thoughtless gayety of game,  
While sport alone their unambitious hearts  
Possess'd ; the sudden trumpet, sounding hoarse,  
Bade silence o'er the bright assembly reign.  
Then thus a herald : " To the states of Greece,  
The Roman people, unconfined, restore  
Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws ;  
Taxes remit, and garrisons withdraw."  
The crowd, astonished half and half inform'd,  
Stared dubious round ; some question'd, some exclaim'd  
(Like one who, dreaming between hope and fear,  
Is lost in anxious joy), " Be that again—  
Be that again proclaim'd distinct and loud !"  
Loud and distinct it was again proclaim'd :  
And still as midnight in the rural shade,  
When the gale slumbers, they the words devour'd.  
A while severe amazement held them in :  
Then, bursting broad, the boundless shout to heaven  
From many a thousand hearts ecstatic sprung !  
On every hand rebellow'd to them joy,  
The swelling sea, the rocks, and vocal hills—  
Like Bacchanals they flew,  
Each other straining in a strict embrace,  
Nor strain'd a slave ; and loud acclaims, till night,  
Round the proconsul's tent repeated rung.

\* His real name was Quintus Flaminius.

To one acquainted with the genius of Greece, the character and disposition of that polished people, admired for science, renowned for an unextinguishable love of freedom, nothing can be more affecting than this instance of generous magnanimity of the Roman people, in restoring them, unasked, to the full fruition of those liberties which they had so unfortunately lost.

The mind of sensibility is equally struck by the generous confidence of Alexander, who drinks without hesitation the potion presented by his physician Philip, even after he had received intimation that poison was contained in the cup; a noble and pathetic scene, which hath acquired new dignity and expression under the inimitable pencil of a Le Sieur. Humanity is melted into tears of tender admiration by the deportment of Henry IV. of France, while his rebellious subjects compelled him to form the blockade of his capital. In chastising his enemies, he could not but remember they were his people; and, knowing they were reduced to the extremity of famine, he generously connived at the methods practised to supply them with provision. Chancing one day to meet two peasants who had been detected in these practices, as they were led to execution they implored his clemency, declaring, in the sight of Heaven, they had no other way to procure subsistence for their wives and children; he pardoned them on the spot, and, giving them all the money that was in his purse, "Henry of Bearne is poor," said he; "had he more money to afford, you should have it. Go home to your families in peace; and remember your duty to God and your allegiance to your sovereign." Innumerable examples of the same kind may be selected from history, both ancient and modern, the study of which we would, therefore, strenuously recommend.

Historical knowledge, indeed, becomes necessary on many other accounts, which in its place we will



explain ; but as the formation of the heart is of the first consequence, and should precede the cultivation of the understanding, such striking instances of superior virtue ought to be culled for the perusal of the young pupil, who will read them with eagerness, and revolve them with pleasure. Thus the young mind becomes enamoured of moral beauty, and the passions are listed on the side of humanity. Meanwhile, knowledge of a different species will go hand in hand with the advances of morality, and the understanding be gradually extended. Virtue and sentiment reciprocally assist each other, and both conduce to the improvement of perception. While the scholar's chief attention is employed in learning the Latin and Greek languages, and this is generally the task of childhood and early youth, it is even then the business of the preceptor to give his mind a turn for observation, to direct his powers of discernment, to point out the distinguishing marks of character, and dwell upon the charms of moral and intellectual beauty as they may chance to occur in the classics that are used for his instruction. In reading Cornelius Nepos and Plutarch's Lives, even with a view to grammatical improvement only, he will insensibly imbibe, and learn to compare ideas of great importance. He will become enamoured of virtue and patriotism, and acquire a detestation for vice, cruelty, and corruption. The perusal of the Roman story in the works of Florus, Sallust, Livy, and Tacitus will irresistibly engage his attention, expand his conception, cherish his memory, exercise his judgment, and warm him with a noble spirit of emulation. He will contemplate with love and admiration the disinterested candour of Aristides, surnamed the Just, whom the guilty cabals of his rival Themistocles exiled from his ungrateful country by a sentence of ostracism. He will be surprised to learn that one of his fellow-citizens, an illiterate artisan, bribed by his enemies, chancing to meet him

in the street without knowing his person, desired he would write Aristides on his shell (which was the method those plebeians used to vote against delinquents), when the innocent patriot wrote his own name without complaint or expostulation. He will, with equal astonishment, applaud the inflexible integrity of Fabricius, who preferred the poverty of innocence to all the pomp of affluence with which Pyrrhus endeavoured to seduce him from the arms of his country. He will approve, with transport, the noble generosity of his soul in rejecting the proposal of that prince's physician, who offered to take him off by poison; and in sending the caitiff bound to his sovereign, whom he would have so basely and cruelly betrayed.

In reading the ancient authors, even for the purposes of school education, the unformed taste will begin to relish the irresistible energy, greatness, and sublimity of Homer; the serene majesty, the melody, and pathos of Virgil; the tenderness of Sappho and Tibullus; the elegance and propriety of Terence; the grace, vivacity, satire, and sentiment of Horace.

Nothing will more conduce to the improvement of the scholar in his knowledge of the languages, as well as in taste and morality, than his being obliged to translate choice parts and passages of the most approved classics, both poetry and prose, especially the latter; such as the orations of Demosthenes and Isocrates, the treatise of Longinus on the Sublime, the Commentaries of Cæsar, the Epistles of Cicero and the younger Pliny, and the two celebrated speeches in the Catilinarian conspiracy by Sallust. By this practice he will become more intimate with the beauties of the writing and the idioms of language from which he translates; at the same time it will form his style; and, by exercising his talent of expression, make him a more perfect master of his mother tongue. Cicero tells us that, in translating two orations, which the most celebrated

orators of Greece pronounced against each other, he performed his task, not as a servile interpreter, but as an orator, preserving the sentiments, forms, and figures of the original, but adapting the expression to the taste and manners of the Romans: *In quibus non verbum pro verbo necesse habui reddere, sed genus omnium verborum vimque servai*: "In which I did not think it was necessary to translate literally word for word, but I preserved the natural and full scope of the whole." Of the same opinion was Horace, who says, in his Art of Poetry,

"Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fibus  
Interpres."

"Nor word for word translate with painful care."

Nevertheless, in taking the liberty here granted, we are apt to run into the other extremes, and substitute equivalent thoughts and phrases, till hardly any features of the original remain. The metaphors of figures, especially in poetry, ought to be as religiously preserved as the images of painting, which we cannot alter or exchange without destroying, or injuring, at least, the character and style of the original.

In this manner the preceptor will sow the seeds of that taste which will soon germinate, rise, blossom, and produce perfect fruit by dint of future care and cultivation. In order to restrain the luxuriancy of the young imagination, which is apt to run riot, to enlarge the stock of ideas, exercise the reason, and ripen the judgment, the pupil must be engaged in the severer study of science. He must learn geometry, which Plato recommends for strengthening the mind, and enabling it to think with precision. He must be made acquainted with geography and chronology, and trace philosophy through all her branches. Without geography and chronology, he will not be able to acquire a distinct idea of history, nor judge of the propriety of many interesting

scenes, and a thousand allusions that present themselves in the works of genius. Nothing opens the mind so much as the researches of philosophy; they inspire us with sublime conceptions of the Creator, and subject, as it were, all nature to our command. These bestow that liberal turn of thinking, and, in a great measure, contribute to that universality in learning, by which a man of taste ought to be eminently distinguished. But history is the inexhaustible source from which he will derive his most useful knowledge respecting the progress of the human mind, the constitution of government, the rise and decline of empires, the revolution of arts, the variety of character, and the vicissitudes of fortune.

The knowledge of history enables the poet not only to paint characters, but also to describe magnificent and interesting scenes of battle and adventure. Not that the poet or the painter ought to be restrained to the letter of historical truth. History represents what has really happened in nature; the other arts exhibit what might have happened, with such exaggerations of circumstance and feature as may be deemed an improvement on nature; but this exaggeration must not be carried beyond the bounds of probability; and these, generally speaking, the knowledge of history will ascertain. It would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to find a man actually existing, whose proportions should answer to those of the Greek statue distinguished by the name of Apollo of Belvidere; or to produce a woman similar in proportion of parts to the other celebrated piece called the Venus de Medicis; therefore it may be truly affirmed that they are not conformable to the real standard of nature: nevertheless, every artist will own that they are the very archetypes of grace, elegance, and symmetry; and every judging eye must behold them with admiration, as improvements on the lines and lineaments

of Nature. The truth is, the sculptor or statuary composed the various proportions in nature from a great number of different subjects, every individual of which he found imperfect or defective in some one particular, though beautiful in all the rest ; and from these observations, corroborated by taste and judgment, he formed an ideal pattern, according to which his idea was modelled, and produced in execution.

Everybody knows the story of Zeuxis, the famous painter of Heraclea, who, according to Pliny, invented the “*chiaro oscuro*,” or disposition of light and shade among the ancients, and excelled all his contemporaries in the *chromatique*, or art of colouring. This great artist, being employed to draw a perfect beauty in the character of Helen, to be placed in the temple of Juno, called out five of the most beautiful damsels the city could produce, and, selecting what was excellent in each, combined them in one picture, according to the predisposition of his fancy, so that it shone forth an amazing model of perfection.\* In like manner, every man of genius, regulated by true taste, entertains in his imagination an ideal beauty, conceived and cultivated as an improvement upon nature ; and this we refer to the article of invention.

It is the business of Art to imitate Nature, but not with a servile pencil ; and to choose those attributes and dispositions only which are beautiful and engaging. With this view, we must avoid all disagreeable prospects of nature which excite the ideas of abhorrence and disgust. For example, a painter

\* *Præbete igitur mihi quæso, inquit, ex istis virginibus formosissimas, dum pingo id, quod pollicitus sum vobis, ut mutum in simulacrum ex animali exemplo veritas transferatur. Ille autem quinque delegit. Neque enim putavit omnia, quæ quæreret ad venustatem, uno in corpore se reperire posse ; ideo quod nihil simplici in genere omnibus ex partibus perfectum natura expolivit.*—Cic., lib. ii., de Inv., cap. 1.



would not find his account in exhibiting the resemblance of a dead carcass half consumed by vermin, or of swine wallowing in ordure, or of a beggar lousing himself on a dunghill, though these scenes should be painted never so naturally, and all the world must allow that the scenes were taken from nature, because the merit of the imitation would be greatly overbalanced by the vile choice of the artist. There are, nevertheless, many scenes of horror which please in the representation, from a certain interesting greatness which we shall endeavour to explain when we come to consider the sublime.

Were we to judge every production by the rigorous rules of Nature, we should reject the *Iliad* of Homer, the *Æneid* of Virgil, and every celebrated tragedy of antiquity and the present times, because there is no such thing in nature as a Hector or Turnus talking in hexameters, or an Othello in blank verse; we should condemn the Hercules of Sophocles and the miser of Molière, because we never knew a hero so strong as the one, or a wretch so sordid as the other. But if we consider poetry as an elevation of natural dialogue; as a delightful vehicle for conveying the noblest sentiments of heroism and patriot virtue; to regale the sense with the sounds of musical expression, while the fancy is ravished with enchanting images, and the heart warmed to rapture and ecstasy, we must allow that poetry is a perfection to which Nature would gladly aspire; and that, though it surpasses, it does not deviate from her, provided the characters are marked with propriety and sustained by genius. Characters, therefore, both in poetry and painting, may be a little overcharged or exaggerated without offering violence to nature; nay, they must be exaggerated in order to be striking, and to preserve the idea of imitation, whence the reader and spectator derive in many instances their chief delight. If we meet a common acquaintance in the street, we see him without emo-



tion; but should we chance to spy his portrait well executed, we are struck with pleasing admiration. In this case the pleasure arises entirely from the imitation. We every day hear unmoved the natives of Ireland and Scotland speaking their own dialects; but should an Englishman mimic either, we are apt to burst out into a loud laugh of applause, being surprised and tickled by the imitational one; though, at the same time, we cannot but allow that the imitation is imperfect. We are more affected by reading Shakspeare's description of Dover Cliff, and Otway's picture of the Old Hag, than we should be were we actually placed on the summit of the one, or met in reality with such a beldame as the other; because in reading these descriptions we refer to our own experience, and perceive with surprise the justness of the imitations. But if it is so close as to be mistaken for Nature, the pleasure then will cease, because the *μιμησις* or imitation no longer appears.

Aristotle says that all poetry and music is imitation,\* whether epic, tragic, or comic, whether vocal or instrumental, from the pipe or the lyre. He observes, that in man there is a propensity to imitate even from his infancy; that the first perceptions of the mind are acquired by imitation; and seems to think that the pleasure derived from imitation is the gratification of an appetite implanted by Nature. We should rather think the pleasure it gives arises from the mind's contemplating that excellency of Art which thus rivals Nature, and seems to vie with her in creating such a striking resemblance of her works. Thus the arts may be justly termed imitative, even in the article of invention: for, in forming a character, contriving an incident, and describing a scene, he must still keep nature in view, and refer

\* Ἐποποιεα δὴ καὶ ἡ τῆς τραγωδίας ποίησις, ἔτι δὲ κωμωδία καὶ ἡ διθυραμβοποιητικὴ, καὶ τῆς αὐλιτικῆς ἡ πλείστη καὶ κίθαριςτικῆς πᾶσαι στογχανουσιν οὖσαι μιμῆς εἰς τὸ σύνολον.

every particular of his invention to her standard; otherwise his production will be destitute of truth and probability, without which the beauties of imitation cannot subsist. It will be a monster of incongruity, such as Horace alludes to in the beginning of his epistle to the Pisos :

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam  
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas  
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum  
Desinat in piscem, mulier formosa superne;  
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici ?”

‘ Suppose a painter, to a human head  
Should join a horse’s neck, and wildly spread  
The various plumage of the feather’d kind  
O’er limbs of different beasts, absurdly join’d ;  
Or, if he gave to view a beauteous maid,  
Above the waist with every charm array’d ;  
Should a foul fish her lower parts unfold,  
Would you not laugh such pictures to behold ?”

The magazine of nature supplies all those images which compose the most beautiful imitations. This the artist examines occasionally as he would consult a collection of masterly sketches ; and, selecting particulars for his purpose, mingles the ideas with a kind of enthusiasm, or *το θειον*, which is that gift of Heaven we call genius, and finally produces such a whole as commands admiration and applause.

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THE END.

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